Portland, Conn.,
Jan. 19. 1913.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I am sending you by this mail two specimens of *Asclepias variegata*, with the seed-pods. If they are not just as you want them I will try again the present year.

Sincerely,
Jno. H. Sage

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

rec'd Jan. 19/'21

and Jan 25 sent photo & clippings in re the J.B.C. celebrations

THE STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON
E. O. HOLLAND, PH. D., PRESIDENT

COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND ARTS
W. G. BEACH, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
F. L. PICKETT
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

Jan. 12, 1921.

Dear Mr. Deane,

I have your two friendly letters on the desk before me. As I read them I gather certain points that interest you about my situation here and the region, and I will frame this letter about them. Pullman is a little town of 2440 inhabitants in the valley of a branch of the Palouse River and on three neighboring hills. The town is bright and clean, but it is too small to present any attractions. The college is practically 30 yrs. old, but it has a campus, a set of buildings, and material equipment, such as could have been planned and constructed during that time only by men of the greatest vision. The students number about 1200 boys and 600 girls. They are good wholesome pure stock Americans. The general morale is good here, although the scholastic standards are quite different from the Harvard ones.

My teaching load is not excessive. In addition I have a good deal of correspondence. I am trying to build up the botanical library. There is a fair start, but many of the essentials are still lacking. Even my private library is very helpful in supplementing the general one. As I think back it seems as if I hadn't done a bit of systematic work — that is taxonomic. That isn't quite true, as I have done some, and in time I hope to learn to turn out more in disconnected moments.

The Herbarium [illegible] consists of about 40,000 sheets. They are in a somewhat battered condition in many cases, so I'm having a girl work them over for general repairs.

Kamiak Butte is a quartzite hill 9 miles north of Pullman that sticks up out out the sea of lava that forms this Palouse country. It is in sight of the town.

Now I'm going to do some very broad hinting. A couple of years ago you showed me some of your own portraits in such a way that I felt that you were considering giving me one. I want so much to have one of your pictures that I'm coming out boldly and asking if you won't send me one. You see there was a time when I saw Mr. Deane frequently at the Gray Herb. and the N.E.B.C. Now I cannot see him there, so I should like very much to have his image to look at. Please don't say no.

During the Christmas I made a very interesting trip to California. It was almost a botanical pilgrimage, as I got acquainted with W.N. Suksdorf, M.W. Gorman, J.C. Nelson, Prof. M.E. Peck, Prof. W.L. Jepson, I.M. Johnston, and Miss Eastwood. Isn't that quite a list? In the east I'd have had to take quite a trip to meet as many new botanists as that, though if I went as far, 1800 miles, I could probably have found them without difficulty.

I also had the opportunity to look over the library and herbarium of my great aunt, Mrs. J.G. Lemmon. I was very glad to be able to see it at first hand, because up to this time I had nothing but verbal accounts from my non-botanical relatives.

— — — — — — — — —

For the third time I'll try to finish this letter. This time I am trying to snatch some time in the middle of a laboratory period. While writing the last sentence I answered two questions from students, so my thoughts will probably appear very disconnected.

Prof. Pickett and I are already making plans for a summer's field work. The semi-arid Okanogan County is practically unworked. The Metal Valley near Lake Chelan also needs work. I'm also attracted to Glacier Peak in the Cascade Mts. As far as I can ascertain it has never been visited by a botanist. This state contains very diverse botanical regions and many parts as yet are imperfectly known. I expect to keep myself busy this summer visiting some of these regions, doing a little useful work that way and in that way learning the flora.

With my warm regards to all my old botanical friends.

Cordially,
Harold St John.

recd May 2/21

THE STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON
E. O. HOLLAND, PH. D., PRESIDENT

COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND ARTS
W. G. BEACH, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
F. L. PICKETT
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

April 26, 1921.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge.
Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane,

Your friend Mr. Putnam wrote me from Lake Cushman and sent me a bunch of Calypsos, saying that he had gathered some to send on to you on your birthday. That means that it is too late for me to do anything of a similar nature, but I'm sure you will accept, even if they arrive late, my very warm greetings. I suppose you were showered with friendly letters on your birthday, for no one is fortunate in possessing more warm intimate friends than you.

I'm mortified to see that your previous letter that accompanied your photograph is still unanswered.

What I think of the portrait is testified by the fact that it is now framed and hung on the wall of my room.

Did those Calypsos reach you in good condition? Did you notice that they differed from the eastern one in having three lines of white hairs at the bend of the lip instead of a tuft of yellow ones, and in having the flaring margin white spotted with brown instead of rose pink? These and other differences convinced me that this form – the only one we have west of the Rockies is properly called Calypso occidentalis (Holzinger) Heller. Piper does not recognize this, in fact in his two recent floras with Beattie, he uses C. bulbosa and gives an excellent description of this eastern species, which will not match any of the western plants.

I know the youngest of the Putnam boys. He is quite a naturalist already.

Remember me to everybody.

Cordially,

Harold St. John,

Asst. Prof. of Botany.

THE STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON
COLLEGE OF SCIENCES AND ARTS

IN REPLYING TO THIS LETTER
PLEASE ADDRESS
THE DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

Oct. 23, 1921.

Dear Mr. Deane,

I was delighted to hear from you, and only wish that instead of writing a reply I might walk in to 29 Brewster St. and greet you with a cheery hullo! As I dwell on the thought, I see it has several good points. For instance, after making a call on you, I could tramp over to Brookline and see a certain young lady, who is now 3000 miles away. That would make a very good afternoon's program. My, I wish I could follow it.

Glad to hear that you defended my reputation. Should like to have been in Judge Churchill's back room when you told the assembly all about me.

Had a wonderful botanical summer, will tell you about it in print or some other way.

Cordially.

Harold St. John,
Asst. Prof. of Botany.

305 HOWARD STREET
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

March 2, 1925.

Dear Mr. Deane, It must be years since I have written you, for I found four of your letters in the unanswered pile.

Betty is playing on our new piano, delivered a week ago. She plays very nicely, as she used to play all the accompanyments for her brother Bill. It is nearly three years since we have had any music in the house, so you can imagine how good it sounds, But this is all in the way of an introduction, to the really important news. Our son Charles Elliott was born on Jan 1st. A lively, healthy youngster, 8 7/8 lbs. Both mother and child have been home now for over a month. You will believe me when I say that the home seems much different and richer. We named the boy for my father, and he will have to go some to live up to his grandfather's example.

I think I have done very well here at the college. I've had a salary raise every year, and they have not been frequent in these hard times. I've been given the added title Curator of the Herbarium, and last year promoted to be Associate Professor, when there were only two other promotions in the whole college. You see I have no cause to complain.

We have a ~~mite~~ nice little bungalow here 5 rooms, bath, cellar, attic. Enough land for gardens and lawn, A concrete garage on a graveled street. Last fall I drove in a big new Dodge special touring car. I used to drive Lizzie Ford pretty hard on my Botanical trips, and the 11 mile grades up the walls of the Snake

River Canyon used to make her steam and blow. Now I can take 150 mile trips in a day and have time for collecting. Next Monday I plan my first trip of the spring with Dr. Pickett to Palouse Falls. It is spring here, the buttercups have been out 2 weeks, and the Bluebirds are here! We had one cold snap -15°, then a mild open winter.

Betty and Charles join me in best regards to yourself and all our mutual friends.

Cordially,

Harold St John.

Mpls May 29 90

Mr. Walter Dean

Dear Sir

I herewith enclose a list of duplicates. Miss Flora Bean of Faribault informed me that you would like to exchange plants. A year ago I donated to the University of Minnesota my bot collection containing about 10-12000 diff. species and thought then that I would not commence again but could not stand the temptation, so I have commenced again. I should be glad

to get 3 or 4 eastern exchanges
I am getting up two collections
one for myself and one for the
Academy or Science of Minneapolis
of which I am chairman
My Specimens are all perfect
and well pressed and shall
expect good Specimens back
please mark what Specimens
you desire with a lead pencil & then
next fall I might have a larger
list to send you
Hoping to hear from you soon
I remain yours truly

J H Sandberg

List of desiderata of J H Sandberg

Poa alsodes 2ex
— flexuosa 2ex.
Solidago virgaurea
— — var alpina
Aspidium thelypteris
Calamagrostis Langsdorfii
Eriocaulon septang.
Lycopodium dendroideum
Carex deflexa var Deanei
Dalibarda repens 3ex
Aster cordif. var lanceolatus
Juncus marginatus
Sporobolus serotinus
Tipularia discolor 3ex
Carex gynandra
— triceps β hirsuta
Lachnanthes tinctoria
Carex echinata var cephalantha

Gentiana chloroides?
Carex siccata
— trisperma
Juncus trifidus
Poa caesia β stricta

35.

Mpls June 5th 1890

Mr. Walter Dean

Dear Sir.

Your Kind letter received few days ago. I send you to day your desiderata hoping that they will prove satisfactory, some of them are not so good as I wanted to send but they were the last I had and could do no better. I send you also 2 Carices and 1 Gramineae which please name for me I think that I have them all O.K. but having no herbarium to go to, I am not certain; If you would send me a list of what plants you would

like I would try to get some of them
this summer for you
My collection of Carices was 273 Spe
but I see that you near 1000
Would be thankful for your kind
offer of your notes on Asa Gray
And as I have a friend who is
much interested in Botany would
ask you for 2 copies so that I could
give him one
Of those plants that you send
me I would like 2 or 3 Specimens
of course that will be more than
I send you but I will try to
make it this fall
Hoping to hear from you soon
I remain yours truly
J H Sandberg

Mpls June 18th 90

Mr. Walter Deane
Dear

Thanks for your kind letters, page of plants and notice of Asa Gray and excuse me for not answering them before but collecting season is at hand and it keeps me very busy and tired. I just glanced through the pages and they please me very much. Your notice of Asa Gray must be interesting and as it is raining this afternoon I shall peruse it. Now in regard C Torreyii I think.

That I was as much excited about as Prof Bailey. few years ago I found C. rariflora up north here and that was a very good find now in regard to it. habitat it grows in shady places on hillsides together with Carex Pennsylvanica in rather sandy soil I have noticed it only at one place but will look for it further it was not very abundant there I got about 10 spec. but there mighth be more shall go out there to morrow it is within city limits of Mpls at a Place called Prospect Park I will try to get all I can without exterminate it, still where it grows will probably be occupied for dwelling houses in the near future.

The grass I sent you is immature Carex limosa I found that fruiting yesterday it puzzled me first having all the appearance of a Gramin

I have also receive your list
of desiderata there is some spec
I can get for you and others
I will get by exchange
Monday morning I start for shore
of Lake Superior and North Wisconsin
and hope to make a large collect.
A friend of mine sent me about
30 spec of Petasites Palmata from
~~[illegible]~~ Two Harbors Minn where I
collected it some years ago: shall
try to get the leaves now on my
trip it has never been found
in Minn before I found it there
I have laid in a nice supply of
Cyprip. pubesc. parvifl. acaule and
Spectabile will probably get C. candidum
in a few days. I wish I was
close to some standard her=

barium where I could compare spec. up here there are no Botanists hardly.

Would like to have you come up here and spend 2 a 3 month I should try to make as pleasant and interesting as possible for you, try to come if you can next summer.

My Photo I shall be glad to send you in the near future, but will send you to day a small one ~~the day~~ being a Photo of my lasting Camping place at Isle Royal Lake Superior we were three in Company and had a Camera with us, it rained 5 days out of 12 that we were there so I could not collect as many as I wanted. but got quite a lot of p an among others Carex alpina Have you got it?

I commenced to make out a list of what I wanted, but as I need very near everything of the eastern flora you have collect What you think is particular for the N Engl. flora and send if I can get anything to send you in return would you not like to get 5 a 10 spec of ~~one~~ each kind in that way I mighth be able to get quite few from you

Hoping to hear from you soon

I remain your friend

J H Sandberg

Mpls. June 20 90

Mr. Walter Deane

Dear Sir

Have just been down and looked for C. Torreyi it grows in abundanse. Send you few fresh samples Our last rains has made it grow very luxuriant

Yours &c
J H Sandberg

Mpls. July 3rd 90

Mr. Walter Dean

Dear Sir

Your letter was waiting for me when I got home yesterday from my trip. and I was pleased to receive it I shall have quite a list of duplicates this fall and shall most surely send you my list if there be anything you will want thats another question. You can have all the C. Terreyi you want and if Prof Bailey would like some I shall be glad to send him a supply also - Shall be glad to receive your list of duplicates I know there will be many that I would

like to have for our herbarium
if I only can get something for you
in return
I shall be pleased to recieve your
Photo if you got any to spare
There will be many Carices to deter-
mine this fall for me it is hard to specify
those when there is no herbarium
to go for references may be Prof Bailey
will do it for me still I hate to im-
pose upon his time I could not get
Mert Panic. in fruit this time it was a
little to early will try it next season
Your second letter of July 1st just recieved
thanks for same. Was out to day and
got Cyprip. Spect. Listera Loeselii
Habenaria dilat. & hyperb. besides others
Will write more when I hear from
you again have plenty of work
changing paper on my plants besides
my other bus. so good by this time

yours sincerely
J H Sandberg

Mpls July 7. 90

Mr W. Dean
Dear Sir

Your Photo and letter both at hand thanks for same you look a good deal younger than I thought you were. Yesterday I was out and got that Carex which I inclose also a twig of a Betula it is not pumila or glandulosa Must be a hybrid the bush is about 10 feet high and habitus like Bet pumila. I hate to go into that Swamp as it

abounds with Rhus venenat. R. Toxico:
dendron and it is sure to poison
me every time I enter it I
Call it "Palus Venenarius"
My face has been swollen now
for the last 3 weeks sometimes
my eyes are shut up intirely
and it is not very pleasant
There is nothing I like better than
to roam around those tamarack
bogs I can not walk a very
Great distance my left ankle
being crippled but still a
tramp of 3 to 5 miles do not
hurt me any

Hope to hear from you
soon in regard to inclosed spec
I remain yours very friendly

J H Sandberg

Mpls July 15 - 90

Mr Walter Dean

Dear Sir

Thanks for your letter of July 7th and excuse me for not replying before but profession been and collecting has kept me very busy I return your list those I would like to get are marked ✓ and would like when convenient two of each Shall be glad to get Sagitta gracillima if you will have any to spare Most assuredly you shall have the first pick this fall of my dupl. and shall try to get more of

desideratas from my correspondents
It is very kind of you to have
Prof Bailey name my Cyperaceae
I will send some specimens of a
hybrid of Verbena bracteosa & stricta
it is a very peculiar form I
found last summer.

You must excuse this short
Epistle this time

Yours very truly

J H Sandberg

Mpls July 27 90.

Mr Walter Dean

Dear Friend!

For as such I consider you and it seems to me that we have been acquaint. for good many years instead of only a few month. I am glad that you enjoy yourself at your new place I only wish that you could come up here and spend a few month some summer the air here is very bracing and the flora very diversified. I am out tramping every other day and always bring a can full of something, yesterday I found Lepachys column first I ever found. The reason I did not mark so many specimens on your first list was because I did not have enough to offer in exchange. I am short of all eastern specimens because I commenced my new herbarium last fall and have not exchanged with any body except you and few spec with Mr. Canby of Wilmington Del. but this winter I will have quite a list for exchange. Do you know that I came very near starting for the Philippine Islands, for 3 years trip, last week. I had an offer of $100 a

month and all of expenses paid
counting in the outfit and evry
thing; if I had known of it
few months ago so that I
could made some arrangement
about my box etc I would
probably went wouldnt been
a glorious trip thereat. An
expedition of two started fr.
here last week to collect
Zoological Specimens for our
Academy of Sciences and they
~~[illegible]~~ were very anxious to
have a Botanist to go with
them. the offer is open yet
for me to join them next
Spring but I do not know
if I shall go it is quite a
long trip for a man with

family and business to leave.
I do not think that there
has been much work done
there in Botany.
That Lobelia Dortmanna is an
old friend of mine from Sweden
but have not seen it for 25 years
shall be glad to get it also the
others you mentioned. I see that
Carex Magellanica is only quoted
for Penn. Was out to the swamp
the other day to get some more
but it was to late. will get some
next year. I gathered some more of that
Betula there is no other B near
it except B. pumila and I found
4 or 5 bushes of it
Let me hear from you soon
again
Yours truly
H Saum

Mpls July 28 90
501 Central Av.

Dear Friend Dean

Yesterday I wrote you quite a long letter. and to day I received your note of July 24th for which receive my thanks. The Betula I did send to Mr. S. Watson few days ago together with the Verbena I wrote you about The Betula is very interesting to me I can not possible be B. pumila there is so much difference in the leaves and then it is a good deal taller shrub than B pumila the ~~stem~~ lower part of the stem is a good deal more echinous dotted more like B. glandulosa.

Of course I shall be glad to get Sol. v. Virgaurea Balsamea. in fact shall be glad to receive any Eastern specimens this fall what I do not need myself the Acad of Sciences needs everything

I do not pretend to do much practice now except office practice I am keeping a drugstore and in that way I have much my own time I generally go out or rather drive out every other afternoon for collecting purposes. I collect generally pretty many this summer I have collected over 10,000 specimens. and it lots of work and time to attend to it right

Well good by for this time

Yours truly

J H Sandberg

Mpls Aug 20

1890

Dear Friend

Your welcome letter of the 10th inst received few days ago. My Betula is nothing but B. nigra so Mr Watson decides I never saw it grow in that shape before there are no large trees of it for miles. The Verbena I wrote you about is Verbena stricta x bracteosa it seems to be frequent in Mexico will send you some. When would it be most convenient for Prof Bailey to look over my cari-ces. I should like to have

named early this fall so that
I can place them on my exch list
We have the Cardinal flower here
in great abundance along the Missi
ssippi and it is a most beautiful
sight.

I think I got some Utricularia minor
to spare but may you do not
want it as it is from Europe;
if any of correspondents have it
I shall surely get it for you
My collecting is nearly over now
as I collected most of our autumn
plants last year still I take
trip out once or twice a week
and I always find something
that is worth pressing.

Few years ago I found Pont. cord.
and looked for it this year at the
same place but the lake has been
drained out so there was nothing there
would like to get 2 a 3 ~~sp~~ of it for you

Yours JH Sanders

Mpls Sept 11 90

Dear Friend

Yours of the 7th I received yesterday I thought that may be you had moved Dr. Jaffrey should have written to you in a few days to Cambridge. My collecting is over for the season I quit about 2 weeks ago I have a good supply of Asters and Solidagos since last summer still yesterday a friend of mine wanted me to go out for a couple of hours and I had to yield to the temptation we got. Cones just arrived in beautiful plumage Aster sericeus, lævis, puniceus, ericaefolius, azureus, Multiflorus, simplex, oblongifolius var rigidulus Artemisia frigida, serrata Solidago Riddellii etc. Gentiana Andrewsii alba. crinita Rosa Arkansana et humilis besides some others so you see we had a pretty nice can full of specimens. Yesterday was a big day for specimens when I got home from my trip there was a box of Nelumbium luteum about 50 specimens sent me from Rev Wing. then I got 1500 duplicates of N Idaho plants from a friend of Mr. J B Leiberg so I will have my hands full to day taking care of those. I will have nice list to offer you this fall. Oh yes the other day I found Pontederia cordata I had never seen it grow before and at the same place Bidens connata var pinnata and only a short distance from them Salsola Kali the latter must have been introduced as it was close to a R R track together with Grindelia squarrosa Cleome integrifolia and one specimens of Oenothera albicaulis. The Liatris are beautiful now we have L pycnostachya, scariosa cylindracea and punctata here. Lobelia Cardinalis is very common along the Mississippi it grows together with Physostegia, Helenium aut. Boltonia asteroides and makes it a pleasing sight. My specimens this year are in good condition all green and fresh I think that I must have at least 10000 duplicates on hand which represents a good deal of work and more so of pleasure. Do you know of any

Botanist in the South that would like to exchange I am very destitute of Southern plants and would like ever so much to get a Southern correspondent. Mr. Canby has sent me several specimens from there but I have not got much now that he wants

Hoping to hear from you soon
I am ever yours

J H Sandberg

Mpls Sept 25 90

Dear Friend Dean

Your kind letter with lists received yesterday thanks for same I return them to day marked ✓ and — those marked ✓ you might send 2d and one of the other as those latter are for a friend of mine Prof Geo Aiton. I got return from Prof Bailey at the same time as I got your letter it was very kind of him to respond so quick I send you my list of dupl it looks large but I do not suppose

there is much you want but
still I am hopes that there
will be something's desirable
If you will send me your list
of desiderata not only of Minn
but what you are in want
of I will try to get some from
my correspondents. I have
not collected much lately
my limb has bothered me a
good deal and I must keep
quiet but it is a hard temptation
these beautiful days.
Please write of what you want
on my list and you shall have
first pick. Yours very friendly
J H Sandberg

Mpls Oct 2nd 1890

Friend Dean

Your postal received yesterday I admit my marks are a little perplexing but I thought I made it clear in my letter Those marked ✓ I should like two specimens of and those mark — 1 specimen but when both marks appear as ✓— it means 3 ex. Of course this is to be taken in consideration that you can pick out enough of my list to satisfy ~~thy~~ my demands if not send only 1 or 2 as it happens

Yours

Mpl's Oct 13 1890

Dear Friend Dean

I received your precious pkge of plants day after I sent mine I have not had time to look them over yet but I know that they will be very satisfactory. I shall send you few more by and by when I get your list of desiderata you must excuse this short letter as I am very busy and will be this month.

Hoping to hear from you soon

Yours very friendly

J H Sdbg

Mpls Oct 28 1890

Dear Friend Dean

You must excuse my long delay in answering your letter and thanking you for your pkg of excellent plants it was a great pleasure to look over your plants they being all so perfect and nice. I shall try to do better next year I am sorry that some of my plants got broken up in transit I have sent away good many pkgs of plants and never had any bad luck before and I sometimes put 3 or 4 spec on top of each other and they get there all OK the other day I received about 1500 spec from Europe with 5.8 spec to each 1/2 sheet and none broken any way I shall make for what is broken in my next shipment I also forgot to put in Utric minor but shall do so next time. yes I wish you would come up here next summer and spend a month or more There is nothing that would please me more than to have you as my guest during a collecting season we are very plain folks but you would have plenty to eat and a good bed and a large attic room for your work

besides a horse and buggy for
the longer excursions. And I know
that the flora of the surrounding country
would be very interesting to you
Now try and make arrange-
ments to come up here this summer
I have been very busy laying
out plants this fall have already
sent off 2100 specimens and have
only commenced exchanging
by spring I shall have quite a
nucleus for my new herbarium.
Do you know of any collector
in the Gulf States that would
like to exchange? I have very
few Southern plants in my collection
and should like very much
to get a correspondent from
any of those States. This summer

I shall only collect around here as the field is large enough, except for a day or two when I shall take a trip on the R.R. to some desirable locality.

Well Good by for this time and let me hear from you often

Yours very truly

J H Sandberg

Mpls. Dec 18 1890

Dear Friend Dean

Thanks for both your letters. I am glad that my plants suited you so well it is hard work to preserve the color because you have to change the paper every day and have it thoroughly dry and a little warm I dry my blotters either in the sun or if no sun on the stove then make up small pac say about 6 a 8 inches thick and expose them to the sun and air and take an ordinary plant it will be dry in 3 a 4 days. If your friend Judge Churchhill would like some

of my plants I shall be pleased
to send him a package there
would probably be nothing new to
him but may be desirable for
locality. I answered your questions
to my best ability. I am glad that
you asked them. I have none to
go to for verification and have to
depend on myself entirely and some-
times a fellow gets into a rut and
stays there. I have exchanged pretty
heavy this fall and the only good specimens
I got were from you and from Dr.
J. B. Brinton of Phila. The rest of
them was more literal "Baled hay"
than anything else.

Hoping to hear from you from time to
time

Remain yours very truly

J H Sandberg

Jan 1st 1890

Dear Friend Dean

Happy new year! Thanks for Photo and letter and excuse my delay in answering the letter but I just received 1500 specimens from Europe and I had to looked them over first before I could do any thing else I am glad that Rosa Arkansana turned out O.K. I studied these Roses pretty well this summer and was in hopes that I was right. I was not expecting to exchange with Judge Churchhill but would gladly make him a present of 50 specimens or so of Minn flora thought they would be acceptable for locality

I sent about 175 to the Nat Museum and Prof Vasey was well pleased with them and got a half promise to collect for them next season.
I wish I had your opportunity to have access to the Harvard Herb. It is pretty hard some times to name plants correctly when you have to depend on yourself entirely. Next season I shall take up the Asters & Solidagos as I am not satisfied with my some of my analysis last year and therefore did not list them. I think that we have many hybrids here any way there is many forms that I can not identify
Your letters are always welcome so do not forget to write once in a while

Sincerely yours &c
N D Tanelly

Mpls Feb 24th '91

Dear Friend Dean

Thanks for your kind letter and postal received some time ago and for your kindness in writing to Mr Bebb I shall be glad to receive some Salices from him he being an authority on those and hope that he wont forget it I shall to give any thing in return that I have. Yesterday one of my correspondents promised to send me 2 a 3 spec of Utricularia Minor as soon as they arrive I will send you some from America soil We are having pretty cold weather

you think about it and give us all the suggestions you can. then would be a centre location for it.
Yours very truly
J H Sandberg

up here yet no collecting yet for a couple of Month. and I am not very much hurry for it yet as I have a large amount of Material on hand that I want to put in shape before the collecting season begins. If you should see your friend Prof Bailey you might ask him if he wants any more Carex Torreyi and how many? I shall be glad to lay in any amount he wants. Do you think that an exchange bureau would have any success? Prof Aiton of this place and me are thinking to start one we would charge the nominal sum of 1c per specimens sent out besides postage. and none but first class would sent to the members we are thinking about sending out circulars to botanists this spring but before that would like have the opinion of some of you eastern Botanists. please let me know what

Mpls April 3d 1891

Dear Friend Dean

It is about time that I answered your kind letters but excuse me this time bad. The Grippe have had a good hold on me for the last two weeks. Thanks for your kindness in writing Mr Bebb I received a nice parcel of Salices the other day and got a promise of more next season I shall try my best to repay him. About a week ago I received an offer for Dr Vasey to go as Bot Collect on the Alaskan expedition which starts shortly on a 4 month tour

I have partly accepted offer and shall go if I can arrange my bus satisfactory I am waiting now for the details of the expedition You can make up your mind that I shall try to go Won't it be a glorious trip though for a Botanist it has never been gone over except along the coast as far as I know and the interior is much better field for botanists than along the coast. People who has been there says that the vegetation is almost as luxuriant as in the tropics and that alpine flora is far surpassing the alps It almost sets me wild thinking about it wouldn't I bring home treasures this fall and If I give satisfaction which I hope I can they might let me continue the exploration

another year or more Prof J. M
Holzinger an old friend of mine is
assistant Botanist in Washington and
he is the one that spoke to Dr
Vasey; last fall I sent them abou
3 or 400 plants of Minnesota flora
and Prof Vasey was well pleased
with them. If you are personaly
acquainted with Dr Vasey you would
do me a great favor if you would
write him few lines in my favor
I do not pretend to be any expert
botanist but think that as a collector
I can do fully as well as any body
if they give me a fair chance
I shall not forget my friends on
my return and probaby you would
accept few specimens even if they should
be out side of Man limits Write soon

Yours very truly

Mpls May 2nd 1891

My dear Friend Dear

Thanks, for your kind letter received few days ago, also for your kindness in writing Dr Vasey The Alaskan trip is postponed sine die the appropriation for the expedition failed to pass the congress which Dr Vasey did not know, but he has given me 5 month collecting here in N. E. Minnesota so that most of the time will be spent around shores of Lake Superior and Lake Itasca and may be on the boundary line later in the fall I do not know if there will be much new for the department but I will do the best I can and shall try to put in a lot of plants this fall such as will give satisfaction to Dr Vasey and credit to those who has recommended me. My friend Prof Aiton will collect for me at Lake Ithasca where I shall establish a permanent camp and self only go up there once or twice during the season, he is an enthusiastic botanist and does splendid work. I start for Lake Superior next week but shall be gone only a week as the season is very backwards up there yesterday 4 inches of snow fell. Now when you have time I wish you would let me know what your desiderata is and shall do my best to get all I can for you. I am glad you got acquainted with my friend Holzinger he is a pretty good "Deutschman" and a warm friend of mine he might come up and help me this fall as the Department wrote me that they would send me a man if I wanted one and I shall ask for Holzinger He is very anxious to come and should be glad to have him for a coworker in the field

Let me hear from you as the season passes on and I shall not forget you nor your kindness you have always shown me.

Yours very friendly
J H Sandberg

Mpls June 1st 1891

Dear Friend Dean

Thanks for your letter received some time ago I just got home from a trip along the North Shore of Lake Superior collecting for U.S. I did not have very good luck as the season is very late up there yet about 3 weeks later than here and it is late enough here I am sure. the leaves are not out up there yet. I send one very interesting plant viz Viola canina B. puberula never saw it before it grows in crevices of flat rocks and is very different from Viola canina B Muhlenbergii. Oryzopsis Canadensis is very common on the same soil. Adoxa Moschat I found in several places also Mertensia paniculata and Petasites palmata the latter is very abundant. Primula farinosa (handsome plant is common ~~on~~ in crevices of exposed rocks along the shore together with Pinguicula vulgaris (not in bloom yet

Last Saturday a week ago a deep gulch where the sun never reaches the bottom and first thing I struck was Calypso borealis what a beautiful thing it is I dont know if I ever saw anything more delicate and handsome than this. when I found it early in the morning I was tickled to death, but could not find more than 4 more until after dinner time when I got discouraged and started for home going up the side of the gulch I struck a patch of about 50 when I had a picnic next day Sunday went down there again but found only 11 ex. worked [illegible]

Kalmia glauca is quite
frequent in the bogs up
North. etc etc

I have try to get some of
your desiderata this fall
Write whenever the spirit
moves you and direct
letters as before

Yours

Mpls July 21st 1891

Dear friend Dean

Your letter was received ~~for~~ some time ago, thanks for same I have just returned from one of my trips up north and had a very successful trip laid in about 2500 spec during two weeks, you know yourself what amount of work that calls for I am pretty — tired out the last week I put in from 18 to 21 hours a day of hard work

I could not lay in great many of each but you and Mr Bebb shall have the first pick of the lot. My next trip will be a very interesting one I shall start from Grand Rapids in Itasca Co and float down on a batteaux to Mpls a distance of 410 miles by the river shall of course stop and make trips away from river wherever there are good collecting grounds. It will take me probably a month time to do the journey. If you should happen in to Washington and should Dr Vasey ask him how he likes my specimens or better if my work is satisfactory

Well I found Caltha Natans but was rather disappointed when I found out that it had been found ~~bef~~ a year ago in the same locality. I thought I had something new entirely and have been rather excited over it until I heard from Washington that it was nothing new at all. Well I am glad I found it but wished that Mr Hill had staid away from there another year when I would have been the first to discover it. Have in enough for my friends anyway. Among other interesting things are Rosa Engelmanni? Tofieldia palustris Euphrasia officinalis va Tatarica Campanula Arctica Orchis rotundifolia Eriophorum alpinum et etc to the department. ask them in such a way that will be more for your own curiosity and not for mine. or if you write to Mr Rose ask him. they never say anything to me how my works suits them except once they said " your plants are very good"

Write soon

Yours very truly

Mpls Oct 4th 1891

Dear Friend Dean

It is a shame for me to wait so long to answer your two last kind letters but I have been very busy the last two month and I have Just finished up my work for the Dept the last Month I did not do very much as I was taken sick through exposure and may be a little overwork. I had very nice trip down the Mississippi but it was hard work I took a student with me for help; he gained 10" I lost 5" so you can see who done the most work. I was very much flattered with what J N Rose wrote you I do not think he meant it all. I have tried to do the best I could and shall be glad if my work has been satisfactory Dr Vasey wrote me "that he was much pleased with the success of my work so far" this was in July. I have sent them over 8000 specimens besides about 1000 Mosses and I think that 9/10 of those were good specimens how this compares with their other field workers I do not know. Have had a glorious summer for all of my hard work and have saved some specimens for myself not great many but enough for my good friends. have added several to the Manual limits such as Erysimum orientale (1 ex found)

Madia glomerata perfectly natural.

Will send you a pge of plants in the near future but have a little patience with me as I can not touch my plants for a month yet on act of my other work that has been neglected this summer but they will surely come I do not know if shall go out next summer or not (there is no job offered me yet) have not asked for any and probably would not get any if asked for. If they would give me a little more per month and steady work I would give up my drug bus. but just going out for 3 a 5 month time and leave somebody else to attend my bus dont pay Well write soon and do not do as I have done wait 2 a 3 months

Yours very truly

J H Sandberg

Mpls Oct 29 1891

Dear Friend Dean

Enclosed find my list of duplicates just finished it last night. it is quite a long list but I do not suppose that there is many you want; have not put down Caltha natans as I have only a limited supply but will of course send you one specimen if you desire it. Just had letter from Dr Vasey and he gives me a great send off here is his words "Your collection is not only the most abundant in species and specimens but the plants are also the best prepared and best arranged of any collection in the field for our Division You have first place it could not be any better and I am glad that I gave satisfaction both for my own sake and for you who recommended me. Look over my list at your earliest convenience and give me a list of your Desid.

Yours very friendly

J H Sandberg

Mpls Nov 11 1891

Friend Dean

I sent you yesterday by mail a pkg of plants There is not as many as you ordered I am lacking fruiting spec was taken sick in September through exposure and thereby unable to gather fruits I send you also one spec of Rhus glabra var Sandbergii happened to have 2 left one for you and one for Bebb. It is a very queer little Rhus grows from 6 inch to 2 feet high and has the petals glabrous. Hoping that the plants will prove satisfactory I remain yours very kindly J.H.S.

Write soon!

Mpls Dec 11 /91

Dear Mr Dean

Thanks for both of your letters which I am rather late in answering. Now in regard to the plants I sent you, where the fruit was either lacking or none. I have done the best I could for you I had only a few of each and I picked out the best for you but the trouble was that some places I did not visit more than once and had to take what I found, flowers fruit mature or immature and that is the reason why some of the specimens are not complete

I shall try next summer to get better specimens if I happen to visit the same places and at the right season it is all right where you spend your whole summer at one place to get complete specimens but when you have 3 or 4 Counties (and very large at that) to look over it is harder The Nuphar is N. Kalmianum how I came to write N. sagittifolium beats me as I have both in my herb.

Mr. Beardslee will be glad to exchange with you and he makes splendid specim also Mr. A A Heller Lancaster Pa is a good collector. He has been collecting in Blow out Mts N C. this summer. If you should meet Mr. Rose during the holidays you might ask him if. "Sandberg is going out for them next summer again"

I thought last fall that I did not want any collection this coming summer but I am eager for an outing now and shall get out in the Bitterroot Ranges next summer if the Dpt does not offer me a good job and furnish me with an assistant. to do the hardest work. I inclose my list of desiderata and think that you will have no trouble to pick the 13 spec due me.

Let me hear from you once in a while

Yours very truly

J H Sandberg

Pleas. return the list as soon as possible

Mpls Dec 29

Dear Friend Dean

A Happy New Year!
Thanks for plants received few days ago. They were very satisfactory
Send you few achenes of P. Sagittata could not spare any more as I was to late for the fruit and got only 2 a 3 specimens.
Beardslees address is Cleveland Ohio 107-6th Av. Well I am very near through mounting and putting in shape my Summers collection only few correspondents more to hear from. The collecting and Field work fever has already put in its symptoms and I suppose in March it will be up to 110°F.

I never have felt so strong as I have this fall for all of my hard work last summer, for the last four years, I have been laid up every fall with varicose ulcers but this fall I have been OK and feel like putting in a whole season of collecting if I get the right Kind of ~~work~~ place to work up.

Let me hear from you occasionally

Yours ever friendly

J H Sandberg

BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY.

Wolfeboro, N. H.
June 7, 1909.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Dear Sir:-

Will you kindly give me at once your opinion of Mr. W. W. Eggleston as a general botanical collector. Has he an accurate knowledge of the species of flowering plants + ferns and has he a good eye for variant forms? Do you know in what estimation he is held at the Gray Herbarium? Thanking you for this trouble, I am

Very truly yours.
H. E. Sargent-

P.S.- Of course I understand that Mr. Eggleston is the Crataegus specialist of Gray's Manual, but I wish to know about his *general* collecting ability-
H.E.S.

BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY.

WOLFEBORO, N. H. Sept. 5, 1912.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The plants came safely and your letter was forwarded to me - I heartily thank you for identifying the material for me, and also for taking interest enough in my work to criticize it. My chief work is the teaching of physics and chemistry - Botany is mostly a recreation with me, and I suppose it is not very strange that working alone in it as I do here, I am a somewhat careless collector. Doubtless you can scarcely appreciate the difference in the scientific atmosphere of Wolfeboro and Cambridge. While I have not been so particular as you for handsome specimens, I have tried to get characteristic ones, so that I might have a working reference collection, and I have tried to locate definite stations for as many ~~flo~~ species as possible.. I never liked to collect roots unless they were especially characteristic and shall try to do so now that you have called my attention to it. I have done almost no exchanging, and have sent off very few plants for identification, which may account for the arrangement of the bundle sent you - I shall be more careful in the future in that matter - Again thanking you for your labor and aggravation of spirit in my behalf, I am

sincerely yours,

H. E. Sargent.

BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY.
C. W. HALEY, PRINCIPAL.

WOLFEBORO, N. H., Feb. 20, 1913.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The violets arrived safely. I thank you heartily for all your trouble in the matter - The White Mt. plant is certainly an odd form of V. cucullata -

Sincerely yours,

H. E. Sargent -

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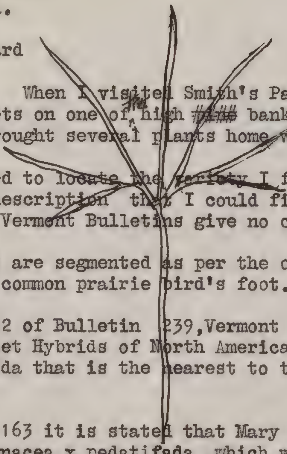
CHICAGO

June 20,1926
137 South La Salle Street
Chicago,Illinois.

Miss Mary O.POllard
Frances Shimer School
Mount Carroll,Ill.

My Dear MissPollard



When I visited Smith's Park with Mrs Baroody I found a colony of violets on one of the high ~~###~~ banks of the ravine,that looked odd to me,so I brought several plants home with me.

When I tried to locate the variety I found nothing like it in foliage in any description that I could find.Britton and Brown, Gray and the two Vermont Bulletins give no clues.

The leaves are segmented as per the outline above and have a blossom like the common prairie bird's foot.

On page 162 of Bulletin 239,Vermont Agricultural Station Some Natural Violet Hybrids of North America,figure A.is a picture of viola pedatifida that is the nearest to the general contour of the leaf.

On page 163 it is stated that Mary O.Pollard found a hybrid of papilionacea x pedatifada ,which was the first intimation that I had that you were interested in botany.

I am enclosing one of the leaves,to supplement the outline, and if you can throw any light on the pedigree of the variety I will appreciate it greatly.

Very Sincerely

Orpheus M. Schantz
137 So LaSalle St
Chgo

Canada as
a National
Property
F. C. C. Lynch
Ottawa
Director
Nat'l Resources

O. Schantz

TELEPHONE RANDOLPH 4864

Schantz tours

ROOM 521
137 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

4/16/27

Mr Walter Deane
29 Brewster St
Cambridge. Mass

My Dear Mr Deane

I am enclosing a strange Violets leaf which I gathered last year in June - at Mt Carroll. Ill. which is within an unglaciated area that includes the adjoining corners of 4 States

Minn	Wisc
Iowa	Illinois

I am also enclosing a letter which I wrote to Miss Mary O. Pollard that tells of the location Etc. Your brother Ruthven tells me that you enjoy unravelling botanical puzzles. possibly you can help me with this one!

Very Sincerely
Orpheus M Schantz

TELEPHONE RANDOLPH 4864

Schantz tours

ROOM 521
137 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

May 24,1927

Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge,Mass.

Dear Mr Deane:-

× I have today mailed to you two small packages,the larger containing two plants of the violet of which I wrote you some months ago.

The other,some mounted violet leaves taken from plants growing in my yard

I spent the last week in April with a botany party from Chicago,augmented by two young women from Cincinatti,one of who was assistant professor of of botany at the University of Cti.We had a very enjoyable trip,full of thrills for those who had never visited the Southern Appalachians before.

The ~~#viol##~~ violet# plants were collected for me at Mount Carroll in the unglaciated section of northwestern Illinois.The colony grows under pine trees on "Pine Ridge" in Smith's Park at Mt Carroll.

One of the sag#itate leaves is quite fleshy both leaf and stem.This violet was fairly common in the #mountains along with rotundifolia,conspersa, rostrata,rafinesque,blanda,canadensis,and many others.

I think one of the greatest thrills I experienced was the finding of trillium luteum,a sessile flowered variety with clear yellow petals.

We found six trilliums,three white,two red,and the yellow one which was the only one with sessile flowers.

I hope the plants reached you in good enough condition so that you may classify them.

I talked to your brother ~~Ruthven~~ this morning.

Very sincerely

Orpheum Schantz

×Viola pedata L.

IN THE REALM

AUTHORSHIP SOLVED

Miss Scidmore Wrote "As The Hague Ordains."

A MUCH-DISCUSSED BOOK

Treated of the Care of Russian Prisoners in Japan.

HER FIRST ESSAY AT FICTION

An Interesting Talk With the Writer, Who Studied War Conditions in Japan in 1904-5.

Perhaps the most-talked-about book in Washington drawing rooms this winter has been "As The Hague Ordains," ostensibly the journal of the wife of a Russian prisoner in Japan, published anonymously by Henry Holt & Co. Every writer who has been in Japan and many who have not been there have been charged with its authorship. The mystery has been well maintained for the year since the anonymous tale was published, and the critics have never been able to guess the name of the author, despite their wide and wild guesses. The publishers, in announcing a new edition of the book, now disclose as its author Eliza R. Scidmore, author of "Jinrikisha Days in Japan," 'Java, the Garden of the East;" "China, the Long-Lived Empire," and "Winter India," "As The Hague Ordains" is the first essay at romance by this well known writer of books of travel,

Miss Scidmore talked interestingly about her book to a Star reporter in her Washington home the other day. When asked if she had a partner or collaborator in the work, any Russian journal to work from, or whether it was in any part a translation, she answered the questions in the negative, adding:

"I wrote it here in Washington in August and September, 1905, while waiting for some freight to arrive from Seattle and for a Washington real estate agent to find me a house into which to put the freight. I had had the half-formed idea in Japan, as the only way to adequately describe the extraordinary status of a prisoner of war in the twentieth century. I had been cabled to write an article on that subject by a magazine, but found it impossible—too much material, too many points of view, too many historical precedents to be quoted to make the situation clear. Besides, all sorts of people would not read nor be trapped into reading a serious article about prisoners of war, as they might be induced to read if it were put in lighter form."

"Were you in Japan during the war?"

Saw Some War Signs.

"Not at the beginning, but there was more war than I wanted to be harrowed

lasted and gloating over its small result. Those who took part in those long drawn deliberations and continuous tea parties of last summer tell me that the conference was a great success. The thirteen treaties negotiated hardly touch upon the burning questions of the war, and the millennium is not appreciably nearer. Nothing was done to prevent another Rodjesventsky from sailing half around the world, taking on supplies and picnicking in every port, staying there and effecting combination with new fleets—nothing to prevent the sowing of mines in neutral seas, in the path of peaceful commerce—even the prohibition against the throwing of explosives from balloons was not renewed—three miles remains the neutral limit off shore, while forts and ships now have guns that carry ten and twenty miles, and Admiral Togo's fleet was often invisible when its shells were dropping in the streets of Port Arthur."

The Authorship Mystery.

"Have people taxed you with the authorship of the book?"

"A few. It grew very tiresome before the winter was over. I never squarely denied it, and a little bluster generally put inquirers to rout. It was enough to say: 'Nonsense, who told you that?' and they would generally quit; while 'Have you read the book?' would scatter another kind of inquisitor promptly, as they generally had not read any book, and were only talking for the sake of conversation. I could truthifull say, too, that I had been asked to write a preface to the book and had refused to do so—as the publishers in the effort to uncover the authorship kept up a fusillade of letters to the literary agent for every day of five weeks. I have been rather disappointed that there was more curiosity about the authorship than interest in the status of prisoners of war, or acknowledgment of the way in which the Japanese had exceeded the provision of the seventh article of the Hague convention of 1899."

"And the critics, what have they said?"

"The greater number accepted it as literally what it tried to be—the journal of a Russian woman. They praised the Princess Sophie's courage, or else scouted the idea of such adventures being possible in the enemy's country in time of war. 'The device is clever, but rather too transparent,' said the most superior of all the critics, 'and we suspect that the wife of the Russian prisoner is more than half English and wears trousers.' One Japanese said: 'The thought is distinctly masculine, thinly disguised in feminine expression.' Another Japanese called it 'a revelation of the Russian heart and of the soul of the Nippon woman,' and said that he could not read it without tears. All of them seemed to grasp the fact, however, that the prisoners were treated as The Hague ordains, and they lay great stress on the part that President Roosevelt took in the Portsmouth conference.

"Attacks" on Russia.

"I heard that a certain Russian called the book 'an insidious attack on the Russian government.' Who can say that the Russian lacks the sense of humor? It is flattering, perhaps, to be accused of schemes of such magnitude, but the whole war was an attack on the Russian government, and those remarkable books—'With the Cossacks' and 'The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia,' the only pieces of literature that have come from the Russian side—must be 'attacks' also. 'Certain Americans' did more to cheer and comfort the forlorn prisoners than that 'certain Russian.'

"A certain sympathetic Washington woman sent me money to buy a rubber-tired jinriksha for the American missionary in Matsuyama, who was wearing herself out, walking herself to death and impoverishing herself to buy dainty and delicate food for the Russians in the hospital. After buying the jinriksha there was enough to pay the year's wages of a coolie, and, until the last invalid left, the American vehicle took relays of the weak and crippled for daily rides. The unselfish missionary has never heard from her charges since they sailed away, or received any acknowledgment from any one for her superhuman efforts to lessen the sum of human misery. Much else was done for the prisoners by Americans."

"Were there any originals for the characters in the book?"

"The main, talking characters are most decidedly not portraits. The wounded colonel and his wife, Lyov, Mira Esper and [illegible] are all ideal, imaginary Russians—in fact, some people call them overdrawn on too angelic lines. I have met many Russians as charming, cultivated and just and clear-headed, but not in Japan. None such seemed to come in the dragnet of war. In fact, one person, recognizing that the Russian characters were so entirely beyond the average, has called the book a 'hard rap at Japan.' You can take your choice."

"What pleased you most?"

"The comment of an Englishwoman who had lived eighteen years in Japan, and who said she 'was in love with Tosaburo.' But Tosaburo is only a type of the regular young Japanese officer, the flower of Bushido and of young Japan. I know a dozen, I have met a hundred Tosaburos, and I am pleased if I have made him real to any one."

in Japan; as the only way to adequately describe the extraordinary status of a prisoner of war in the twentieth century. I had been cabled to write an article on that subject by a magazine, but found it impossible—too much material, too many points of view, too many historical precedents to be quoted to make the situation clear. Besides, all sorts of people would not read nor be trapped into reading a serious article about prisoners of war, as they might be induced to read if it were put in lighter form."

"Were you in Japan during the war?"

Saw Some War Signs.

"Not at the beginning, but there was more war than I wanted to be harrowed by between April, 1904, and June, 1905. I saw the wonderful spirit with which the soldiers went to fight those terrible battles, the fortitude of the sufferers in hospitals, and of families bereaved, and, most wonderful of all, their generous and kindly attitude toward the 70,000 Russian prisoners detained by the government at twenty-eight castle towns and provincial capitals. Many foreign residents loudly condemned the way in which the Japanese were overdoing the command to 'Love your enemies,' their hypersentimentality and extra-altruism. I repeated to one cabinet minister the comment of an American missionary who 'supposed it was only fair to give them three meals a day, but drew the line at giving them afternoon tea, with sugar, and at all the pampering attentions, of tea, sweets and cigarettes at the railway stations by the Red Cross ladies.'

"'Give them to me and I will land them all on one of the Kurile Islands, with tents, black bread, candle ends and fishing tackle. Let them rustle for the rest,' advised another American.

"The minister held up both hands with horror. 'Why should we be unkind to the prisoners in our hands? No, no. It is suffering enough for brave men to be prisoners at all. I wish you would go and see how we treat them. Perhaps you will think we are not kind enough. It cannot be pleasant to be a prisoner anywhere.'

Scenes at the War Prisons.

"They gave me passes to all the places of detention, and I visited four of them, and had such a revelation of an uncomprehended phase of war that I made no more visits. It was saddening and very depressing to see the sorrow and chagrin of good and loyal Russians, the humiliation of honest patriotic men who loved their country and their sovereign, and who could do no more for the cause; who had not committed crimes, yet were deprived of their liberty, or rather restrained like boys in boarding school. And it was exasperating to see, as at Hamadera, below Osaka, 30,000 soldiers from Port Arthur, idling the days away, feeding and feasting and playing games, even dancing to pass the time, while the poor Japanese toiled in the fields beyond and Japanese women and boys earned a slender wage pushing bread carts down from Osaka to help feed this army of loafers. There was certainly something wrong about that. Then there were all those Russian officers and men whom their companions scorned for deliberately going over to the enemy in each engagement, glad to surrender and accept the ease and idleness of prison life, rather than face any more of the hardships and dangers of campaigning.

"Some of the officers were intelligent, cultivated, broad-minded men, capable of accepting and appreciating the situation. Others whimpered, lamented, reviled and openly insulted the Japanese at every opportunity. Some officers occupied themselves in studious pursuits and lived as gentlemen; others laid aside all veneer of civilization, and lived and dressed as untidily as Digger Indians, and when the restrictions were lightened, descended to depths of drunkenness and dissipation that made every Anglo-Saxon ashamed of his color and race. I met the wives of two officers, who were residents with their prisoner husbands at one garrison town. These officers were engineers who had been for some years constructing forts, docks and public works at Port Arthur, Dalny and Vladivostok, and had come over to live in Japan when work was suspended during the winters. Theirs was a very queer and unique sort of prison life to me.

An Illogical Situation.

"It is wholly illogical. Something ought to be done about it. There should not be prisoners of war at all in this century.

the book 'an insidious attack on the Russian government.' Who can say that prisoners at all. I wish you would go and see how we treat them. Perhaps you will think we are not kind enough. It cannot be pleasant to be a prisoner anywhere.'

Scenes at the War Prisons.

"They gave me passes to all the places of detention, and I visited four of them, and had such a revelation of an uncomprehended phase of war that I made no more visits. It was saddening and very depressing to see the sorrow and chagrin of good and loyal Russians, the humiliation of honest patriotic men who loved their country and their sovereign, and who could do no more for the cause; who had not committed crimes, yet were deprived of their liberty, or rather restrained like boys in boarding school. And it was exasperating to see, as at Hamadera, below Osaka, 30,000 soldiers from Port Arthur, idling the days away, feeding and feasting and playing games, even dancing to pass the time, while the poor Japanese toiled in the fields beyond and Japanese women and boys earned a slender wage pushing bread carts down from Osaka to help feed this army of loafers. There was certainly something wrong about that. Then there were all those Russian officers and men whom their companions scorned for deliberately going over to the enemy in each engagement, glad to surrender and accept the ease and idleness of prison life, rather than face any more of the hardships and dangers of campaigning.

"Some of the officers were intelligent, cultivated, broad-minded men, capable of accepting and appreciating the situation. Others whimpered, lamented, reviled and openly insulted the Japanese at every opportunity. Some officers occupied themselves in studious pursuits and lived as gentlemen; others laid aside all veneer of civilization, and lived and dressed as untidily as Digger Indians, and when the restrictions were lightened, descended to depths of drunkenness and dissipation that made every Anglo-Saxon ashamed of his color and race. I met the wives of two officers, who were residents with their prisoner husbands at one garrison town. These officers were engineers who had been for some years constructing forts, docks and public works at Port Arthur, Dalny and Vladivostok, and had come over to live in Japan when work was suspended during the winters. Theirs was a very queer and unique sort of prison life to me.

An Illogical Situation.

"It is wholly illogical. Something ought to be done about it. There should not be prisoners of war at all in this century. It is all a survival of primitive war, when they were knocked on the head or sold as slaves—their heads brought home to be counted, or the captives dragged through the streets in the conqueror's triumphal procession. The loss of these 70,000 men did not seriously cripple the Russian forces. It bore more heavily in a way on the Japanese, who had to provide for these foreign visitors more elaborately than for their own troops, who had all the bother and expense of providing foreign food for them, of detailing their own best and most trusted troops to guard them. The minister of war was really the head of a great chain of foreign hotels—twenty-eight hotels in all—and it was two years after the departure of the last boarder before the board bill was paid."

"Did not The Hague conference last summer do anything relative to prisoners of war?"

"No. Only the Koreans and myself took The Hague conference seriously. I had supposed that The Hague conference was called by President Roosevelt purposely to discuss the questions that had been raised during the war. I was astonished to find Europe sneering at the peace congress before it met, ignoring it while it

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6

THE EVENING STAR.
With Sunday Morning Edition.

WASHINGTON.
SATURDAY........April 25, 1908

THEODORE W. NOYES.....Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Washington, D. C.

F.L-S.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF BOTANY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 7, 1895.

Mr. Walter Deane,
9 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

Your very kind letter of May 1st was duly received, as also the package of grasses which you were so good as to send me for my private herbarium. I thank you very much, and fully appreciate the gift.— It gives me a little courage, thinking that possibly I may yet be able to restore my lost collections.

I am glad that you enjoyed your visit to Washington so much, and I am very sorry indeed that I could do so little,– practically nothing,–to make your visit more pleasant. It would have been a great pleasure to us to have had you and Mrs. Deane at our house, and we hope that the opportunity for doing so may not be long delayed — that you may come to Washington soon again, when it will be in our power to extend to you the hospitalities which we would wish to.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Deane.

Yours sincerely,

F. Lamson-Scribner.

300 T St. N.W.
Washington D.C.
Mar-24-1896.

My dear Mr. Dean

I cannot tell you how very much I appreciated and enjoyed your many courtesies and generous hospitality. My brief stay with you will be to me an exceedingly pleasant and lasting remembrance.

I arrived home last evening having spent part of the day in Philadelphia. I missed the 3 o'clock train Sunday, but took the one leaving Boston at midnight. How it did snow in Phila. yesterday P.M.! A snow storm that would make Maine laugh with pride. It snowed here too, but today there is little left to tell the tale.

Mrs. Scribner was much interested in what I told her of the good times I had and especially about the poetry composed by Dr. Robinson's little girl. She joins me in the wish that you may sometime find it convenient to send us copies of some of the verses. We were charmed with the little lady when she was at our house in Knoxville some three years ago with her father and mother.

Please remember me very kindly to Dr. Kennedy when you see him. I shall not forget his courtesies, nor yours in making me acquainted with so pleasant a gentleman.

With the kindest regards and best wishes to Mrs. Dean and yourself, I remain

Yours most sincerely
F. Lamson-Scribner.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 9, 1896.

Mr. Walter Deane,
9 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:

I am greatly obliged for the copy of the "Flora of the Blue Hills and other Reservations of the Metropolitan Park Commission". The work shows a great deal of care, and you must have spent a good deal of time upon it, and in glancing it over I think you have reason to be well pleased with its appearance.

I have not yet, I believe, acknowledged the receipt of a number of grasses from your herbarium, mostly Panicums, which you sent me for examination some time ago. I have glanced over the lot, and find that there are a number of sheets which will require more study than I can give them just now to render a final decision, and then who knows if the decision will be final?

What do you think of the way in which Mr. Small has treated OEnothera in the last Bulletin? I do not know very much about the species in the genus OEnothera, but I imagine if the genus Panicum was treated in the same way, we would havemore new genera than now exist in the whole family of Gramineae ,and considering the order Gramineae ,it would not be very difficult for an imaginative mind to make a number of new orders out of it,working on the same basis.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Deane.

Yours very sincerely,

F. Lamson-Scribner

A.H.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 26, 1897.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:

After retaining for many months the package of grasses which you sent for examination, I return them herewith with some observations which may be of interest to you. It is hardly worth while for me to keep the package longer for more positive determinations. I have ventured to number in blue pencil the sheets to which I shall refer:

1. Panicum porterianum Nash. It is also what I must still regard as Panicum latifolium Linn., in spite of Nash's observations and Trinius' classification.

2. Panicum boreale Nash, and I think Panicum laxiflorum of Trinius, not of Lamarck.

3 I do not know. The spikelets are too small for those ticketed Panicum commutatum. I have specimens of undoubted Panicum sphaerocarpon, which I can not distinguish from this grass of yours.

4.
5. Panicum angustifolium Ell.
6.

7. Doubtfully referred to Panicum lanuginosum Ell. It is a reduced form of something rather difficult to identify.

8. Panicum capillare.

9. Panicum capillare minus. (Panicum minus (Muhl.) Nash.)

10.
11. Panicum commutatum.

12. On the same sheet with 11, Panicum leibergii Scribn. A very good species, of which I have had an illustration made, and will soon publish.

Information against numbers checked with a cross has been copied on to the corresponding sheets in my herbarium by me - Walter Deane.

13. Panicum leucothrix Nash, which is possibly the same as Panicum cartilagineum Muhl.

14. Panicum scoparium Lam. ? certainly of American authors. (Panicum scribnerianum Nash.)

15. Panicum scoparium Lam.

16. A grass which appears to me to be a smooth or glabrous form of Panicum barbulatum.

17. Panicum barbulatum.

18. Panicum lanuginosum.

19. On the same sheet with 18, Panicum boreale.

20. Panicum erectifolium Nash.

21. Panicum commutatum.

22. Panicum dichotomum.

23. Panicum latifolium Linn.

24. Panicum commutatum.

25. Panicum commutatum, with short leaves.

26. Panicum commutatum.

27. Panicum sphaerocarpon.

28\.
29. Panicum dichotomum.
30\.

31. Panicum commutatum.

32. Panicum barbulatum.

33. Panicum dichotomum, a rather large form of the species.

34. Panicum dichotomum.

35. Panicum dichotomum; and I now think that Panicum dichotomum Linn., as I understand that species, and Panicum ramulosum Mx. are the same.

36. Panicum barbulatum genuinum.

37. Panicum commutatum.

38. Panicum clandestinum.

39. Panicum sphaerocarpon.

40. Panicum latifolium Linn.

41. Panicum walteri Pursh, a species which I think may be kept distinct from Panicum crus-galli. It is surely a native, and has a very characteristic habit of growth, as seen along the coast.

42. Does not appear to me to be the same as 41; but there is not a sufficient portion of the specimen to make a positive identification; the awns are too short, I think, for Panicum walteri Pursh.

43. Agrostis perennans.

44. Panicum m~~i~~acrocarpon LeConte.

45. Panicum latifolium L.

46. Panicum, sp. undetermined; probably undescribed.

47. Panicum lanuginosum Ell.

48. Panicum, sp. undetermined; referable, I think, to a species which I propose to name Panicum implicatum, the type being collected upon the salt marshes at Cape Elizabeth, Maine; yet unpublished.

49, I think is Panicum barbulatum, but it is hard to say from the specimen on the sheet.

50. The same as 48, a grass which I am now calling Panicum implicatum. It is characterized by its spreading pubescence, short erect leaves, capillary panicles, and small spikelets. The name I have adopted was suggested by seeing this species upon the lowlands at Cape Elizabeth, where it grew in great masses, the panicles becoming all tangled together and difficult to separate.

51. I do not know what Panicum nodiflorum Lam. is, but certainly the specimen here, No. 51, would be very properly named if called Panicum nodiflorum. It appears to be found along our coast, from Massachusetts to North Carolina at least. It is not Panicum dichotomum, as I understand that species, nor is it referable to Panicum barbulatum. It is possibly a form of what I have called Panicum implicatum, although

the terminal panicles are somewhat smaller than in that species. It differs from Panicum columbianum, to which Mr. Kearney referred it in looking over these grasses, in the loose and pubescent sheaths, pubescent culms and pilose leaves.

+ 52 I can not determine. [I have destroyed it, W.D.]

— 53 is probably Panicum boreale Nash.

— 54. Panicum implicatum.

+ 55 is, I think, Panicum leucothrix Nash, a recently published species. It is comparable with Panicum cartilagineum of Muhlenberg.

+ 56 seems to me to be the same as my proposed Panicum implicatum.

— 57. Panicum implicatum.

X 58. We have specimens of this grass from Florida, and I confess that I do not know what it is. It appears to me to be a new species.

X 59 is probably the same, a younger growth.

X 60. A species very near to, if not identical with what I have regarded as Panicum laxiflorum Lam. It differs a little from that species in the shape of the spikelets. It is exactly Panicum pubescens Ell., in Elliott's herbarium.

X 60a. Panicum laxiflorum Lam.

The other sheets, which I have not numbered with blue pencil, I am in more doubt about than those I have numbered, and will say nothing about them at present.

Hoping that the determinations which I have made may be of some little use to you, and feeling sure that you appreciate the difficulties in the way of determining this group of Panicums, and extending to you and Mrs. Deane my kindest regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,

F. Lamson-Scribner

A.H.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 8, 1897.

Mr. Walter Deane,
9 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Your very kind note of March 3d received. I am certainly glad if my observations upon your Panicums are of value and use to you. I now have nearly all of the Panicums of this dichotomous group figured and engraved, and as soon as the series is complete, I think I shall publish them in advance of the Handbook, because of the trouble they occasion to all of us. A little special paper on them may be helpful to many.

I really would be glad to drop in to some of your club meetings,and am constantly hoping that it may be possible for me to do so some time.

I do not yet know the attitude of the present administration in regard to grass investigations, but I trust it will be favorable, and that the good work may go on.

I was interested in what you said concerning the abnormal specimen of Phleum pratense. I have found similar examples in Tennessee. I do not know the cause of such peculiar growth.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Deane, and believe me as ever,

Yours very cordially,

F. Lamson-Scribner.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 7, 1899.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St., Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:-

It is a shame that your letter of February 19th. has not been answered before, but I took the letter home to read to Mrs. Scribner and it got lost in my pocket. I assure you the delay was unintentional. The little grass sent for identification is, as you suggest, _Festuca capillata_ Lam.

I wish very much I could have been with you when you met at Dr. Goodale's on the occasion to which you refer. I remember my evening there some three years ago with a great deal of pleasure. I have been for months promising myself a trip to Boston but the trip has yet to be made. There is always so much to be done that I can never find time to go away, although I do occasionally break loose for a few days. I went as far South as St. Augustine, Florida, early in January, but was only gone four or five days.

I see Dr. Rose occasionally, but we are now living in another part of the city so that I rarely see any member of his family.

I have some specimens to send you for the herbarium of the Club just as soon as I can get at them. They are specimens which I collected years ago in Maine or secured through exchanges, and possibly may have some value, and if so, the Club should have them.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Deane.

Very sincerely,

F. Lamson-Scribner

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

F. LAMSON-SCRIBNER,
AGROSTOLOGIST AND CHIEF OF DIVISION.
THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
ASSISTANT CHIEF.

December 7, 1900.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I have your kind note of December 5th and the grasses referred to were duly received. I am returning them by this mail named as requested. We are beginning to see a little light out of our work on Panicums and have the New England material nearly finished. We found it impossible to study that material without also taking up southern species and we have been devoting much time to the whole group. I mailed you yesterday a circular in which you will find the results of our examination of Muhlenberg's collection and a few days ago I sent Mr. Merrill to Charleston, South Carolina, to verify some notes made several years ago by myself on the grasses in Elliott's herbarium. So far as material in this country goes, we have now examined all type forms. If Ashe will just let the thing along for a little while, we will be able, I think, to make an acceptable report on this group of grasses. It may interest you to know that Panicum cuthbertii Ashe is only P. ensifolium Elliott, and Panicum erythrocarpon is exactly P. ovale Elliott.

I passed through Boston last July on my way from Nova Scotia to western New York and made a brief run out to the herbarium at Cambridge, but I did not have time to make the calls which I would have been very glad to have made. Later in the season I went to Wyoming, Idaho and saw some very wild and interesting country.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Agrostologist.

F.H.McD.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF PLANT INDUSTRY,
B. T. GALLOWAY, DIRECTOR.

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SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION—JARED G. SMITH, CHIEF.

GRASS AND FORAGE PLANT INVESTIGATIONS.
F. LAMSON-SCRIBNER, AGROSTOLOGIST.
A. S. HITCHCOCK, ASST. AGROSTOLOGIST.

March 21, 1901.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:-

We have to-day mailed to your address one package containing species of *Panicum* which you so kindly loaned us so many months ago. I hope the specimens will reach you promptly and in good order. I have written to Dr. Robinson relative to the work we have done upon the New England species of the genus *Panicum* which were loaned us for study.

Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Deane and believe me, as ever,

Yours truly,

F. Lamson-Scribner

Agrostologist.

This letter applies to my New England *Panicums*. Walter Deane -

E. E. McD.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF PLANT INDUSTRY.
AFFILIATED DIVISIONS:
GARDENS AND GROUNDS.
VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY.
GRASS AND FORAGE PLANT INVESTIGATIONS
POMOLOGY.
SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION.

GRASS AND FORAGE PLANT INVESTIGATIONS.
F. LAMSON-SCRIBNER, AGROSTOLOGIST.
A. S. HITCHCOCK, ASST. AGROSTOLOGIST
IN CHARGE OF COOPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS.

June 3, 1901.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St., Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:-

I have your kind favor of May 31st, also the specimens of Panicums referred to. I am returning these with the names of the species to which we would refer them. The specimen we refer to Panicum clutei is not typical of that species, but I think it must be referred to it. I will try and send you specimens of some of those you ask for. Panicum werneri seems to be a very rare species and we have very little material of bicknellii.

I note your kind offer to loan us your Panicums from outside of New England, and later on we may be glad to avail ourselves of this courtesy.

I especially thank you for your cordial invitation to visit you when I may go North. I expect to be in Boston some time during the latter part of this month and will certainly call to see you.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Deane and yourself, I remain,

Yours very truly,

F. Lamson-Scribner

Agrostologist.

Mt Rainier, Wash.

Vida Scudder.

1907

180

43, Bvd. de Versailles,
SAINT CLOUD. S et O.
France.

21st Nov. 1924.

My dear Walter,

It was a great disappointment to me not to have had the pleasure of seeing you and taking your hand before I turned my back on my native land.

I was sorry to hear from Mr. Lane, that you are again thinking of resigning your office in the Shakespeare Society. I beg you will not do it. Everyone wants you to stay as long as you live. Have an assistant appointed who can do most of the work under your direction. It would be a catastrophy to lose you.

Mrs Scudder and I feel that we ought to resign in favour of younger people. Please consider this letter a resignation for us both if new members are desired and there are no vacancies.

Take good care of yourself in order that you may follow the illustrous example of your father-in-law and live to be the oldest Havard graduate.

Mrs Scudder joins me in love to you.

Always affectionly yours,

Winthrop

Walter Deane Esq.,
28, Brewster Street,
CAMBRIDGE Mass.

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TELEPHONE 188

Mch 29 1925

How you would enjoy everything here, *except* the *cold weather* -- It all exceeds my expectations - Tomorrow we go to Leamington, the centre of the Shakespeare Country - Thank you for your good letter telling me all about the Club. I feel sure the new Secretary will be unable to get on without your constant help.

Historically everything in England interests us deeply - But summer is the time to be here - 60 years ago, I was here as a boy of 18, and did it thoroughly - I am enjoying my diary kept then & not read since - I think we had a *lark* this p.m.!

J. joins me in love to you & [illegible].

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS

STRATFORD-O
11 AM
30 MR
25

HALFPENNY

TFORD-ON-AVON
11 AM
30 MR
25

Walter Deane Esq
Cambridge
Mass
U.S.a.

28 Brewster St.

Hotel Lutetia,

April 23, 1925

My dear Walter,

Many happy returns of this lucky day, 77, two lucky numbers. When you came into the world I was a lusty youth of nine months. How little either of us imagined in our younger days that we should attain to this advanced age, and yet how strange it is that we do not feel as old as we ought to.

In a month or so I hope to see you, as well as Mary and George and shall try to tell you some of the delightful experiences we have had. We spent two delightful weeks in England recently and particularly enjoyed two days at Stratford-on-Avon where I secured some cards for you which you may not have in your collection.

My son's wife and our grandchildren sailed for America April 9th and we will probably spend the summer in the neighborhood of New York where my son's business keeps him at present.

Since they have gone we have been "doing" Paris and are enjoying every day, but are looking forward with the greatest pleasure to living in real American sunshine which we have not had in France.

Thank you for your good letter telling me all about the Shakespeare Club. Mrs. Scudder joins me in love to you and our dear friends at No. 30.

Always affectionately,

Winthrop.

We expect to reach N.Y. Saturday May 23d, and shall be as usual at Hotel Holley Washington Sq. for a week or two - Don't go off for the summer before we reach Cambridge

7 LONGFELLOW PARK
CAMBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS

June 29/25

Dear Walter;

Pardon my delay in answering yours of the 26th.

Dear old Tom is at rest at last. Poor fellow, he had a hard time these past 10 years. At the end he was unconscious for 10 hours and did not suffer. He had the best of care in a Hospital. His nephew & niece have done all & more than could be expected. They loved him dearly. The doubt as to when his funeral would be prevented an early notice in the papers. He died early Sunday morning. The funeral was at noon Tuesday, at Christ Church Cambridge, where he was a Vestryman. Mr Evarts was always fond of him.

I saw no notice in the papers of the funeral;

This boy, Horatio, fortunately has a [illegible] Faith which keeps him going

Charlie Green, Judge Duff, an old friend and neighbor of Tom's, W. R. Clark, an old Club friend, the Bookstore man, and I, were Honorary Pall-bearers

Charles & I were the Ushers.

More people were there than I expected, because of lack of notice in the papers.

Lawson Curtis was an only Classmate.

The Service was beautiful. The Boy choir sang.

8 representatives of Houghton Mifflin came — including Pres. Van Ness, Treas. Mr Alden Houghton & Mrs Harry Houghton — three members of the Fort-nightly Club — & many others

Only the family went to Mt Auburn.

We did not go.

The day was perfect & the flowers beautiful.

The Choir music, in which Charles Jr & I joined, was appropriate.

I spoke to Mrs T. who seemed and looked the same as usual — Mr Stephens (Eddy) must now face the coming over for her — They are all to

Affly

From

W. S. Scudder

- May, 1926 -

Written by Winthrop's old friend
and reminiscent of days
before 1866 -

OLD FRIENDS

Gat and Bob; Jim; Win and Ned.
  That tells the story, when all's said.
Just five old friends, of about an age,
  Good sturdy stock their heritage.
Schoolmates, playfellows and all that,
  Jim and Bob; Win; Ned and Gat.
They've journeyed far along life's road,
  Each has known joys and sorrow's load.
For six and sixty years they've known
  Each other and their friendship's grown
'Till they are almost close as kin.
  Bob and Gat; Jim; Ned and Win.
And now they're hovering 'round fourscore,
  Two just under, three just o'er.
Their hearts still beat with friendship's throb,
  Win and Ned; Gat; Jim and Bob.
Then hail to these Five whose hearts, still young,
  Love the old songs which once they sung.
Ne'er mind their heads, though white with frost,
  If precious memories be not lost.
So here's a bumper -- to the brim!
  To Ned and Gat; Win; Bob and Jim.

James D'Wolf Lovett

Cambridge, April 28, 1926.

recd Feb. 12 /27

112 PROSPECT STREET
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY February 11th, 1927.

My dear Walter:

This just misses being a valentine. If I had Jeanette's gift, I should write you one to reach you on Monday, or if I had your gift of drawing your little skeleton figures I should represent one running across country to shake your hand.

But, since I cannot see you in person, I am sending you through Charlie Swan a collection of pictures of the unusually beautiful university buildings here, which are a daily delight to me as I cross the grounds to my domicile.

Just think of Harvard or Yale with a thousand acre campus to spread in! In this comparatively small town, the University dominates and therefore the society is very choice. You would revel in it. When you have sufficiently examined these pictures, please pass them along to Mary and George and ask them when they are through with them to return them to me here.

It is a great surprise to me to find such a difference in the climate. The mercury seldom goes below twenty and then only in the middle of the night. It is fifteen or twenty degrees warmer than Boston. The snow, even when it comes in blizzards, disappears inside of a week. I find my spring overcoat warm enough, and seldom wear anything warmer except possibly in the evening. You see we have not made a mistake in changing from Cambridge for the winter. Our object, of course, was to be near our two granddaughters, who are at school here.

Jeanette joins me in a great deal of love to you.

Always affectionately,

Winthrop

Walter Deane, Esq.,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Las Encinas,
Pasadena, California,
April 20th, 1928.

My dear Walter:

Many happy returns of the 23rd. The honor of being born on which day you share with William Shakespeare and therefore a day easy to be remembered.

I have just made a mistake of congratulating one of my old friends born May 14th, but my faulty memory made it April 14th. You see Walter I am getting quite old and infirm, notwithstanding the fact that every day in this earthly paradise is like Lowell's "Day in June". In fact during the three months we have been here we have had only one sunless day.

You, I understand have had a very mild winter, comparatively. I earnestly hope that you will have taken good care of yourself and are now enjoying your usual good health. I hope you are still able to enjoy the fortnightly Shakespeare meeting, particularly since all responsibility is now taken from your shoulders.

Please give a great deal of love to Georgie ~~Walter~~ and Mary from us both.

Affectionately yours,

Winthrop
Scudder

20 Divinity Ave.,
Cambridge 38 Mass.,
24 Nov. 1926

Mr. Walter Deane;

Dear Friend, Thank you for calling me up. Wish I could meet your need. Wish I had such an index for my own use now, I need it in preparing Host Index manuscript for the printer. Such separate indexes are very useful and very easily made by simply putting in a few extra sheets of paper while the wheels go around. Clinton did so for his monograph of smut fungi.

I am grateful to you
because ~~that during~~ the forty-
three years since I came to
Cambridge you have always
been a good friend to me.
For thirty years since I
moved to Waverley and
became a friend of the
minister I have been in
trouble. Because I refused
to be disloyal to him, his
opponents, who wanted to
drive him away, made
war against me, forbidding
friendliness – forbidding
all hopeful thought. Thus
my way was blocked and
I could approach people
only adversely yet hoping

that they would see the favorable side which I sought. You have never failed me.

Recently I have found my way through the troubles and come in touch with right and friendly understanding again.

In the gross I still shun and dread all scientific social, and religious interests but with individuals of good understanding like yourself the way is now essentially clear.

Hoping that you will forgive my past blunders and offences I am Sincerely yours A. B. Seymour

My hearing has become
very poor
but I was able to hear
you fairly well -
better than I do most
people

ans'd

Gray Herbarium **Harvard University**

B. L. ROBINSON, Curator

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

20 August 1915.

Dear Mr. Deane,

The plant which you sent me seems to be Impatiens Roylei Walp. The description agrees with the plant in every way except perhaps in regard to glands on the petioles; but the specimens in the Herbarium agree all right in this respect. It is a cultivated species from India.

I trust you are enjoying your vacation fully.

I expect we shall have some fine weather for vacations from now on.

I had an experience with a Panicum, which rather surprised me. Early in July, I came across a spot where a large-leaved, tall species was growing in abundance. It was not convenient for me to get it then, so I planned to come back after it. I was somewhat delayed in returning, so it was early August when I went again. The plant, I had seen before had dissappeared. In its place, was a low narrow-leaved, bushy Panicum. Of course, it was the autumnal state of the preceeding; such a change does not seem so strange when I think it over, but I did not expect it so soon, nor did I expect such a complete change.

Sincerely yours,
Frank C. Seymour.

St. Paul's School.
Concord. N. H.
July 27. 1924.

Rec'd July 29

Dear Mr. [illegible].

Your pleasant letter of June 22 gave me and Mrs. Drury and Frederick as well very much pleasure.

I have been planning to write you again to ask you to give a welcoming word to our friend Mrs. Hooker who arrives tomorrow I believe at Shelburne for a few

---

weeks. She is the widow of a N.Y. physician and the sister of one of our special friends here at St. Paul's. She knows no one but I told her later that if you gave her a friendly welcome she would soon know every one.

I wonder if Dr. Shattuck is again at Philbrook Farm. If she is, please give her greetings from all the Drurys.

If Mrs. Sheffield is there will you please introduce Mrs.

thanks to him. We live in the house here at
S.P.S. built for his cousin, Bishop Parker.
Therefore we feel as if we almost knew
Mrs. Sheffield!!

Frederick Jr. is at Lost River, as a tent
leader. He has a varied experience, with
plenty of work, companionship and a chance
to do some mountain climbing. We saw
him two weeks ago and found him
very well, happy and tanned - The only
drawback to our summer is the separation
from him but we feel it is proving a
good experience for him.

Mr. Sears joins me in greetings to you
and we both wish we might see you and
Phillimore this summer. May be some
good fortune will carry us that way.

Please give our best wishes to Lewis Brown.
He is a clever photographer we think.

The season here is very cool and delightful
and we hope will continue.

Hoping you are very well, I am
Very sincerely
Mary B. Sears.

promptly without the wandering life of ours to you. By now you are established at home and we are on the eve of opening another school year. Frederick Jr. returns to Harvard in a week and his father and I look forward with some anxiety to the coming winter. Last February he developed a severe sinus infection from which he has suffered ever since. His surgeon assures

St. Paul's School.
Concord. N.H.
September 21. 1925.

My dear Mrs. Deane.

It was a great pleasure to hear from you and to send on your letter to Mrs. Hulse. I waited a few days till her sister Mrs. Fisher came back from Europe, where she and Mrs. Hulse had been together for a tour, and then sent your letter on its proper way. I hope it may reach her

so that a second operation will not be
necessary unless he becomes infected again.
He had an operation in July and improved
immensely since.
He and his Father join me in kindest
regards to you and we all hope to see
you very soon. We are glad your summer
has proved a good one and we trust the
winter may be equally successful.
Please remember us to Miss Brown
whom we hope to see on our next visit to
you.
It was good of you to call on me for a
bit of help and I was so happy in
doing this trifling service for you.
With all good wishes,

Very sincerely
Mary Bell Sears

Enclose Mrs. Hubbs
address thinking it may prove useful.

St. Paul's School.
Concord. N. H.
April 5. 1926.

Dear Mr. Means.

We are just closing School for the Easter Holidays and then shall begin our own vacation.

We would like so much to see you but I fear it may not be possible as our time is so limited and we merely pause in Boston en route for New York. We sail Saturday noon on the Colombo direct to Naples.

A line to Brown, Shipley & Co. 123 Pall Mall, London, England will reach us in due time.

We hope you may be mend

send us that line!

Mr. Sears and I hope you and Miss Brown will have a delightful summer at Shelburne and will keep very well.

Winter is very reluctantly yielding to spring here in New Hampshire and we are almost sure will still be present when we sail away to sunny Italy.

Mr. Sears joins me in kindest regards to you and best wishes to Miss Brown and again hoping yours will be a very enjoyable Summer season. I am – Very sincerely

Mary B. Sears.

St. Paul's School,
Concord, New Hampshire,
June 4, 1924.

Dear Mr. Deane,-

You must pardon the delinquent Sears family for its apparent neglect in replying to your kind note and acknowledging the receipt of the photograph. We were both perfectly delighted to hear from you and to have the picture and I am really very much chagrined that I didn't write you promptly. My only excuse is a bad habit of procrastination about letters and the fact that I have been away. Please overlook it this time.

Indeed nothing has recently

June 9. I hope you will have a delightful summer. It is a charming place to be and I hope sometime we may stay there again.

Please remember both Mrs. Sears and myself most kindly to Miss Brown.

And now I want you to forget how remiss I was and only remember how much we both appreciate your note and your kindness in sending us the photograph.

With the best of wishes from Mrs. Sears and myself for a happy vacation, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Roderick E. Sears

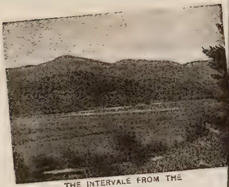
Eight crews belong to the Halcyon Boat Club and eight others to the Shattuck Boat Club. We are Halcyons. The color is red and the letter H. How could I possibly be a Shattuck whose color is blue.

Tomorrow is really the great day. It suggests Class day at college for school does not really close for two weeks yet. Alumni and mothers and sisters and cousins have been arriving all day for the races today, the dance tonight and all the festivities tomorrow.

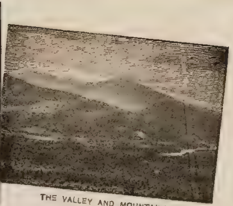
You write that you are going to Shelburne on

given us so much pleasure as this evidence of your friendship. The photograph itself is charming and is also a splendid likeness — that is of you anyway — and I imagine of the humming-bird as well. We have already arranged for its position on our walls which it is to occupy as soon as it returns from the framers.

Today is our race-day and tomorrow the day we call anniversary-day. This afternoon eight pairs of eight-oared crews race on Lake Pennacook — which is a delightful bit of water two miles from the school.


THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H June 7, '12

Dear Mr. Deane.

May I send you another puzzle?

I want to make it a forgetmenot but the leaves are not strictly alternate, and the delicate scent seems to put it out of the Cynoglossum.

I did not gather it, so that I cannot give you any information about root leaves as Miss. Blaney who brought it in, found only this one specimen and no one knows of any more.

[illegible] was found on the [illegible] path in the woods.

Is it not delightful that Mr. Philbrook is doing so well? He is getting very impatient.

Please give my love to Mrs. Deane and to Dr. & Mrs. Coolidge.

If you and Mrs. Deane could have heard Lawrence's valedictory oration yesterday at the Gould Academy Commencement you would have felt that his family had good reason to be proud of him.

His subject was "Find a way or make it."

Please tell Mrs. Deane that, I had not feared she would feel the least [illegible] one [illegible]. [illegible] be [illegible] are full, I should [illegible] [illegible] this plant in a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Philbrook.

[illegible] me most kindly to your kind [illegible] and the [illegible]. [illegible] house made? the [illegible]

HOTEL ZUM HUSAREN
GARMISCH

Gegründet 1611

Zweighaus des
Grand Hotel Leinfelder
München

Sommer- und Winterbetrieb

Zentralheizung

Telefon No. 29

Direktion: **Karl Welker**

Garmisch, den 1st August 1913
Bayer. Hochgebirge

Dear Mrs. Deane,

Your letter was a great pleasure, and I was particularly glad that you and Mr. Deane have been able to [illegible] a little [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you a [illegible] [illegible] Dr. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the exhaustion must be great.

It was nice to know you cared for the Venetian well heads; yes, they all came from Venice and most of those I sent you are in the Museo Civico. There are plenty to be seen. Almost every court yard has one [illegible] of them. There is one just outside St. Mark's, and there are two in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

How often lately I have [illegible] Mr. Deane & you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] beautiful [illegible] I have been enjoying. [illegible] we had my cousin [illegible] a long visit in Venice, and then had to go to Innsbruck. My cousin had a swelling on her face [illegible] for six weeks was under a [illegible] come, the [illegible] Dresden [illegible] [illegible] this changes the plan.

Our long stay in Innsbruck gave us some splendid trips into the neighboring valleys. Oh, how you might have enjoyed the flowers, and the birds. There were not many birds, but in Fulpmes a number of little fellows with slaty bodies and dull reddish tails played with us for a long time, and here, as I sit under the trees little slaty gray birds come round begging for crumbs. They have a broad white wingbar and a sort of white V just in front of the bar and a white spot back of the bar. There is a small variety of [illegible] [illegible] on the grass at my side.

But the flowers!! Scabiosa, hair bells of [illegible] varieties, pinks and [illegible], and one day I gathered the stone crop, a yellow one, a white, a pinkish white. Generally I am in train or carriage and not able to gather. Oh! I must not forget the clovers, so many colors and types and the vetches.

We have been over some of these wonderful electric railways [illegible]. The one from Innsbruck here, the Mittenwaldbahn, was opened last October. Truly it is a stupendous feat. It was almost more than I could bear, skirting the precipitous sides of these mountains, and swinging over gorges. There are three long tunnels and a number of short ones, and I felt safer shut up in the mountain until we began to descend, when it seemed as if we must lose our clutch on the rails. Yet long trains go over this road many times each day.

Don't you admire our choice of residence? The design on this paper is on the front of the house and I assure you the Husaren have shown good taste in location and cooks. Much love to dear Mrs. [illegible] and cordial regards to Miss Brown. Very sincerely Gertrude R. [illegible].

Dear Mr. Deane,

The jars I saw in Florence, which so roused my curiosity — were found in making over the present Gregory-Smith villa.

They are about three ft. in height, pottery, and were found in the walls. The villa dates back, I was told, to the twelfth century, and the only explanation given me of the jars was "they were put in for purposes of ventilation".

The shape is something like the cutting I enclose.

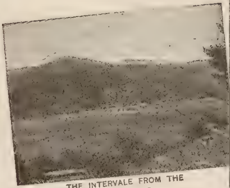
If you can throw light on the matter it will be a great satisfaction.

You suggested that through Miss. Patton you might find the solution of the problem, and I am taking advantage of your offer.

With many thanks
Very cordially
Gertrude P. Sheffield

Nov. 29, 1913.

I think there are fifty of the jars.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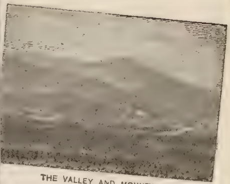
THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

~~SHELBURNE N.H.~~

Night — Blanco White —

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy, of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bath'd in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams O sun! or who could find
Whilst fly and leaf and insect ~~stood~~ revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?,
If light can thus deceive wherefore not life?

Poem on Night
from Miss G Sheffield
Mr. Deane . Sept. 10/26

9

Dear Mr. Deane,

Ever since I received your very kind little note in the Spring I have had my 'eye out' for something unusual or interesting — botanically — to send you. So when, in the North Carolina mountains in October, I came across numbers of beautiful large azure gentians, and found they were plainly nothing but villosa, varying from the type as described in Grey, they seemed to me likely to interest you. I sent you a note, and a sketch, and a number of pressed specimens — beauties — all addressed just to Cambridge, as I hadn't your street address. And here the other day your note came back

– the stupid post office people in Cambridge saying the person couldn't be found. I am sending this note to tell you of my more than 'good intentions' and to send my Christmas Greetings to you and to Mrs. Meane –

Very cordially yours

Susan Sheppard

550 St. Louis Street, Springfield, Mo.,
December 19, 1915,

My aunt, with whom I am spending Christmas asks to be remembered also.

301 North Spring St, Pensacola, Fla,

February 5, 1916,

Dear Mr Deane,

Just after your letter came — the day it came — I had word from home that my family were down with grip and needed me. So I took the first through train for Florida and since then my grippy family has proved so absorbing that your letter has gone unanswered. What you wrote of your summer's work on your herbarium interests me very much. Indeed I wish I were going to see your

War would last — but as I have gone so far I can't bear to break it! The failure of the Cambridge Post Office to ~~have~~ deliver to you my letter and package of plants is very mysterious. The package disappeared into space and if, after some months I had not got back the letter, I should be inclined to put the blame on the rather "one-horse" post office at Tryon N.C. The letter was returned — not in my original envelope — across one end was scrawled "Please do not deliver this letter here any more. There is no collections some time. There's nothing I'd like better. I have a little of the collectors spirit myself and, in spite of repeated failures and misfortunes and false starts, my courage revives after intervals of quiescence and I start another kind of collection. It amuses my family very much. The bugs ate up my lovely butterflies and moths in spite of my innumerable precautions; the herbariums always turned brown and ugly (probably the climate); – but I did have a promising start on a beautiful collection of ferns. In two seasons – spent in the Tennessee mountains (a wonderful locality for rock spleenworts) and at Little Boar's Head, N.H. – I had collected forty nine varieties and had spent infinite pains and much time upon them. It was the pride of my heart — and it went to the bottom of Pensacola Bay in the hurricane of 1906 – My latest 'collection' is of a very different character and is growing to be a white elephant on my hands. It is a complete war file of the New York Times. I should never have begun it if I had realized how long the

Walter Dean in Standish." (I must confess I spelled Deane without the final e.) From which I gathered they had been trying to deliver it to some Dean at Harvard. It is of no importance however. If I stay in the mountains so late next year I shall try again. Please give my affectionate remembrance to Mrs Deane and to Miss Brown - I hope I may see you all next summer at Shelburne.

Very sincerely yours

Susan Sheppard

and lower still, in the edges of ponds, the lavender blue kind – p. australis. The colors don't hold true, – are too deep – in the pressed specimens. Australis varies through shades of lavender to pure white – as does another common variety – the little pumila. I didn't see any of them the other day. This wonderful weather is helping our sick ladies too. Mother has had a hard winter with two dangerous illnesses – now she is pulling up hill again, but is very frail. My aunt – who

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ans'd Mar. 9/18

301 North Spring Street, Pensacola,
March 3, 1918,

Dear Mr Deane,

I was sorry to hear from Miss Brown that you had been quite sick at Christmas time. But she said you were mending rapidly – so I hope that was the last of the trouble. I long for all my friends who are still in the cold to share our balmy spring days. After a really severe winter we have burst out into full spring. There's a film of lacy green through the woods – the water oaks are beginning to show their glowing green (the most beautiful, burning green!), and our little dog-wood trees, which we transplanted from the woods, are white with blossoms. The glory of the yellow jasmine and the wild plum is past – but everything else is budding and peeking out into the world.

I take our two invalids for a good many short runs into the country (did I ever tell you we are the proud owners of a Dodge car?) — and it a joy to see things coming out. We stopped in a wide stretch of low "pine barrens" the other day, to pick some of the "butterworts" – pinguiculas – which dotted the brown pine grass. and I thought of you and brought some specimen plants home to press. They are *everywhere* in low ground. A little higher – or dryer – the grass is full of our lovely large, pale blue, long-stemmed violets: then, where it's slightly damp, the pale primrose yellow pinguicula lutea (Chapman) asks to be remembered to you, by the way.) has done pretty well this winter. Her life is very much circumscribed and guarded, but she has had no serious trouble. We have been kept in pretty close and have not been able to do much war work or Red Crossing — but this mode of life lends it's self well to a very great deal of knitting. I suppose you know of our big Naval Flying School here — probably all Boston people do, judging from the large number of Boston

boys who come here for training.
The town swarms with sailor-men and student officers, and the air overhead is always humming with passing airplanes and dirigibles. You will be back in Shelburne, as usual, I suppose — I wish I could be there. My sister was enchanted with Shelburne and Shelburne people! Please remember me to Miss Brown and thank her for her note.

Very sincerely yours
Susan Shepherd

In looking over an old set of flower sketches for one of p. lutea (which I wanted to send you to show how much larger the blooms were occasionally), I came across this freak coreopsis, which I am sending you as a curiosity. Of all the thousands which yellowed the Tennessee mountains, this was the only mahogany red one I ever saw.

ans Apr 2 '18

301 N. Spring St, Pensacola, Fla,
March 24, 1918,

Dear Mr. Deane,

I'm so glad you liked the pinguiculas — I am sending you a specimen of elatior (and I hope the package is rigid) which I got on a country drive last Sunday - They grew in great abundance, in clusters — and they have a lovely, fairy-like effect - along the edges of a most enchanting stream of clear amber water, bordered with a profusion of tall wand-like white pitcher plants with their stunning mahogany-red blooms. And a host of other interesting things which would have filled your heart with delight. The little "back-waters" were full of blooming water-lilies, "spatter-docks" and orontium aquaticum – ("fairy candles", we children used to call them.) – My brother-in-law, Willie Gonzalez, and I hopped about in the bog along the banks, getting things and having a lovely time – and of course ended by going into the black mud over ~~our~~ our shoe-tops.

I am writing this note in a hurry before going off with Mother and Aunt Margaret for another drive in the country – and who knows what interesting growing things I may see! Thank you for your nice letter – I wish I could see your Herbarium.

Very cordially yours
Susan Sheppard

rec'd May 26
ans'd May 27

Skyland, North Carolina,
May 22, 1921.

Dear Mr House,

I am sending you, in a package, duplicate sheets of the new specimens I added to my violets this Spring in Tryon. Since I came up to Skyland I have found V. hastata and V. palmata here too, but no Canadensis nor rotundifolia so far. Nor V. blanda, if I am right in naming it that. We left Tryon [after several weeks, of one of the most lovely and flowery Springs I ever saw anywhere] and came up here the fifteenth, of

amazed at our temerity in taking Mother, who has been an invalid for years. She is wonderfully better this past year and the way we managed it she took no harm at all, and had heaps of fun out of it. She would lie on her couch of rugs and read or knit and pass on all the "finds" brought to her by the other members of the party, who were skirmishing about the ledges and banks and the brook. Our favorite and loveliest ravine was below Pearson's Falls. Really I never imagined such a wealth of bloom as was there. As you looked up the steep slopes on either side, you

April, to find only the new beginnings of Spring, in this higher altitude, and all promise of fruit, and all the tender earliest flowers ruined by the late freeze. This included most of the "ground flowers", and the violet crop was pitifully reduced. Viola pedata, for instance, instead of the pastel-blue sheets of last year, showed only scattered and stunted blooms. So I was not able to get for Dr. Brainerd the albino specimens I had planned to send him. You spoke of his having had an illness and being (when you wrote) much better. I hope it was nothing very serious, and that he is recovered by now. We had a really delightful time in Tryon all through our balmy late February and March. Our Family Health being unusually propitious, we indulged in a series of wild picnics. Three congenial (and slightly botanical) friends, and we three, and even our Irish Terrier would all crowd into the car. All cracks were tightly wedged with our stuff — lunch baskets, rugs and pillows for Mother's bed, — but we could get in, which was all we cared for! We usually went "up the Gorge", through which the good road ran, to the vicinity of some fall or ravine. People looked saw more pink and white than green — red-bud, dogwood and "silverbell" tree. And the banks were more nearly "covered" with flowers than is usually true when that expression is used. Really thousands of V. Canadensis were there, and rue-anemone as thick, three or four kinds of yellow violets and several varieties of blue, trillium grandiflorum and a maroon one and erectum in ranks, and dentaria, mitella, saxifrage, wild ginger — every thing that should grow there, grew in profusion. I am sending one of the dog's tooth violets to show the size it attains — Many ferns, of course — wonderful maidenhair,

Its great fern. My aunt is here, quite unusually well, and asks me to "remember" her to you. You'll be going to Shelburne soon, I suppose. Our little friend Elizabeth Macdonald from S.C. wrote Cicely of her pleasure in meeting you there last summer. Isn't she a charming girl! When you have time will you write me about these rare violets — if I've named them correctly. Please give Miss Brown my regards — and I am

Very cordially yours

Susan Sheppard

This was our best picnic ground but we had others as interesting in their way. At Buck Mountain I saw my first hepaticas in bloom - acutiloba and we found an old moonshine still in a "dark corner" under a waterfall. At another place we found a newly abandoned still - so recently was that the sour mash still lay on the ground, and the freshly chopped wood.

After our first disappointment in Skyland's early Spring failure it has recovered well and has been as nice as usual. The flame azalea was magnificent and now we are enjoying the special treat of all our laurel, and much of the late white azalea, being deep pink instead of its usual white or flush pink tints - Can this be due to the several freezes and setbacks do you suppose? Cecily is quite strong and well now and I have been helping her do wild planting in her wild garden down by the Spring Box - We've put in a lot of stuff which we hope to enjoy next year -- and right now we have eight or nine beautiful big cypripediums in bloom and one yellow one -- parviflorum -- and my one plant of "shooting star", which I brought from the top of Bushee Mountain - and other things -

Skyland, N.C. Sept 7, 1921.

Dear Mr Deane.

Your post card and letter have both come, for which thank you very much. I would like to answer them as I have some botanical questions I wish to ask, but a badly inflamed eye prevents my doing anything but post cards. Our little wild garden by the brook grows slowly — but we have twelve kinds of orchids established there. We transplanted there wonderful specimens of the great fringed purple and the fringeless purple habenaria.

Very sincerely yours
Susan Sheppard

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

SKYLAND
SEP
8
7 AM
1921
N.C.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Philbrook Farm,
Shelburne,
N.H.

Skyland N.C. Sept 30, 1921,

Dear Mr House, I very much appreciate your several letters + post cards, particularly the last letter with Dr Brainerd's findings on the violets. It is gratifying to have all my names confirmed as correct. I was doubtful only as to one V. papilionacea and the V. sororia. My eyes, which have been un-usable all the latter part of this summer are so nearly natural well now that I hope to be able to write you soon. Tremendously busy right now packing + closing this cottage the [illegible] - as my mother + sister start for Pensacola for a month's visit. As I have had a rather wearing summer of anxiety and nursing I mean to run off to the wilds perhaps near Linville in the high mts. - for a complete rest. I hope to find something "different" and interesting enough up there to be worth writing you about. Afraid it will be rather late in the season [illegible] much in bloom -

Very sincerely yours
[illegible] Sheppard

I'm pretty sure I have [illegible] V. [illegible] [illegible]. I'll send you a specimen.

SEP
[illegible]
1921

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge.
Massachusetts

summit I found Christmas fern, evergreen wood fern, hay scented fern, woodsia obtusa, maiden hair, Ebony spleenwort, maiden hair spleenwort and Bradley's. I think these were all within 15 feet. There are evidently masses of violets here, but it is hard to distinguish varieties at this season. The only [illegible] which very plainly announces its self is the V. rotundifolia which seem to grow in millions, and whose flattened leaves are now a whitey-yellow-green. The report you sent me from Mr. Brainerd delighted me — to think I had got them all right this time — and I am gratified to you. The only thing in bloom here in any quantity now is the closed gentian Andrewsii. They grow every where, in sun or shade, and almost equally plentiful in the open ground is quinquefolia.

Linville Falls, North Carolina,
October 15, 1921

Dear Mr. Deane,

Almost by accident I have happened on the place which seems to me must be the loveliest and most interesting region in North Carolina. As I was very much tired by my hard summer of nursing and anxiety, eye trouble and so on, I decided not to go to Florida with my Mother and sister but to have a little change and a complete rest off by myself. Knowing almost nothing about it, I came here. Our primitive but comfortable little boarding house is on the top of Linville mountain, 3000 feet. The village is only a small community, seven miles from the R.R., and (since the "summer people" have all gone home) composed entirely of mountaineers of the better class — the real, original, uncorrupted mountain people. "Uncle Mitch" Burleson came by this morning with his handsome boy and their dogs and guns. He stopped to chat and told us casually they were "goin' back after that b'ar. The dogs run him clear over into Brushy Creek Cove, on Hump Back yesterday, and some of 'em never did come back". The country all about is entirely wild and unspoiled — the woods are beautiful. There are untouched forests of great chestnuts and oaks, and jungles of rhododendron (maximum) so huge, and matted above that the sun never enters. On the cliffs above Linville Falls — the real falls, not the village, — I found the three rhododendrons maximum, Catawbiense, and punctatum, with wonderful Kalmia, growing intermingled in great masses. What a sight it must be in June. This is my only regret. Late as it is, I can still see there must be a wonderful variety of growing things, and I long to be here in the Spring and Summer. My first walk, down a dark tunnel-like road through rhododendron, brought me to a bed of lilies-of-the-valley — a treat I've long wished for. I enclose a small specimen — most of them are two or three times as large. Yesterday I climbed Doe Hill (4200 feet high, with a wonderful, all-around view, including Roan Mt. to the North, Grandfather to the East and the imposing mass of the Mt. Mitchell group to the S.W.)

— Well — growing about a boulder on its

Oct 25 1921

I do regret the flowers, but if I am to have only one visit here, this is the time I should choose, all the world is gorgeous in gold and bronze, maroon and scarlet, with a fortunate mingling of pines and wonderful great hemlocks. — Here a short interim while I rescued my Irish Terrier from a buzzing swarm of yellow jackets. I suppose he interfered with their nest — but I didn't stay to investigate! Terry is great company for me on my walks — a gay and sympathetic companion. In our "family" of five boarders I had the good luck to find Dr. and Mrs Moore from Washington — very pleasant and interesting people. Dr. Moore is Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries. He is a kind of all-around naturalist and scientist, apparently, and has travelled "pretty much" all over the world

– and he is a nice person besides. The evening coolness has begun to be felt – it is four o'clock – so I must gather up my rugs and impedimenta and leave my hill-side pasture. Please remember me most cordially to Miss Brown.

Very sincerely yours

Susan Sheppard.

We shall be in Oregon for the winter, after November first.

recd Oct 22

Linville Falls, North Carolina,
October 22, 1921,

Dear Mr Deane,

Please excuse a very brief note as I am just getting off for Skyland - My holiday is being a little shortened by the threatened strike for I must get down to Tryon earlier than I counted on, to make ready the house for Mother - She is in Pensacola and we think best she should get to Tryon by October 29th in view of what may happen on the Southern Rwy the 30th. I want to let you know at once that I shall be delighted to own the Humming Bird Portrait of yours, and thank you very much indeed for

for thinking of sending it to me. Your card was long in reaching me as it was forwarded to several addresses. Now, after my various manoeuvres, I hope to be settled in Tryon for the winter. I have had a wonderful three weeks here. Such glories of color could not be surpassed anywhere – and every day has been perfect. This morning the frost lay white as snow over everything.

Very cordially yours
Susan Sheppard

rec'd
Oct 27/922.

Skyland, North Carolina,
October 24, 1922.

Dear Mr Moore,

I have been such a very long time in writing you this letter that I would be well repaid if you had completely forgotten who Susan Sheppard is. I have thought of you often, and of writing to you, but I have ~~to~~ really had a tremendously busy and absorbing and rather anxious summer. "Company", and illness in my family have taken up much of my time and thoughts — but the main attraction has

wonderful value for our money. It is just a "summer cottage", but closely and warmly built, with double floors and walls, and plastered, so that we can live comfortably in it from the first of April to the first of Dec. It is just large enough for our little family of three. There's a really charming big living room with lots of windows, a large fire place and a nice beamed ceiling. With all our old household stuff about us (from which we have been separated for the last four years) we feel very home-like and easy. The last few weeks have been rather cool and snappy delightful to me of rather wearing. Last April we sold our place in Pensacola. By midsummer we had made up our minds to building a cottage here — a "foot-hold" and a place to put our stored furniture and stuff. We bought a wooded lot on the slope of our little mountain, very near to the cottage we have rented for the past four years — the forest rising behind us, and a lovely view before us to the West, with big Mt Pisgah exactly centering the tree-framed vista. Then came the building operation which gave me a highly enjoyable and congenial six weeks. We had country workmen and builders, who built the house by my plans and drawings, without an architect, so that I was constantly "on the job" to interpret the amateurish and informal "specifications". Everything went beautifully. Not only was it an interesting and *creative* kind of job — great fun — but I got to know and like the five or six solid, respectable farmer-carpenters, real "mountaineers" of a highly superior class. And the house has turned out a great success. Men who know, tell me it is a good, well-built dwelling and that we got us. We used to find undoubted "small" ones in the Cumberland Mts. — but that was so long ago, and the differences between the two varieties are so slight, that I can't feel sure about ~~them~~ this Skyland specimen. I heard of you the other day from Miss Canfield who reported you as well and busy at your usual activities. Probably you are settled again at home now, from where I am trusting that you (being of a generous and forgiving nature) will some time soon send me a letter. Please give my warm regards to Miss Brocea.

Very cordially yours
Susan Shepherd

and we find the house heats up nicely, so we look forward cheerfully to another month here. We decided on "settling" in U.C. partly on account of my sister Cecily's health, which continues rather frail, though she has been free of all traces of her (always very slight) tubercular activity for the past two years. And our very delicate Mother has seemed much better up here in the mountains — though she is still nothing to brag about for robust-ness! Now Cecily's doctors say she must have her appendix out. We are looking forward to that cheerful occasion

in the next week or two. Isn't it a blessing I am such a tough and wiry specimen! We are in the midst of a beautiful period of fall color — but it's not the glory I saw last fall at Linville Falls. I have longed to be back there these last few weeks. There's practically nothing blooming now but the last of the asters and the usual quantities of our old friends the gentians — _saponaria_ and _quinquefolia_. I never did so little botanizing in my life as in the last six months — just simply there was _no time_ for it.

There was the usual lovely and flowery Spring in Tryon. But I think nothing new but the joyous discovery of _quantities_ of stunning larger yellow lady-slippers in several different gorges. We brought twelve fine plants — in bloom — with us to Skyland in April, and planted them in Cecily's wild garden — where they calmly finished their blooming and "went to seed." We had found one plant of what we took to be the _small yellow_ here the year before. Now I feel doubtful if it was not just a stunted larger

rec'd
Jan 22
ans'd
Mar 29

Pensacola, Florida, Box 435
January 19, 192~~4~~ 3

Dear Mr Means,

I have enjoyed very much your two interesting letters. The first one, received about Christmas time, and giving last Summer's Shelburne news, I read to my Aunt as it was of equal interest to her. This one came to me at Skyland, where Cecily and I stayed over Xmas and saw some beautiful snows. Mother had come to Florida earlier to escape the cold, but Cecily and I decided to stay on in our woods

The cottage sits in the middle of a little grove of Satsuma orange trees reaching to the high road in front. Beyond the road the land drops abruptly, 80 or 100 feet, to the bay — down a most picturesque clay bluff in all gorgeous tones of red and yellow and orange — to a creamy-white marble-smooth beach curving in a great crescent. The contours of the bluff is most varied and astonishing, really, in its coves and long out-thrusting shoulders, buttressed and pinnacled in this hard sand-clay. The growth out there is sparse — a

and rest up from our late strenuous-doing — building, moving, "settling in" and appendix operations!
We had a nice quiet hermit-like life, and rested up beautifully.
Keeping the house warm took a lot of hard work and "firing", but it was simply a matter of keeping at it. Our big fire place heated the 16 x 24 living room perfectly.
The first of January we came down to Pensacola, picking up Aunt Margaret, en route at Tarpon.
She is now established at Mrs Gonzalez's for the winter, as usual, and we are delightfully "located" in a little rented cottage four miles out of Pensacola, on the shores of Escambia Bay. You know we all grew up on the water — down the coast at St. Andrew's Bay — and, after four years in the mountains, we were home-sick for salt air.
So we are trying the experiment of three months of it — going back to Skyland April first. I wish I could make you see what I am looking at right now — from my seat under the wide "front gallery".*
The air is as warm and soft as summer.

* a quaint Cherokee rose vine covers one end — with a few out-of-season blooms;

few impressive big long-leafed pines, a few stunted gnarly magnolias, and a "ground growth" of small "thicket-oaks", ("post-runner oaks", with a small almost round, thin, evergreen leaf), and huckleberries, blueberries, and a good deal of the heath-like, aromatic *Ceratiola ericoides* or "crow berry". But all this is just the foreground for our real view — a five-mile expanse of calm shimmering pale-blue bay, stretching off to Garçon Point in the distance. Our next-door neighbors adjoining to the South, continue the Satsuma grove and.

They are old friends - nice people - and have three delightful big police dogs who furnish us much amusement. To the North and West of us are open stretches of pine woods. We have many old bird friends out there - meadow larks (southern), quail, pine sparrows and pine warblers, shrikes, and others - and around the house are numbers of bold mocking birds and cardinals. Our only want is our car, which we left in N.C.. We aren't suffering for lack of this, as two or three cars driven by different members of our family who live three miles farther out, pass there ~~daily~~ daily, taking to town their school children and business men, and our next door neighbors constantly urge on us the use of their two cars.

We are enjoying this adventure hugely. I am on the watch now for my sister-in-law's car so I'd better stop writing and take up a more conspicuous position. I hope to "do" Florida violets this coming Spring. With warm remembrances to Miss Brown, I am Cordially yours

Susan Sheppard

(rec'd June 8 /23)

SKYLAND, NORTH CAROLINA

June 5, 1923.

Dear Mr. Deane,

A very busy week, with a guest in the house, has kept me from writing sooner to tell you of my gratitude and appreciation of your letter, enclosing the copy of Dr. Brainerd's and his report on my last violet specimens. I think you and Dr Brainerd are both too good to me in your praise of my violets — but naturally it gratifies me immensely. I am really very unscientific and superficial in my work — but perhaps I make up in "keenness"! Cecily and I are both elated over her new hybrid (*primulifolia* + *vittata*) and amused at her luck in finding it. - Mrs Cecily scorns "botany" and can't analyze a flower, but looks them up by the pictures in Britton and Brown - which are often "mighty" sorry pictures. At the same time she loves what you might call *informal* botanizing, and is a wonderfully keen observer. The day she found the Mobile hybrid she was with our just-grown nieces who, when they saw her begin to grabble the plants out of the black muck, cried in agonized tones - "Oh, oh - and you've just manicured your nails!"

I have a very good duplicate specimen of this new hybrid which I can send Mrs Brainerd, and a poor one of the parent Mobile *primulaefolia*, but none of the Mobile *vittata*. I have just written to

Mr Brainerd, asking him if he would like them, or specimens of any other of the violets I have found. I would gladly give him anything I have now in my collection and depend on replacing them later. Or collect new ones for him another spring — it would be a pleasure to do it. No — I have not at all fully kept with my collection the marginal notes I sent you. They were meant only as explanatory to your sheets. It didn't occur to me to keep them myself. And no, I have not Mr. Brainerd's Violets, though I should be much interested to see it, as well as his forthcoming Bulletin of the known hybrids of violets. Since I wrote you I have had the pleasure of a tramp to the top of Bushee Mountain where we ate our lunch with a view of the surrounding country in a complete panorama. And had another glimpse of the just past early Spring growth and bloom from our extra 1200 or 1400 feet elevation. It is about 2200 at Skyland Station, but we are up on the little mountain side, 2 or 300 feet higher. I am sorry to hear of Miss Brown's being not so well. Perhaps Shelburne will set her up. Does she still pick and put up as many berries, there as she used? Our wild strawberries here are delicious now and very large — for wild ones. I am glad your Botanical Club gave you such a fine Birthday Celebration. If you were seventy five on April 23, you have just six months the advantage of my Mother who will be 75 on next October 21st — and exactly sixty eight years more than one of my sister's boys, who was seven on April 23! I trust Shelburne will build you up too, so that you will no longer feel after effects from your winter flu. Miss Lowell and Miss Crisfield were to sail for France today, so you will not see them this summer. They wrote me of Emily Bull's death. I should feel a difference if I went back to Shelburne — so many gone. Miss Fannie, Mrs Scudder, Marian Savage (did you know her? She was a lovely girl.) and now Emily Bull. Please give Miss Brown my warm regards. —

Very cordially yours Susan Sheppard

SKYLAND, NORTH CAROLINA

June 20, 1923.

Dear Mr Deane,

Recd June 25 -
at Shelburne N.H.

I have just received from Mr Brainerd a copy of his Violets of North America for which I am enthusiastically grateful as I have just written him. I have gone through it several times already - with delight - The plates (and sometimes the line drawings, even more) are beautiful. How I should love to see some of those lovely Western varieties! I value this copy the more that Mr Brainerd had gone over it with pencil and made corrections and notes. Cecily plans to make - on her type writer - an index which we shall paste in the front of the book. I think this will be a help.

I am sending this to Shelburne, thinking you will be there by this time. I wish you would give my "cordial regards" to the Philbrooks and any other of my old friends who may be there. Also to Miss Brown.

Very sincerely yours

Susan Sheppard

Received
Jan 23
Ans'd
Mar. 8

Pensacola, Florida. (Box 650)
January 19, 1924.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

This year's January is very different-looking here in Florida from last year's mild and balmy month. Then I counted twenty four kinds of flowers and weed like plants in bloom in our yard and on the beach in front of us. Now everything is deplorably scorched and frozen-up looking after the "blizzard" two weeks ago. The grape-fruit trees are killed to the ground and even the more hardy Satsuma oranges will lose all their leaves. My sister had a great oleander bush by her back door, fully 25 or 30 feet high, now

direct route from the extreme North-East corner of the state to the South West corner. It is not a very beautiful country, particularly in the fall when the picked cotton fields (and most of it is cotton fields) are looking ragged and forlorn. A land of flattish, rolling red clay hills and very little woodland. The miles on miles of continuous peach orchards were interesting. But I was not out for scenery — I have plenty of beauty of that kind in North Carolina. I was having a fine time all through and it did me a lot of good just to strike off alone from my beloved family, and "jump the ruts" of routine for a little while. We crossed the South Eastern corner of Alabama dead to the ground — and all the other sub-tropical plants, a sorry sight! The cabbage palms are unhurt, but others — date palms and what we call "fan" palms — are killed. What can you expect when the temperature goes down to 16° above zero, and icicles a foot thick and four feet long, form under our leaky water tank in the back yard! The people here feel 16° above to be much colder than you would feel 16° below.

We are settled in the same little cottage, out on the shores of Escambia Bay, which we had last year. We are very comfortable and much less tied down this year with our old car with us this winter. As we plan to have a new car next Spring we decided to bring the old one down here. I felt some misgivings as to how a seven-year-old would stand the six hundred mile trip, but nevertheless I started out full of zest and interest — just to see what would happen. I hired a neighbor country youth from Skyland to run the car, a fine driver, and highly satisfactory, but a little stodgy as to conversation as a sole companion for a three days' trip. We had a wonderful trip. The weather was perfect — brilliant and nippy — there was not a suspicion of dust, the roads were fairly good, and the engine didn't miss a stroke in the whole trip — *nothing* happened! The greater part of our way lay through Georgia, on a very rickety, shaky bridges over the swamps and finally the Escambia River. Even this part was rather exciting and "fun" to me. From Molino on there was a highway and we bowled along nicely, getting to my sister's home before eight o'clock. I am looking forward to many excursions back into the woods this spring. I trust I may find something worth while sending to you when things begin to grow and bloom. I hope you are getting through this winter without grippe or shingles — and that both you and Miss Brown are quite well. I was so glad to have your card at Christmas. My sister Mrs Gonzalez asked me to send you her "regards".

Very cordially yours
Susan Sheppard

and from there on, our way went West along the North Western "tongue" of Florida — all sand and pine land by this time. I made about an even 200 miles each day. By the first night we had reached Eatonton, near Macon, Ga. The second night was spent at Blakely Ga, near the Alabama line. So far, and in fact up to three o'clock on the afternoon of the last day we had not one "adverse incident". We were on good roads, pushing along for the Ferry over Escambia Bay, 12 or 15 miles from Pensacola. We had ample time, and to spare, to make the 5 o'clock (and last for the day) boat. When we had three flat tires simultaneously! — A bed of broken glass to judge by the cuts. Roy worked nobly and I helped all I could, changing rims patching, replacing, and endlessly pumping air by hand. But for all that we lost an hour over it. Roy drove much too fast in his vain hope of making the 5 o'clock boat — but we got there ten minutes too late. It was too maddening to think of spending the night in that little hole of a town, so near home, so I made enquiries as to the possibility of driving around the head waters of the Bay and so on in to Pensacola on the Montgomery road — 50 or 60 miles longer. The people assured me it would be a foolhardy adventure. The road, always bad, was now impassable after rains; night was coming on, I didn't know the way, which passed through almost uninhabited pine barrens and river swamps. So I was sadly giving up the idea when up spoke a fat traveling salesman, who was standing by: "Madam that road is not impassable. I came over it this afternoon. It is just perfectly terrible. I am starting right now to drive back over it to Molino. If you want to follow my light, come along." Without hesitating a second, in we hopped and started off. The 20 miles to Molino (on the Montgomery Road) took an hour and a half to drive — and it was unbelievably rough, muddy, boggy, and full of holes. But we went through all right, blessing the little red tail-light ahead of us. For the last mile and a half, before we reached Molino, the "road" had become a lightly-built jasmine. Growing out of the smooth brown carpet of live oak and water oak leaves were dotted countless pale blossoms of V. rosacea. We left the car & walked directly down to the mucky over-grown border of the River and "there they are!" I whooped. There were the greatest abundance of the light green, succulent looking, divided-leafed plants, with a few pale lavender blooms. I was interested to notice that one plant seemed almost caulescent (the taller plant on your sheet) - almost like the "transition" state Mr. Brainerd describes in V. Langsdorfii in his "Violets of North America". The water color sketch of V. esculenta was done at top

Skyland, North Carolina
July 17, 1924.

Dear Mr Dana.

A bundle of violet studies and two sheets of pressed specimens for you have been waiting for two months to be sent to you - but what with two ~~s~~ "sets" of visitors and two or three rounds of small family illnesses, I have never got down to writing the letter I wanted to send with them. The sister and two small boys, who have been with us for five weeks, left a few days ago, and Mother is up again from her attack of acute indigestion, so I hope at last to get the letter off. Probably you are back in Shelburne, as usual, so I shall mail the things to you there, trusting to Mr Philbrook to remail them if you should still be in Cambridge. I had no great luck in my violet hunts in Florida this Spring, though we had the car and went off on many rambling search parties to promising spots for miles around. All Spring I clung to the conviction that if I could only get as far as the Escambia River I would find V. esculenta, but there came no opportunity to go so far. In the mean time I started on my long-planned set of water color studies of the living plants and got done with the four kinds I had found in Fla. the year before — V. septemloba, rosacea, villosa and vittata. When my house-closing and box- and trunk-packing were all done, the day before I was to leave for N.C., I went out to my sister's place on Escambia Bay to spend a farewell day. On a sudden impulse we hopped into the car and started — alone — for the 13 mile trip "up the River" to look for V. esculenta. It was a sweet day, the 20th of March, and a lovely and interestingly "different" country of rolling pine lands. At the last, as we approached the River, we drove through hammock-land misted over with light green, and golden with yellow but it was all rather delightful "fun" too, and I think you may be interested to see the results. I know very well some of them are very bad from the artist's point of view, but I love even the bad ones. I consider all of them recognizable botanically, and I am quite satisfied with a few — pedata, hirsutula, and striata for instance. There is a friend of mine in Ithaca to whom I wish to send them. Will you keep them for me until she is back from her vacation in August? Then I will write you and ask you to forward them to her. Next year, if I am in Tryon, I hope to do the five more varieties which grow there and not here, and then the collection will be complete up to date. Our hard work last Fall and this Spring on our "yard" — a small oval clearing in the woods — has been well repaid. The grass plots are all solid good grass, the laurels and rhododendrons bloomed well and we had really lovely daffodils and tulips and iris and now, the same beds are gay with larkspurs, zinnias and so on, with thrifty looking dahlias and chrysanthemums coming on.

I have been rereading your very interesting letter of March 8th — and thinking what a very full and interesting time you were having with all your varied interests and activities — the Shakespeare Club, The New England Botanical Club, the card catalogue work — and so on — You must have been much pleased and gratified, as well as surprised by the Walter Deane Fund. Wouldn't I have been excited if you could have "sneaked" me in with you when you went to see Mr Matthews wonderful line drawings for the Violet Hybrid book!! Please give my affectionate regards to Miss Brown and to the Philbrooks and any other old Shelburne friends who may be there this summer. Some day I am coming back -

Very cordially yours
Susan Shepard

spent, when I was very tired after we got home — the last chance to do it. I failed, miserably, to get the tender fresh green of the leaves. My object in making the water color studies is to keep them with my pressed collection in order to show more clearly the form and color of the living plants. What with the flattening out, and the fading away of the color, the pressed specimens often lose much of their resemblance to the growing violets. I worked hard to get all the Skyland varieties done during the blooming season (just when gardening and "yardwork" were demanding all my time) and it was a rather hectic time -

P.S. Since I sealed this letter I have had a letter from my Ithaca friend. Her movements are so uncertain this Summer that I shall not try to send her the violet sketches - So I will ask you just to mail them back to me when you are through with them.

S. D. S.

[illegible] 17

Skyland, North Carolina,
August 12, 1924,

Dear Mr. Deane,

The violet drawings came all un-mussed and intact, thanks to your careful reinforcement of the package. You are too good in your praises of my work. I am not unduly set up, however, for I fancy you see them as I do — looking more for each violet's beautiful variation of form and detail, (which I did try to render exactly,) rather than for perfection of technique. I am so pleased, too that you showed them to my old friends — Mrs Evans, Miss Margerson, Miss

we are afraid to use the amount needed for effectual "watering." However all this dryness makes it safe to venture into all kinds of hitherto unexplored woods roads, with the car, without danger of getting stuck in mud holes — far from help. Mother dotes on this "exploring" business. She wouldn't give ten miles of our beautiful famed "Dixie Highway" for one half mile of poking into the "cracks" of the hills — not quite knowing how we are going to get out! It is this wonderful "sporting" spirit which has kept her going through all these years of invalidism. My "Aunt Margaret" Sheppard asked me especially to send her love and remem-

Converse and Miss Scudder — and that they liked them too. My latest "violet interest" is hoping to get a reply from a cheeky letter I sent Dr. Brainerd. I say "cheeky" because I wrote to suggest that a certain violet which he had several years ago named as "V. papilionacea, type growing in wet shade" was really V. cucullata! And sent a living plant, with the long-peduncled, erect, cleistogamous flowers (like this — with the auricles of the sepals much elongated) to back up my idea. If Dr. Brainerd will agree this is cucullata it will give me another violet for my Skyland collection. This "doubtful" violet was shown among my water color drawings, a very beautiful, very large, deep blue violet. Though I marked it V. papilionacea this spring I felt at the time it must be cucullata, and determined to go back to the same spot (where they grow thickly under the shadow of a damp boulder on the Vanderbilt Estate — We've always called them "Vanderbilt paps" —) in July to inspect the cleistogamous flowers. We are having an unusually hot summer, and so dry that our little grass plots — which cost us so much labor in April — are seriously threatened with being completely "burned out". The same drought makes a threat of shortage in our water system, so

Have I told you about our grand new 1924 Dodge car, given to us by Aunt Margaret, this spring?

greetings to all her old friends in Shelburne. She was particularly interested to hear of Miss Saulder, Miss Converse and Miss Dudley. I wonder if Miss "Dolly" Kirk has been with them this summer? And how she gets along without her dear Emily? We are trying to settle now whether we will spend this coming winter in Tryon or Pensacola. We rather favor Tryon, as there's less effort in getting moved there, 40 miles away, than to Pensacola, 600 miles, and no car problem. (For I can't always arrange to drive our car down to Fla. as I did last fall.) On the other hand, furnished houses in Tryon are very expensive — twice what we pay for the same comfort in Fla. — and our fuel also costs twice as much, not to speak of the "tourist standard" of all living expenses in Oregon. So that on the whole Oregon mounts up to more in spite of the Fla. traveling costs. And while we are not at all "pinched" we do have to manage carefully to make ends meet around our rather heavy Florida land taxes. For we still (unfortunately) own quite a bit of absolutely unremunerative property down on St. Andrew's Bay — which we can't sell. I don't know why I launched upon these uninteresting details — unless because my mind was turned that way from having just been "budgeting". Have you read "Servant of Sahibs" — not long out? It is quite interesting and amusing to me in spite of the rather difficult broken English in which it is written. Another book I enjoyed lately was Leigh-Mallory's account of the 1922 ascent of Mt. Everest. Poor fellow — and I was thrilled by Cherry Garrard's "The Worst Journey in the World". There's breakfast on the table so I must say good-bye —

Very cordially yours —
Eleanor Shepard

Dear Mr. Deane, I have wanted to answer your last very interesting letter but the stress of a family crisis of illness and a complete bouleversement of all our Winter's plans have effectually prevented all writing. We were all ready for our Winter's move to Pensacola, when my aunt Margaret Sheppard became dangerously ill down here in Tryon. That was a month ago. For some time there seemed no hope of her recovery. Then when she was out of danger the doctors said she would live on but in an impaired and feeble condition. Well — she "showed 'em"! She is still in the Hospital, but improving daily, and shows plainly she will soon be as well as before the illness. In the mean time we have given up Florida and settled down here in a little cottage so as to be near her.

Christmas Greetings to Miss Brown -

Affectionately yours Susan Sheppard

Dec. 19 1924

Tryon, N. C.

rec'd Jan 15

Box 277 Tryon North Carolina
January 11, 1925;

Dear Mr House,

I am indeed distressed and afflicted to hear of Mr Brainerd's death, mainly not on my own account of course, but for the sake of the bereavement felt by his old friends — such as yourself — and the loss to the scientific world. And then I do feel a personal loss, for he gave a most gratifying amount of attention and response to my letters and inquiries, which I deeply appreciated. Most of all for the way he so carefully went over, and named, my violet specimens — year after year. I have you to thank for this. Mr. Brainerd

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dont grow about Skyland. And four of them grow in Pearson's Gorge — rotundifolia, blanda, Canadensis and eriocarpa. Then V. Rafinesquii grows here in town. This coming spring I hope to enlarge my sketch collection not only by these five but also with paintings of some of the more striking of the hybrids and types I have found. My aunt has made a wonderful recovery and has left the hospital — They consider her quite a marvel for the way she came back. I must leave you now and be furnace man for awhile. Except for the early morning cleaning and starting up the fire, for which I have a boy, I attend to the furnace — and rather enjoy it. With best wishes for the New Year to you and Miss Brown, Faithfully yours Susan D. Sheppard mentioned a number of times, in his letters to me, the long delay in getting out his "Violet Hybrids". I do hope it was far enough advanced in publication not to be held up by his death. He had promised me a copy, which I suppose I can get by writing to the publishers. We are having a most atrocious spell of rainy bleak weather – too bad to go into the woods. As soon as it clears up I shall get you some of the small young galax plants which grow in profusion near by. These miniature leaves are a great contrast to the ones the mountain children were selling about the streets at Christmas time – great leathery glossy, mahogany-colored leaves – often five inches across. They have to go up into the high mountain gorges to find these. My friend Mrs Main here is in great triumph over having found galax Shortia last Spring – and the odd thing is, that she found it just at the foot of Piersons' Falls, where the Mains have so often gone on picnics with us – and we have all passed the Shortia by, year after year. Of course I dont mean it was just under our noses, but in sight across the stream. Probably we were never there when it was in bloom. Pierson's Gorge is a great place to find things. I have still to make sketches of five N. C. violets I have found, which ans'd Mar 12

Tryon, N.C. Mch 15. 1920

Dear Mr Deane

More than one request from you has called for an answer. I have appreciated hearing from you and I have wanted to write. Just now I am still in bed after a somewhat severe attack of grippe. As I am almost never sick, my feelings are of outraged indignation to be thus laid low! A friend brought me in three lovely blooming plants of V. [illegible], to sketch, yesterday - but I am afraid

they will winter before I can get at them. Yesterday, as I lay here with my outside door wide open, I saw & heard, within a few yards of my porch 20 different birds! — Cardinal, blue bird, chewink, junco, English sparrow, white throat, song, field, "pine woods" and chipping sparrows, red-cockaded woodpecker, thrasher, Carolina wren, tufted tit mouse, chickadee, golden crowned king-let, blue gray gnatcatcher, myrtle warbler, and [illegible] and phoebe.
I'm moving up to Skyland in two weeks time. With "regards" to Miss Brown — and thanks to you for your cards, I am,

Affectionately yours
Susan Shepherd

One of our interests now — our chiefest interest — is in planting stuff and "improving" our little woods yard at Skyland. And this Fall, just when the fun of planting shrubs and putting in bulbs was on ~~had~~ hand, Cecily was in bed for a three weeks' rest cure.

I wish you could see our little place. It is really very sweet. We have just a little oval clearing in the woods, but we are concentrating on it. Already we have a nice smooth grassy little lawn with stepping stones down the hill and a good start of shrubs breaking the line where grass plots turn into wild woods. It's a steep records. Mother is pretty well (with the usual ups and downs) and she is as spirited as ever though we notice she is rather feebler this year.

Poor little Cecily is having a "down". Two years ago after a discouraging slump with stomach troubles, she had her appendix out. There followed a really good improvement. In June this year she was "fine" - and then, for no apparent reason she began to go down again and has had a tedious and rather suffering summer and fall with the pesky stomach. It is hard for a young person of her energy and ability to have to devote her time to taking care of her health.

and lots of windows, and is a very cheerful home-y room. There's a large front porch with a charming view (like a panel picture, framed in trees on each side,) of Pisgah and the distant hills. The rest of the house is satisfactory in comprising the necessaries in convenient form. On the first floor, Mother's room, bath room, sleeping por.; kitchen and pantry, and two bedrooms in the half story upstairs. Now I've told you about our house — and there only remains to relate that we have a new Dodge car also – the pride of my life. I hope you'll write me as fully about yourself and your doings and plans. Mother and Cecily join me in sending you much love – Affectionately yours

Susan Sheppard

Terry still flourishes.

II

hill side and there's a lot of shade, so we are limited in what we can plant. But we have put in about forty young rhododendron bushes and some laurels, besides successfully transplanting fine young wild crab apple trees and several dogwoods. (One perfect big dogwood tree grew "by nature" just off the end of the front porch –) And a dozen flame azaleas were planted in November. I pant for Spring, to see if they "took"! And besides these wild shrubs, some tame ones — lilacs and forsythia and spirea. Then we've done a good deal of work with woods things. A thicket in the side yard is our wild garden. In it we have yellow and pink ladies slippers, showy orchis, rattlesnake orchid, trilliums, three kinds of yellow violets, Clintonia umbellata — and a lot of other stuff. Remembering your luxuriant columbines here, we planted a whole row of them (dozens) across the front of the house — one of our first plantings. They were really a wonderful show last Spring as was the solid pastel lilac band of color just below them — *pedata* violets. The "confederate violets" from Mrs Lelia Williams place on Melrose Avenue have flourished too. Then last Spring we were so thoroughly repaid for our first bulb planting of the fall before (only daffodils, 4 or 5 dozens, and a dozen scarlet tulips) that we put in a lot more in November. It's a fascinating game — gardening! Of course you mustn't fancy it a *bower*, for we are just struggling. You can always make a bower-y impression by writing out lists of flowers and shrubs, while the actual effect may be rather sparse! I had great fun getting our house built that summer, and it has turned out — in its modest style — a great success. The living room is really *nice*. It is 16 X 24 — has a good big fireplace fifteen cottages. This big spring has now sunk so low that the electric pumping engine has to run all day to keep us in water, and it is only the last few days — since the other cottagers have finally grasped the seriousness of the situation and really co-operated in water-saving — that we have had enough water. This is because we are the highest cottage on the system and hence the first to suffer from water shortage. Last week, after four days without a drop in our pipes — all our water man-carried — I decided we were "high and dry" until the drought broke.

Skyland, N.C. July 21, 1925.

Dear Mr Deane,

It must be three months at least since your last interesting letter came — which I have just been rereading — and it is, to my embarrassment, still unanswered. I have been in a very unletterly frame of mind, partly because these last months have been pretty arduous and engrossing, with my family rather ailing, though not actually ill. But also because nothing has happened which seemed to me would be interesting to you to hear about! Even now I am writing in order that I may hear from you again, rather than because there is anything you'll want to hear! You can read about our terrible drougth in the newspapers — "The worst I have ever known" the older mountain people say. Ceily and I worked very hard last Fall and this Spring, planting shrubs about our little "clearing" and making new garden beds. All twelve of our precious big flame azalea bushes (planted last fall, but marked in the woods with colored rags the preceding spring, so we should get good pure color — lemon, flame, or flame-crimson, instead of the very common murky orange I so dislike) — Let me hop out of this parenthesis and say: all twelve "took" wonderfully — were covered with buds. We removed almost all of these, letting only a few bloom, so we could be sure we had the colors we preferred. And we triumphed to think we'd had such luck with flame azalea, considered so almost impossible to transplant. Now most of them are dead from the drougth. We are on a small private water system here, fed by a big "never-failing" spring. This supplies Miss Chapman's boarding house and about done in my water color studies. So now my "set" is complete, up to date, except for N. eriocarpa.

I wish you would give my cordial greetings to Miss Brown and Mr Philbrook and any other of my old Shelburne friends — Mrs Evans, if you see her.

Very sincerely yours

Susan Sheppard

Miss Chapman has one cottage, even higher than ours, and, on that account, not connected to the main system, but with a "gravity" line leading over the slope behind us, to a small spring about two hundred yards farther up the mountain side. This high cottage is unoccupied, and I demanded permission to tap the pipes at the nearest point to us, 400 feet away. Our mountaineer chore-man, Abraham, did the work — so stupid — and his helper on the big wrenches was not much better. It ended by Cicily and myself putting in two strenuous days bossing the pipe-laying job and even, at

difficult points lending a hand.
But it was really a lot of fun, and
now we have a good "head" of water.
The pipe ends in a hydrant just outside
the bath-room window, and a hose
brings the water, through this window,
into the bath room. This fixes us up
all satisfactorily except for not being
connected on the hot-water system.
However I had no sooner got this
independent line completed, when
the water suddenly appeared, in
good pressure, in the main pipes!
When Abraham works for us we get
a lot of amusement "on the side" from
his conversation. He has a kind
of mild religious mania and it is
sometimes difficult to keep him from
stopping work to preach at us.
I wonder if I ever told you what he said
to me some time ago, in one of these
preachings? He ended a long declam-
-ation: "Hit aint the ragged coat
as has a hard time a-gittin in the
Pearly Gates — Hit's the rich man
as grinds down the poor." Then, after
a meditative silence — "Miss Sheffard,
you're rich, aint you?" "No," I said
snappishly, "I'm not."
Did I write you this spring that, in
spite of my attack of grippe, I
managed to get all but one of
~~my~~ the Tryon varieties of violets

just such a drougth eighty years ago this Summer – Just as has happened this year, so then, the big forest trees died, and "unfailing" wells and Springs went dry". And in verification of this, our "mountain" butcher, who lives on the top of Bear-wallow Mt., told me: "I've often heard my grandfather, who lived to be very old, tell of the awful drougth of 1845, when our Big Spring went dry". Another man I know came upon a large rock-walled spring in a hill side, on an abandoned farm. Cut in the rock facing above the spring was: "Went dry in 1845." Miss Chapman's spring did not

Sept. 25

Skyland, N.C. Sept 23, 1925.

Dear Mr Deane,

You did not say, in the letter I received from you a few days ago, how long you would be in Shelburne, so to be on the safe side, I shall send this to Cambridge. I was glad to hear from you and to get good news from you, and Miss Brown, and all the old Shelburne friends – and to hear something more of the Coös County Flora, which must be an extremely interesting and a very thorough piece of work. Cicely and I were all agog to see Mr. Brainerd's "Hybrid Violets" when it came out — as his "new" hybrid (*primulafolia* + *vittata*) was to be shown in it, with a drawing by Mr. Matthews. My new station for *hirsutula* + *palmata* was cited also, as this was only the found (or reported) *once* before in all the years of Mr. Brainerd's violet work. He was delighted with these plants & sent him — for it was a rare and most lovely hybrid.

Mr Brainerd always answered my letters and questions with a courtesy and an *interest* which pleased me and touched me — as coming from *The* Authority to a humble amateur.

But, as you said about the Hybrid Book "it is a pity he could not have had" to make some desirable alterations in it — particularly as regards the plate references. Would not Mr. Burns, who wrote the preface, and who seems deep in the study of violets, care to correct these slight and surface defects in this report of a life work?

Well — we are still hoping at the end of September, to see the end of Summer, but the heat hangs on. It has been a disastrous season. Of course you must have read in the papers of our terrible drought. An old man of *over* ninety five told a friend of our's "I remember go entirely dry this summer. But it got so low that numbers of small springs were hunted out and piped in as auxiliary supplies so, with considerable shortage and discomfort, "Rosscraggon" had water all summer, without *hauling* — which is what most country places had to resort to. I think I wrote to you about our independent pipe-line up the hill, which Abraham and I put in. It has made *us* entirely comfortable and independent of the general "water troubles". It breaks your heart to see the stretches of perfectly dead big forest

trees on the mountain sides — and the hardship to farmers in S.C. and Northern Georgia is very great. Let me end this tale of woe — and write of something more cheerful — the visit we had in August from those grandchildren. Nothing could have been more hilariously cheerful than that was! They are delightful children: my brother's girl, Virginia, who is fifteen, ~~She~~ is extremely pretty — brown-eyed and pink cheeked — and the dearest good, sweet child — but she has no great amount of intellect (just a lot of common sense) and *no* *personality*.

4)

In great contrast to her was Rhoda-Mary Gonzalez, my sister's daughter. She is thirteen, and she is really a remarkably able-minded and intellectual girl. As I said when she was here: she had the mentality of eighteen with all the abandon and vivacity of eight — a charming child. And her brother Charles was a charmer too — fifteen years old, handsome, manly, serious-minded and yet gay. In their three-weeks visit they went on six picnics. We "did" Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Mitchell — each a whole day's trip — and went on foot to the tops of Busbee — our

(5)

only good near-by climb. Such larks! Having three children in the house, this naturally became the meeting-place for all their gang, and every night there would be from five to fourteen kids here. Sometimes the boys got pretty wild and the noise was prodigious. Mother said there were occasions when her deafness was a great help! Quite a change for our quiet lives.

— I am due now to take Aunt Margaret driving, so I will bid you goodbye for the present. With cordial regards to Miss Brown

I am Affectionately yours

Susan Sheppard

SUSAN D. SHEPPARD
TRYON, N. C.

January 15, 1926.

Dear Mr. Deane,

Every morning at about half past seven I make a cup of coffee for Mother and myself, and then, in the interim before breakfast at about nine, I occupy myself with various quiet activities. This is my usual time for letter writing. Yesterday morning I even got out my writing materials to start this letter to you, and then was "side tracked" by some domestic doings. And then the morning's mail brought your letter, which had so many interesting things in it, and impres me to answer at once. I am glad the little cedar "Christmas tree" interested you and recalled so many pleasant memories of your first finding the white cedar so many years ago. I think I have seen *C. thyoides* only once, and that was over twenty years ago, growing on the swampy banks of the Apalachicola River. The red cedar - *sabina Virginiana* - Small calls it, is not very common here (not *un*common either). I wonder if it has a special liking for limestone? We used to go, every summer, to the Cumberland mts in Tennessee. On the top of Walden's Ridge, where our cottage was, I knew of only one place on that sandstone mountain where red cedar grew — This was a narrow "belt", about two miles away, down the mountain-side well below the "Palisade"-like sandstone cliffs, where there was an out-cropping of very "different" looking rock. And many cedars. This was the only place I knew of, where *pellaea atropurpurea* grew and *asplenium resiliens* (we called it *parvulum* then) and the only place I found larkspurs. The "limestone theory" didn't occur to me at the time, so I did not investigate the rocks. Later I thought of *pellaea atropurpurea* "preferring limestone", as the book says, and how the cedars flourish in the limestone regions of middle Tennessee. And the most luxuriant larkspurs I have ever seen are in S.W. Missouri in among the limestone.

Along this line I must investigate the only place here where red cedars grow very thickly — along the ledges by a mountain brook — very tall and fine. I have never seen any limestone in this region.

I was interested in hearing of your Colonial _Ellery_ "pieces". We have nothing really Colonial (as to age) beside our "Grandmother Seeley whiskey bottle" as we call it. (And what good to us is a _whiskey bottle_, these days?) But we have a little hickory chair, a child's chair, which Mother's great father Campbell took with him when they "trekked" over these mountains from Mecklenburg County N.C. to Tennessee in 1808 — Later his son, John Polk Campbell, continued the pioneering journey, in 1829, to S.W. Missouri, where he settled among the Osage Indians and founded the town of Springfield. Mother's mother was the first white child born there. Mother's father Elnathan McKenney, was a "Vermont Yankee" by birth, but, practically, he became a Southerner, as he went West when a youth, affiliated with the Southern element, and was an officer in the Confederate Army. Her mother's Grandmother Campbell‡ was Matilda Polk and was the daughter of Ezekiel Polk, one of the framers of the much disputed Mecklenburg Declaration of Independance — (now pretty clearly established as a real thing, that didn't "come to anything".) Ezekiel was the uncle of Samuel Polk, the President — of whom

Fiske says: "The only remarkable thing about him was that such an ordinary man should have become president."! To return to the little hickory chair; the succeeding generation of children continued to sit in it, and play "plowing" with it, (as witness the worn-off legs and back) in different states. It went with us to Florida in 1887 and returned with us to it's native State of N.C. in 1921, just as good and solid as ever!

A remarkable thing has occurred in Tryon. It snows rarely here (not once, last winter) and, when it does, it is a wet snow which melts in half a day. A week ago there fell a heavy, dry snow and, so cold has it remained all week, it still lies unmelted in shady places, and the mountains to the

West are still white. The country roads are in bad shape so we are not getting about much in the car — though Mother rides up town to get the mail and marketing almost every day. Her "adventures", of which I wrote you, didn't amount to much except from her point of view. When we moved down to Tryon, December 5th, she (for the first time) came in the a car. It is only thirty five miles but that is a lot farther than she usually drives at one "go" — and it is a steep mountain grade with the road "snaking" in and out around the ravines and cliffs in many "hair pin turns". However it is a good road, and very beautiful and she enjoyed it hugely. It would never occur to her~~x~~ there was the slightest element of danger. She has never known what fear was, nor nervousness, despite her extreme frailty. What a God-send this temperament must have been to her in bringing up her seven wild acrobats of children! Our most hair-raising exploits were met with a calm matter-of-course air. I suppose 'it's' her pioneer blood! I am sure you have had enough for one dose — so goodbye for the present.

Give my cordial "regards" to Miss Brown

Faithfully your friend
Susan Sheppard

before our late Spring came along. The gardening has been fun, but we are feeling pretty desperate now over the long continued dry weather — a bit too thick after last summer's droughth. This is our first venture with a vegetable garden. It looks very neat and pretty and promising but things cant grow, dry as it is now. However we have had already quite a lot of nice stuff — good head lettuce, onions, radishes, turnips, mustard and our first dish of green peas. All our last fall's replanting (after the removal of the droughth-killed shrubbery) "took" in fine style. and our little place

Skyland, N.C. June 7, 1926,

Dear Mr. Deane,

It looks badly for me to leave your note so long unanswered but I have been completely taken up these past weeks by an illness of Mother's. She is up now for the greater part of each day — and has even had two rides — but is still pretty weak and "slow". She was extremely sick (her heart, of course) and we hardly expected she would pull through — but now she is again about as well as usual, and quite as full of "pep". She is a wonder. I am afraid I cant be very much help about finding a place in the South for Mrs Pease beyond telling her of Tryon or, if she wants the Gulf Coast, Pensacola. Tryon has mild winters (usually) but they are *winters*, and not the New Englander's idea of the "Sunny South". A lot of people come there from Boston or Detroit or Chicago for the cold months and seem delighted with the climate and the beauty of the mountains. It is about ten degrees warmer than the high Asheville plateau, as it is 1000 feet lower and somewhat protected from the raking mountain gales. There are several excellent boarding houses.

My aunt was with Mrs Brewer last winter and found it entirely satisfactory. She paid $25.00 a week. Then there are others equally good, and two higher priced small hotels. I don't know anything of boarding places in Pensacola, nor whether or not they are expensive, but Mrs Gonzalez could find out for me. Naturally, we think it a pleasant region. If Mrs Pease wants to know anything more particular I shall be delighted to write to her, or get information for her. We came up here very early this Spring so as to start Emily's new vegetable and flower gardens, and had several weeks of real winter see with me a scarlet tanager, a gold finch, two very rosy purple finches a hooded warbler, a blackburnian, and two brown thrashers splash and preen themselves. Not five minutes after all but the thrashers and blackburnian had left, an indigo bird came. If only it's vivid blue could have been in the first rainbow collection! I hope I shall hear from you soon in Shelburne. Your letters are always a pleasure. Give my love to Miss Brown and any other Shelburne friends of mine you may see — Mr Evans.

Very cordially yours

Susan Sheppard

I had the great pleasure of a short visit from Agnes Lowell in April. Eight years since I had seen her.

was sweet with all the daffodils in bloom, and later we had really lovely iris. Something queer happened about the bird migration this spring. They seemed to collect and loiter here an undue length of time. I had a theory that it was the late cold weather that met the migrants here in the mountains. At any rate I had a delightfully interesting time with them. They began to arrive "in force" later than usual — May 1st — and in the first two days of May I saw, in our own lot (of the warblers)) oven-bird, black and white creeper, myrtle, hooded, Blackburnian (there had been here some time) pine, Kentucky, black throated green, black throated blue, red start, golden winged, Cape May, chestnut sided, worm eating, northern parula, chat, yellow, prairie, Canadian, black poll, magnolia — twenty one kinds of warblers and other birds bringing the list up to sixty. I was most interested in the odd lingering of the warblers. On May 20th I was still seeing chestnut-sided, magnolias and black burnians. Then, from about May 20th to June 3rd we had, living in the shrubbery close about the house, a (to me) new thrush. I did *not* have it in my hand — and Chapman says no amateur can distinguish *out* of *the hand*, between Alice's, and its sub-species Bicknellii, and the olive backed thrushes. But I did see its gray eye ring and "cheek" at three-feet distance. Moreover I heard it sing its veery-like (in tone, but broken in arrangement of notes) song for two weeks, so I know it is not the olive backed thrush, which I have often heard sing in Shelburne. But I know no way of deciding whether it was Alice's or Bicknell's. Another "treat" I had was the sight of a gaudy-colored company of birds bathing together in a shallow pool — such a pretty sight. I was concealed in a bunch of alders not six feet from them — and I longed for some one to

rec'd Oct 2 /26
Ans'd " 10 "

Skyland, N.C. Sept 29, 1926

Dear Mr Deane,

You are very good to keep your patience with such a very delinquent correspondent as I — especially when you write me such nice interesting letters and I calmly leave them unanswered for months. However I count upon your knowing there is no lack of appreciation on my part. Last week was an anxious and wearing time for us on account of the great hurricane. It was

over the track of the L. and N. R.R. The raging winds and great "tidal wave" soon tore away the massive timber break water, washed up the track, under mined telegraph poles, and all this wreckage came in on the flood to be pounded by the waves against the foundations of their house - This foundation consists of substantial brick piers with only a lattice paneling between. One of these piers (at the end of the front porch) soon went, and the lattice crumbled like tissue paper before the onslaught. They saw it was only a matter of time pretty hard to read of all the terrible devastation and loss of life around Miami and to know that two days later the storm struck Pensacola with equal force — and then to get no word from our people there for five days! It is true that they brought out word by air-plane in two days reporting "no loss of life", but all the wires were down and railroads and highways wrecked ~~out~~ so that our first personal message reached us Friday, after the storm on Monday. Now we have received long thrilling accounts of all the terrors, and it seems miraculous that they all escaped — and with no more property loss. Of course the explanation lies in Pensacola being on a land locked harbor instead of the open ocean beach, as Miami is. The wind blew at a rate of over 140 miles an hour at Pensacola. My sister Margaret says "the fury of it was incredible" They have a good staunch house, situated on ground lying at a level considerably above the beach but not more than 100 feet from the water. Between the beach and their front gate flower garden and vegetable garden have been a diversion and pleasure to us. We had wonderful "violas" (a kind of dwarf pansy) and snapdragons and poppies — in fact a little bouquet of a garden all summer. The asters have been fine and now we have cosmos in their prime, and crysanthemums coming on. I must get this closed for the post man, who is due soon. I am sending it to Cambridge, thinking you'll be back home by now. My cordial regards to Miss Brown.

Affectionately yours,
Susan Sheppard

All our Gonzalez kin live on Escambia Bay, six miles out of Pensacola.

until all their foundations would be pounded out, so my brother in law and the 16-year-old boy went under the house and stayed there, waist deep in water, for hours, while with stout poles they "fended off" and steered the wreckage past the piers. Margaret says "it is hard to see why the house is still standing when I look at the telegraph poles, cross ties and great timbers now stranded in my back yard and know they all passed under the house." Every tree on her place is gone. This includes the most beautiful and the largest red cedar I ever sace. It stood just in front of the house and I am sure the spread of the limbs must have been 40 feet. All the results of 20 year's care on yard and garden are wiped out. She had wonderful roses and vines, and her shrubs were like trees in size — oleanders, crêpe myrtles, pomgranites — all gone, buried under tons of sand and wreckage from the water front. My sister Nora (the Mrs Gonzalez you know) was with her husband at their summer camp. During the first night a great live oak was blown over directly behind the cottage and the massive trunk fell into the 10 foot space between the house and garage, doing no harm! My brothers-in-law's sister, Mrs Howe, was with her large family in a large unsubstantial summer-camp house almost at the beach level. This was completely demolished, with everything in it, and the family escaped "with only the clothes on their backs". My brother's place was almost entirely unhurt — a few trees down.

So you see how lucky we were! Mother kept very serene through last week's strain, but she is feeling rather limp now.

We have had, as usual, a busy and "occupied" summer. The new

Skyland N.C. Nov 9, 1926,

Dear Mr Means,

I should have returned this most interesting storm letter much sooner — please excuse me. I enjoyed reading it, and so did my sister Margaret Gonzalez (not the Mrs Gonzalez you know) and her boy — who have been with us — They compared it with their Pensacola experience. These visitors and an overlapping friend from Pittsburgh kept the last few weeks very full. Margaret took

Mother home with her Nov. 1st so
we two are here quite alone
on our mountain side. We
mean to drive down to Pensacola
~~in~~ about two weeks from now
and stay there until April 1st.
I shall write you a letter in answer
to your's. This is just returning
the hurricane letter.

Very sincerely yours
Susan Sheppard

as "scenic"! We went through Waynesville, Andrews, and Murphy, N.C. going West. At Murphy (at 1 P.M.) we turned nearly South to Atlanta, through which city we passed after night fall, in a bewildering maze of traffic, and rode on 40 miles as far as Newnan, Georgia, where we spent the night. Reached there at 6:30 P.M. The second day we passed through Montgomery Ala. and on South through Andalusia Ala. etc. to Pensacola. Our route seems rather round-about but it kept us to the main, good highways.

We found Pensacola looking wonderfully trim and unhurt considering what she had been through in the October hurricane. They

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Rec'd Feb 10, '27

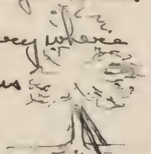
720 North 19th Ave. Pensacola, Fla.,

February 6, 1927,

Dear Mr. Deane,

We came to Pensacola and settled ourselves for the winter about the first of December. With the exception of two short but severe cold snaps we have had an ideal Florida season, as to weather — exquisitely soft, balmy pale-blue days, for weeks on end. But, alas for the "contrariness of things", we have been so housed by illness that we have not been able to fully enjoy it. Mother is just now able to get out for short rides in the car, after having ill (from grippe and after-effects) all winter long — beginning directly upon her arrival here. Poor Emily also has had a month of grippe — but is up now. After such an experience we are naturally longing for our move back to Skyland, about the middle of March. Our Southward expedition began very enjoyably and auspiciously for me by a most delightful trip down in the car. I hired one of our Skyland boys to drive, which he did so expertly (fast, but careful) that we made the 670 miles in two long days driving. The weather was perfect and the roads in fine shape. To begin my journey, I took the just-lately-completed fine new road which runs due west from Asheville, for over

a hundred miles, to the Western tip of N.C. The road is really a marvel of engineering, — though it passes over ~~of~~ three high ranges of the Great Smokies (the Balsam mts, the Nantahalas in N.C. and the Blue Ridge in North Georgia) it is so well graded and laid out that we did all the ascents in high gear. All the road as far as Murphy N.C. is concrete — after that there is a fine "sand-clay" surface — except for stretches of concrete as city approaches. The scenery ~~surpassed~~ toward the extreme Western end of N.C. surpassed our Asheville section in rugged beauty — what our detested Asheville "Realtors" laud have done a lot of raising of really large trees which were blown down. Everywhere you see trees braced there -



Pensacola civic pride was much swollen by observing the contrast in the way Pensacola stood the storm as compared to Miami and other East Coast towns, and I think they were determined to show the Winter tourists that a gale blowing 135 miles an hour was nothing to us! But, dear me, it is a different story when we see the pitiful wreckage of ~~of~~ the Gonzalezes beautiful "hammock" woods and pine lands out on Escambia Bay. Even there are not at all injured beyond recovery — only disfigured by many fallen trees and innumerable dead limbs and branches. A great many pines seem to have been killed by the driving murk of salt spray which in some places penetrated for as many as ten miles inland. At least they now appear brown and dead. Perhaps the spring may show life in them.

A week ago I had a delightful trip far up the Escambia River (at the head of Escambia Bay) in a launch. I was interested to see a great many large "white cedars" — junipers, they call them down here. At least I (thyoides) make it out as X chamaecyparis thyodes according to Small. No red cedars
(X right)

there, but many of the latter grow along the shores of Escambia Bay. I think this is not Sabina Virginiana but S. Barbadensis (L.) Small.

The wild violets have bloomed sparingly all winter since the odd "false spring" which came after the hurricane. I am hoping I may be able to add something new to my collection of violets this spring, as I haven't added to it now for three years. Yellow jessamine is blooming too. I haven't thanked you for your last letter and for your Christmas card with its good wishes from you and Miss Brown —

Affectionately yours
Susan Sheppard

my most successful trip yet. I had the same boy to drive ~~that~~ who took me down in the Fall, and we made even better time. We left Pensacola at 8:30 one morning, spent that night at La Grange, Georgia, about 300 miles on our way, after driving ten hours. The second day between 7:30 and eight P.M. we drove all the way to Skyland, about 325 miles I believe. Alton is a fine driver — fast but very careful. The country was a lovely Spring picture all the through to North Georgia where Spring had hardly begun then. At first, in Florida and Southern Alabama, everything was in full leaf and

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rec'd in Shelburne, June ~~9~~ 17,

ans'd June 20   Skyland, N.C. June 12, 1927

Dear Mr Deane,

Things didn't improve with us after my last letter to you — rather, after Mother's tempory improvement, and our move to Skyland March 26th, she grew much worse and we had an anxious and harassing time with her. Finally her trouble was traced to abscessed teeth and infected sinusses (is sinusses the plural of sinus?) and the poor soul, at her weakest and lowest, had to have all her remaining teeth pulled. It was awful — almost as great an ordeal for Cecily and me as for Mother.

Fortunately we had a great reward in seeing her steadily pick up from the time the teeth were pulled, so that now, six weeks later, she is about normal for her — which is frail, at the best, but cheery and "full of pep". Poor little Emily, as a result of the winter's strain of anxiety, I suppose, was smitten with severe neuritis and has been in bed with it for six weeks. Now she is a little better and is crawling around. And to complete our tale of woe, before I turn to more cheerful subjects, our little eleven-year-old Irish terrier, Jerry, the joy of our lives, died suddenly April 7th.

He was a fine little character, lively and amusing to the end; faithful, loving, and humanly intelligent. Being an Irish Terrier he did dearly love a scrap and fighting was his vice — which wasn't just what you'd choose in a lady's pet. We were much delighted once when the Express Company, in shipping him, itemized "One Irish Terror". We miss him sadly, and the car is haunted, for me, by his little red ghost. I am sure he thought the car belonged to him. He was deeply offended with me if I didn't take him every time I got out the car. He rode up with me from Pensacola and enjoyed the trip as much as I did. This was

& tried to forestall his disappointment — for I hadn't much faith — by remarks on how different the same variety of violet could look "Oh, but I know this is new" — said Frank. And he produced a whole plant (root, leaves, flowers, in perfect condition) of Langloisii! Lately we overheard two ladies cogitating on what the birds could be which they were observing (they were a brown thrashes and a Carolina Wren). At last one of them said "I think it's the male and female of the same kind of bird — you know the male and female are always quite different." I trust you and Miss Brown are both as well as usual and are comfortably settled at Shelburne for the summer. Remember me to the Philbrooks or any other old friends. Affectionately yours Susan Sheppard

bloom. Then came the zone of "early Spring" — mists of green lace over the trees, dog-wood, service tree and red-bud blooming, and rolling hills all pink with the blossoming peach orchards. Then this changed to the greys and lavenders of swelled buds, brightened by scarlet and amber maples in bloom. After we got into North Carolina it was winter-bare. As we were anxious to "make time" we came the shorter and less interesting route up the mountains — Atlanta, Athens. Ga., Anderson S.C., Greenville S.C. Hendersonville N.C. — Skyland.

We have had a beautiful Spring here with our little yard and garden gay and flourishing. Such a show of daffodils, tulips and iris as we had through April and May!

Now our little vegetable garden and flower gardening are repaying me for my work. We are getting onions, radishes, turnips, lettuce (wonderful lettuce!) peas, carrots and the first string beans. My work has been very spasmodic and "fitted" into the crevices left by my domestic and hospital duties, but a great diversion. I knew almost nothing about the bird migration all about me in April, for I was absorbed then indoors. It was the same in Florida - we got out very little - but I had one delightful and gratifying violet find by proxy.

I had decided that Viola *Langloisii* was about the last *new* violet I could hope to find there but there seemed no chance of getting "up the River" to look for it. Almost at the last my little nephew Frank Gonzalez, ~~twelve~~ 13 years old went on a boys' camping trip up Yellow River, at the head of East Bay. Frank is a smart and observant chap, but knows no more about violets than what he has picked up from me and his sharp eyes have taught him. Nevertheless he came to me beaming and said confidently "Tell me what kind of violet *this* is - it's a *new* one." As he began to undo his package

Skyland N.C. October 12, 1927

Dear Mr Deane,

If I can write in the sound of all this hammering & sawing I shall try and indite the letter to you which I have had in mind so long. We are having a furnace installed in the house and this entails a number of changes and amendments, so that we are in a state of confusion and turmoil -- but, by the end of this week, I think we shall be all done. To begin with a cellar had to be dug. This was no great work as the house is placed on such a steep hillside that there was already a considerable amount of headroom where we wished to locate the furnace room and coal bin. Then an entirely new flue had to be built (as the ones we had did not extend down into the basement) and so a piece of wall, plastering etc, had to come down. There was no place inside the house suitable for the cellar stairway — so a small addition had to built on to the kitchen to accomodate these stairs. Heretofore the foundation of the house had been brick piers with latticed panels filling in. This had all to built up solid and cold proof.

Do you remember my writing you last year about a Bicknell's? - Alice's? thrush which stopped with us for two weeks and sang for us? Well, the same fellow turned up this fall and lived close about the house, staying on so late I wondered if he meant to spend the winter. Every morning we heard his vireo-like singing — in N.H. when no other bird would have thought he could sing. But no, in the very last of November a winter wren treated us to a beautiful performance, as if he were high in the mountains.

I hope both you and Miss Brown are well and that you will have a happy Christmas and a successful New Year. And I hope you will feel like writing to me sometime before long.

Affectionately your friend
Susan Sheppard

Both ans'd
June 14/28

Skyland, N.C. Dec. 15, 1927,

Dear Mr. Deane,

What kind of a friend must you think me! As an earnest of my good intentions I shall enclose the beginning of a letter to you which was side-tracked in October. I have been rather swamped with cares and illnesses on my hands the greater part of this year. Mother was so very ill all last winter and spring and on into the summer that we felt she would never be strong again. (— Strong is not the word I meant to use. She is never that.) But finally she did begin to pull up and now for several months she has been in her usual health — very feeble but not particularly ailing. I won't list all our ups and downs — how Cecily was in bed seven weeks with arthritis and so on — but only say that now things are pretty good. We were so sure Mother would not be able to go to Pensacola this winter that we made all our arrangements to be comfortable in cold weather right here. The furnace you will find me installing in the October letter is so entirely competent that we were warm and cosy when the blizzard struck us on the eighth. Eight degrees above zero is pretty cold in it's self, but the effect is doubled when a raking Arctic gale is sweeping this plateau. We also "traded in" our Dodge open touring car for a closed Overland sedan. Six cylinders — something I've always yearned for! Several of our immediate neighbors have also turned their summer homes into permanent dwellings and are staying on. Heretofore this whole mountain side was closed up and deserted in winter. We now have a telephone and "county water" instead of our former rather informal water system. So you see we are "all set" to be snowed in. Mother is so well that after Xmas Cecily intends to go with her for a six weeks visit to Florida. I shall stay on here if Miss Crisfield and Miss Lowell keep to their present plan of joining me here. They are in Maryland now, where Miss Crisfield's sister has just died.

rec'd June 16/28
and " " / "

Skyland, North Carolina, June 12,
1928

Dear Mr Meare,

It seems to me this is about the date you betake yourself to Shelburne — but it such an age since I wrote to you, or heard from you, that I am out of touch with your movements. It is hard to realize, here in North Carolina, that we are well started into the summer months, for we have never yet had any really summer-like days. Unending ~~rains~~ showers and chilly temperatures have put the seasons weeks behind time — "So like an English summer" a British neighbor says with gusto. I suppose the

Have I written to you since Christmas? If I have you must have heard that we have a new dog to replace our beloved old Irish terrier who died a year ago. This dog came to us a stray. Our hearts went out to him for his wiry red coat like Terry's — though he was most unlike our dog in every other respect. He was obviously part Airedale — but it was not until we had kept him several weeks and at last discovered his owner*, that we learned the other half of his ancestry: — his mother was a pedigreed Bull terrier. We call him our Bull-dale — and find it a highly satisfactory breed of dog! His is a most respectable character — honest, obedient, affectionate and smart.

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* (Who agreed to sell him to us.)

unusually green, lush grass and trees are English-like. Our little vegetable and flower gardens have flourished on this weather and we are getting quantities of delicious peas, lettuce and so on. The pride of our flower garden this year are the aquilegias. They are taller than any I have ever seen (the tallest stalks of flowers are up to my forehead) and there are masses of blooms in every exquisite pale shade — white, cream, canary, pink, rose, mauve lavender, purple, blue — twelve varieties. Cecily ~~have~~ and I have had our usual Spring bout of satisfactory hard work on the yard and garden. Now it is reduced to weeding and staking — and we are not unwilling to let up a little. The late Spring also favored us as to the bird migrations. The warbler passage lasted through several week — the little fellows seemed almost to "settle down" with us for awhile. I saw my first cerulean warbler — which I believe is a little rare this side of the Appalachians. And a great number of Bay breasted warbl which are rather rare here. You may remember I have been visited in the two past migrating seasons by a Bicknell's (or Alice's) thrush. He came again — and for two weeks or longer he sang about the place his rather veery-like song.

– and an endearing young rascal. His name is Chris – short for Christmas – because he came to us the day before. Have you read about the Great Smokies National Forest Reserve? This section of North Carolina and the adjoining region in the Eastern, mountainous part of Tennessee are tremendously interested in seeing the affair finally closed up successfully. I saw an account lately of the report of a group of Chicago scientists, botanists etc who had been going over the ground, which contained the statement that "forty six different varieties of violets were found within the limits of the proposed reserve". This made me prick up my ears as I had "figured," according to Dr. Brainerd and Small's botany, there were only about thirty one varieties which grew in this region. They claimed to have found one entirely new "green petaled" violet. How I wish I could penetrate into those wilds — spend several weeks exploring, botanizing and climbing. I believe they claim they have twenty peaks of an altitude of 6000 feet or more. A man I know has just come back from a two weeks tramp through the "Reserve". His greatest enthusiasm was for the impressive beauty of absolutely virgin forests of balsam and spruce. We see nothing of that kind about here.

Won't you write to me to let me know how you are and where you are? If you are very busy ask Miss Brown to send me a card. Our family are pretty well — my mother and aunt are quite perky for them! Mother and Cecily went to Pensacola for awhile this winter. I stayed here — with Chris. We had a severe winter for N. C. — Six below on January 1st — But with our new furnace we kept cosy. With affectionate regards to Miss Brown and yourself, I am, as ever

Very sincerely your friend

Susan Sheppard

ans Jan. 3/29.

WOODLOT
SKYLAND
NORTH CAROLINA

December 30, 1928

Dear Mr Deane,

New Year's Day will find us still in Skyland. The flu" situation is so bad, and the danger of infection in traveling so great, that we think it is safer for Mother to stay here where she is practically quarantined) until the epidemic subsides. So far the weather has been bright and open and Mother gets out for a ride nearly every day.

This is just a note to thank you for the spirited Grenfell Mission Christmas card. We were all delighted with it.

When I went to the kitchen at seven this morning to make our early coffee, I heard a great twittering and cheeping at the bird's feeding ground and, looking out in the half light, I saw there was an unusual congregation fluttering and hopping about in the light snow. As the light grew I made out nine varieties of birds: numbers of juncos and white throated sparrows, a cardinal, two Carolina wrens, several tufted-titmouses (mice?) and chickadees, a white-breasted nuthatch, a brown creeper and a downy woodpecker. The missing members of our more usual winter residents were the jay, golden crowned kinglet, quail, and house wren. Mother and Cecily join me in sending you the best of good wishes for the New Year.

Affectionately yours Susan Sheppard

Whitefield May 2nd 1908

Rec May 12
11

Dear Mrs Deane

Your kind letter was reaived and we was very sorry to hear that Mr Lord is ill please tell him in the kindest maner posible that if there was anything that I could do to help him I should be very glad to do it.

It is one of the hardest things of this world to have a friend suffering and not be able to help them.

It was a Phoebe bird that I see instead of a Pewee but that is the local name for them round here.

a barrel holds about 32 galons.

There is quite a difference in sap some is mouch sweeter than others there is not only

a diferance in individual trees
but there is a diferance in
sugar orchards also in difrant
years.
Farmers as a rule reckon a
pound of sugar to a pail of
sap that means 14 or 16 quarts
so you see a mouthful of
sugar means a good drink
of sap.
Trees that have large branches
and large surface of leaves
will produce more sap and
it will be sweeter than
those that have a small top.
and as a rule trees that grove
in moist muckey land
make less sugar and is
darker collared than that
made from ~~tt~~ trees that
grow on dryer ground.
It pays fairly well to make
maple sugar but like
most every thing else there
is quite a lot of hard work

We get from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter for a ~~the~~ can of syrup and the most of the sugar we put into tin pails that hold ten pounds and we get a dollar and twenty five cents for that.

I intend to take the syrup and sugar out to Whitefield and seell it a bout as fast as I get it made but this year we had so much to do that I could not get a way and the market is not so good now but it will be better after the hotells open. We have now on hand a bout thirty cans of syrup and four or five hundred pounds of sugar.

We have got nine hundred buckets and to take cair of them means a lot of work.

The sugar house is on the other side of the road from the house it is low enoug so from the road the sap runs in a spout to the storage ~~tub~~ tub I will send you an advertisement of the evaporator that we use from the storage tub the sap runs into the evaporator no 1 whare there is a regulater that keep just so much sap in the evaporator all the time then it runs ~~back and~~ to no 7 whare it is run of as syrup but there is partition so the sap runs as I have marked with the red ink No 2 is whot we call the large pan No 3 4 5 6 is whot we call the small pans it makes it much easier to take out and wash than it would be if they were all one our evaporator is three by twelve feet but it is hardly large enough I wish it was 4 by sixteen feet.

If you would pleas send me a postal card teling me how Mr Lord is I would be very glad to get it

Yours truly Fred A Shute

GRIMM'S
CHAMPION
EVAPORATOR
SAP SPOUTS
SAP BUCKETS
COVERS and
SYRUP CANS

And a Full Line of Sugar Makers Utensils

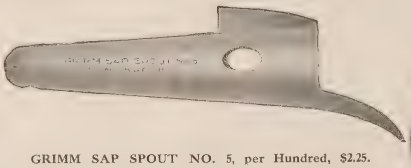
Manufactured by

G. H. GRIMM

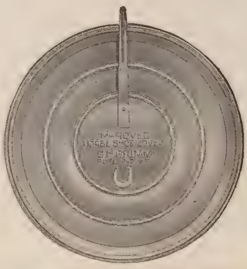
RUTLAND, VT.

Special Announcement for Season of 1907

The Grimm Sap Spout No. 5 shown below is somewhat smaller than the earlier spouts Nos. 1, 2 and 4, and will fit a ⅜-inch bore without overlapping in driving. It is specially designed for use with buckets hung directly on the spout, but can also be used with a hook. This spout, No. 5, will fit the ⅞-inch holes already punched in your buckets for the old style tin spouts.



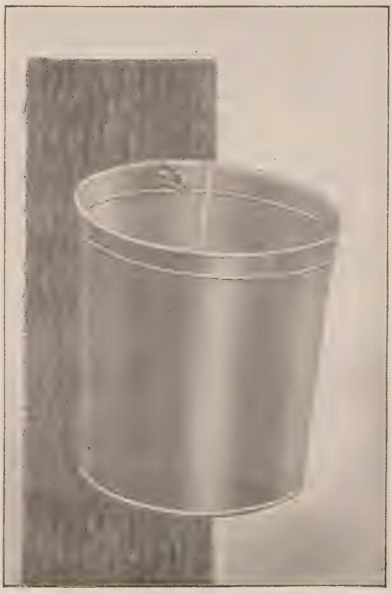
GRIMM SAP SPOUT NO. 5, per Hundred, $2.25.
With Hooks, per Hundred, $2.50.



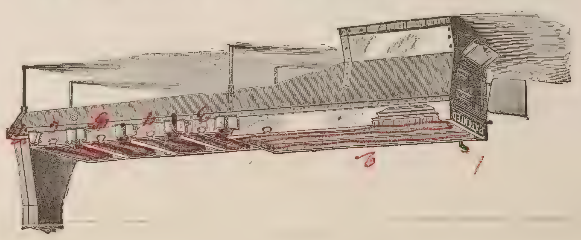
IMPROVED HORSE-SHOE COVER
Showing Spring on Under Side.
Price per Hundred, $6.00.

With the No. 5 Spout use a ⅜-inch bit for tapping and freshen the bore with a 7-16-inch reamer. The No. 5 spout will fit either size of bore, and as it is longer than the old style tin spout you do not need to remove any bark and will thus save the labor and expense of rossing and prevent injury to your trees. Warranted not to overlap in driving.

The Improved Horse Shoe Covers can be used with either style of the Grimm sap-spouts, with or without hooks. They are made of tin, painted, and will cover buckets 11 inches or less in diameter. The spring on the under side of the cover is to be inserted in the spout and the cover is then pushed back until its back edge drops over the back of the bucket where the spring holds it firmly and secure against any storm. In removing the cover the back edge must first be raised about ⅛ of an inch and the cover must then be pulled forward to release it from the spout.



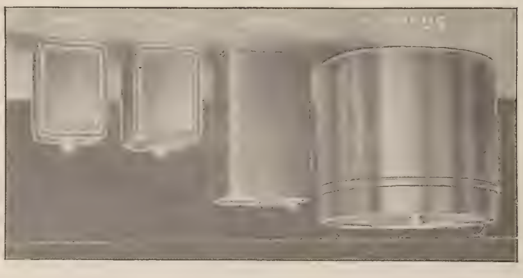
Bucket hung on No. 5 Spout without hook. Requires no rossing of the bark and will take the Improved Horse-Shoe Cover. Holes punched in buckets for the old-style tin spout will take the No. 5 Grimm Spout without change. Use a ⅜ inch bit and 7/16 reamer with No. 5 spout.



THE CHAMPION EVAPORATOR

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR USE IN THE MAPLE SUGAR CAMP.

Descriptive Catalogue and prices on application. Please state number of trees in your camp. Order early as the arch should be placed on its foundation before the ground freezes.



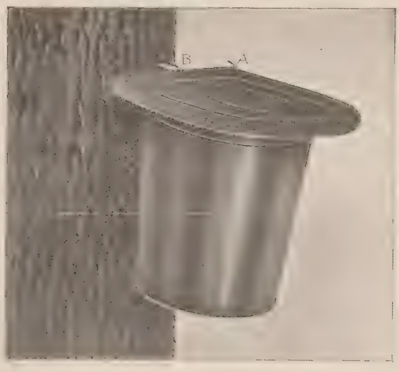
PRICES 35c each $10.00 per 100 $8.50 per 100 $7.00 per 100

THE GRIMM SYRUP CANS are made of I C BRIGHT CHARCOAL TIN. Screw Caps are lined with genuine velvet cork of best quality. The tin is full weight and the cans are honest measure.

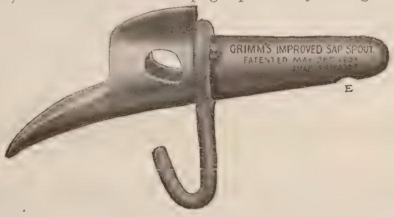
Prices of Coke-Tin cans, gathering and storage tanks, thermometers, felt strainers, etc., will be quoted on application.

. . THE IMPROVED . .
GRIMM SAP SPOUT AND COVER

Patented U. S. May 26, 1903; July 19, 1904; December 20 1904; Canada: May 12, 1903; August 2, 1904.



THE GRIMM COVERS are made of Galvanized Iron, in two sizes:—12 inches x 12 inches at $6.00 per 100, and 14 inches x 14 inches at $7.00 per 100. They can be used only with the Grimm spouts and the buckets must be hung on the hook. The cover is hinged on a detachable wire which passes through the holes in the spout. When raised for the purpose of emptying the bucket, the cover is held in an upright position by the lug on top of the spout.



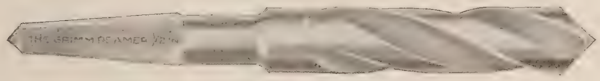
No. 4 Spouts $2.75 per Hundred, including Hooks; or $2.50 per Hundred without Hooks.
With No. 4 Spouts use a 7-16 Tapping Bit and a 1-2 inch Reamer.

THE GRIMM SAP-SPOUT is the only spout to which a cover can be securely attached; it requires no rossing of the bark; it is perfectly round, hence no loss from leakage and any boy can drive it; it starts earlier in the morning and runs later at night than other spouts; is easily removed without tearing the bark and thus protects the tree from injury. Can be used with ⅜-inch, 7-16-inch, ½-inch or 9-16-inch bore. Hold any cast-iron spout up to the light and examine the inside, and you will find numerous black spots (even in new spouts) which will be coated with rust at the end of the first season. Galvanized iron is unfit for use in sap-spouts, sap pails, or evaporator-pans, just as it is unfit for use in milk-pans and cooking utensils. The Grimm Sap Spout is formed or pressed from a single piece of sheet steel and coated with a white metal which will neither rust nor injure the sap or the tree.

The lug on the upper side of spout is formed from three thicknesses of steel, the outer one being folded over the central part and giving ample strength for driving. The small round boss shown on No. 4, locks the hook to the spout, preventing it from dropping off but permitting it to swivel. The cover, when raised, requires a slight pressure with the hand at the back edge just over the spout to lock it in an upright position. A large wire nail or spike is used to remove the spout from the bore, the spike being passed through the holes in the spout and turned right and left. In this manner the spout is removed without bruising or tearing the bark and the wound will heal over the first season. Compare results with the Grimm spout and any cast-iron spout at the close of the summer and you will decide to protect your maples by discarding all old style spouts and using only the Grimm.

THE GRIMM SAP-SPOUT when used with bit and reamer, according to directions, is *guaranteed to produce one-fourth more sap than any other spout on the market*, thus paying for itself twice over the first season in the increased product of the camp. It will do the same thing each succeeding season for a life time. If the sugar-maker does not find the Grimm Sap-Spouts as represented, he may return them at the close of the first season and the purchase money will be refunded.

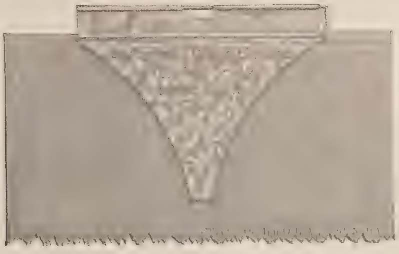
3-8 and 7-16 inch Bit, 25 Cents each.



7-16 and 1-2 inch Reamer, 50 Cents each.

TAPPING TOOLS

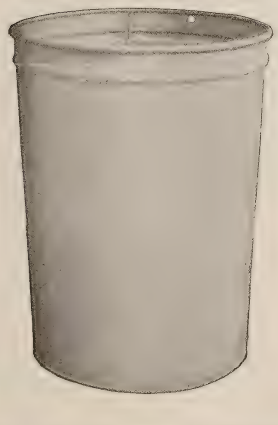
THE GRIMM REAMER for 1907 has three cutting edges instead of two, thus adding one-half to its efficiency, and at the same time preventing the tool from wabbling or running to one side. The reamer should be used as soon as the sap ceases to flow freely in good sugar weather. Tap early and ream early, and close your camp as soon as the buds start.



THE GRIMM COVER HINGE, price $1.00 per Hundred.

THE GRIMM COVER HINGE is easily attached to either board or tin covers. It is used only with the Grimm Sap-Spouts and with buckets hung on hooks. This hinge with covers made of ⅜-inch lumber is the cheapest and, for the money, the best outfit to be found. Use ⅝-inch or ¾-inch clear nails in attaching to board covers.

THE GRIMM SAP BUCKET



THIS is an honest bucket in size, material and workmanship. The body has only one seam and a galvanized steel wire which will not rust, is used around its top. Money will not buy better tin than is used in the construction of the GRIMM BUCKET. It holds full thirteen quarts Owing to its shape it hangs close to the tree and takes a 12 x 12 cover. Its bottom is double seamed and is slightly convexed to prevent slipping when placed on snow or ice. There is no other make of bucket like it; none so good as to material, workmanship and shape. A large bead near the top prevents the buckets from sticking when they are nested. The seams are soldered inside and outside. They cost only a little more than ordinary I C Charcoal tin buckets and are cheaper in the end than Coke tin buckets. Galvanized buckets should not be used as they poison the sap. They are no more fit for the purpose than galvanized cups and sauce-pans would be in your kitchen for cooking.

Price, per hundred, $24.00.

Whitfield March [23] [1914]
ans^d Mar 28]

Dear Mr Deane

How have you and Mrs Deane enjoyed this cold long winter we have bin very well except myself I had a cold and my liver was out of order that kept me in for three weeks then I was out for three days and got ~~caught~~ hurt by a log that rolled over me & broke the small bone in my leg near the foot and bruised my leg quite bad I have ben able to be up on crutches right a long but not very much and have to be very cairful of my foot but it is much better than it would of ben if I had of laid on my back for three or four weeks I got hurt the 4 of March and will have to be on crutches a week or two more.

I am going out to Lancaster to see the Dr this after noon and want to drive down to Littleton the the last of the week and may go down to Bath whare Lizzies

Sister lives that will make quite
a drive.
I will send you a small snap shot
of Harry and his wife Ralph and Lizzie
and my self and the dog Ralphs
little boy in the center and Harrys
little ~~fail~~ girl in the right
his little boy in the left.
Ralphs wif took the picture they
had been takeing some pictures
of the children and there was one
film left so we stood up back of the
children and the dog jumped up on
me and stood there? for so meny in
a small picture it is very good.
Harrys little boy is four years old
and last Christmas they was
having some exercize and a
Christmas tree at the Church
and they wanted Harry jr to
recite the three little kittens that
lost their mittens he learned
it all right so he could take his
book which was illustrated and
read it slow and very nice but
could not stand up & deliver it
with out the book so they gave
him his little rocking chair teddie
bair and book he went up on the platform
sat down put the teddie bair in his lap
found the three little kittens read it
very nicely and was enjoyed by the audience very much.

1 2 3

4 5 9

6 7 8

Sent to me
by Fred Shute
March, 1914.
WD.

1. Harry Shute
2. Ralph "
3. Fred "
4 Harry's wife
5 Mrs. Fred Shute
6 Harry's boy
7 Ralph's "
8 Harry's girl
9 Ralph's dog-

It is fine sleighing now and has been ever since the first of Dec we had a very heavy rain storm the first day of March and a very heavy wind but it was not warm enough to melt the snow very fast sence Then there was two days when the snow melted quite fast in the middle of the day.

We finished geting our ice Saturday it is soled and all right it is two feet thick and was very hard to handle. It is not very often that we can get ice the first day of spring.

Saturday morning it was 4 below zero Sunday morning it was 10 above zero this morning it is 20 above

Ralph and his wife was out to the Alt View House yesterday

they are all well.

I will send you a small picture of the Alt View House but it is not very good I think they will have some better ones this summer

We will not be able to make maple sugar this spring now that I am laid up and we did not make any last year.

The Cottage remains about the same but the trees hide the Lake so that from the piazza there is no water in sight even from the second floor the view of the lake is very small and only from the tower can you get a good view of the lake.

Mrs Shute and Ralph send kind regards and best wishes to you and Mrs Deane

Sincearly

Fred. A. Shute

Whitefield Nov 29 1925 rec'd D -5/25

Dear Mr Deane

We received Your letter and was very sorry that you and Miss Brown was not able to come and see us again last summer We would like to seen You ~~very~~ much. We are all well.

Kenneth is going to School at Lancaster and the little girls are going to the little School house up the road.

This morning the Ther was only 6 above zero now it is very clear there is a little wind here but we can see the snow flying in clouds on the Mts -- so there was a very hard wind up there.

We have a bout two inches of snow here. Nov has ben a very good month but in Oct we had very cold and stormey weather the tenth of Oct we had 14 inches of snow. Last Thursday we all went down to Harrys last year they came up hear.

We have a cat that goes to the barn when we milk he will sit up and open his mouth and we milk into it it is quite interesting to see him and if we do not milk into his mouth he will stand up on his hind feet and give our hand a pat and then if he dos not get & some milk he will use his claws.

With kind regards from All to You
And Miss Brown

I am Mostruly Yours
Fred A Shute

Friday morning

oures mail has ben going at noon but this week they have changed and it goes in the morning and I have ben late a bout mailing this.

It is cloudy this morning The — 40 above zero.

Ralph and Cora are going to Rochester next week to the State Grange.

Whitefieald April 1st 1928

Recd Apr 4
Ansd " 7

Dear Mr Dean

I remember the 12 of July as if it was but yesterday and I never go into the woods ther but I think of You and I often think of the maney walks we had and the interesting talks You gave. to look back it seames ~~but~~ a short time a go but when I think of the changes that have taken place since then it seemes a long time.

It must be a great pleasure to You to be able to look over Your every days life of thoes Years and the colection You have is something wonderful.

The studey You made of Your work and the knowledge gained is something that very few Could acomplish.

Last spring I wanted some gafting wax and I went to the Horticulturists rule book by L. H. Bailey (Yours old friend) for a rule for makeing it.

The book was a present from You July 1895 and a ~~booke~~ book of a lot of information on a large 1 number of useful things

We are all well Keneth and the Girl are going to School and they are all interested in their School work. We have had very good winter the snow was late comeing but since then it has ben very good sleighing untill the 20 of March then we had a few warm days that spoiled the sleighing but there is a lot of snow in some places and in the last two dayes it has snowed a bout three inches and that makes it look like winter but a few days of sunshine will make quite a change.

Monday April 2ed

This has ben a fine day ~~a bright~~ the Sun was quite warm.

The crowes came a bout the first of March

I see a Robbin last week it is the only one I have seen.

With kind regards

Yours

Fred A. Shute

The Therm— this morning was only 6 above zero

Whitefield, N.H.
December 27, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane,

We received your parcels Monday and did not open it until Christmas day. Uncle Harry's folks came up and we had a tree. We thank you very much for the parcels. Christmas day it ~~was~~ snowed a little but there was no wind. The bird guide will prove especially useful as well as the plates when summer comes.

Today is very cold. The thermometer was down to sixteen below zero this morning.

The rest of the family are well.

We have two weeks vacation from school.

We hope you are well.

Sincerely, Kenneth.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

SECRETARY
C. F. A. SIEDHOF

BOSTON June 2, 1915.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:

As I said last night over the telephone, the omission from our calculations of the morning of the extension set made our figures incorrect. The charge instead of being as we figured it would amount to the following:

Seven months at $4.25, $29.75; nine days at the same rate, approximately $1.26; four months at $1. per month, $4.00; approximately 70¢ at the $1. rate for the period from June 9th to July 1st, making a total of $35.71. [illegible]

I will see that the order for disconnection is issued, also the order for reconnecting the service on October 29th, so that you need not bother yourself further on that score, and it will not be necessary for you to write any notes or sign any papers .

You do not know what pleasure our visit together yesterday gave me, partly in its memories of old times, but mainly in the delight at seeing you again. I look forward with pleasure to having our little trip together in the fall.

Yours sincerely,

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

SECRETARY
C. F. A. SIEDHOF

BOSTON October 7, 1915.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Shelburne, New Hampshire.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your note telling me of the change of date of your home-coming reached me yesterday evening. I am arranging to-day for reconnection of the telephone as you wish for October 15th, and I presume that our men in order to test to see that everything is left in good order will probably want to get into the house and that the maid will allow them to do so.

I trust that it is nothing unforeseen that calls you back to Boston and Cambridge earlier than you had expected, and I am looking forward to seeing you again when you are settled for the fall and to taking you to lunch.

Yours sincerely,

Carl A. Siedhof

ans'd Apl. 14

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

SECRETARY
C. F. A. SIEDHOF

BOSTON April 13, 1916.

Official

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

After our talk last week, I have looked up your telephone arrangement to see what would be the best thing for us to do in connection with disconnecting for the summer and, also, changing to the long cord on the downstairs instrument. I find that we had arranged last fall for new service contract for you with the idea of our so-called temporary disconnection arrangement each summer. I had thought, as you may recollect, that with ~~the~~ a new contract, we could install the long cord as part of ~~the~~ a new contract, without expense to you, but I find that unless you disconnect your service entirely on short term basis this spring, signing new contract in the fall again, we shall have to charge you for the change of cord, which will amount to $1.00.

While with the settlement of your contract at short term rates, the charges to you will be the same as though you temporarily disconnected for a period not to exceed five months, the temporary disconnection has the advantage that your name continues in the directory, whereas with the short term settlement, your name will disappear from the directory, and you will not, therefore, be listed under a new contract until the fall and winter issue, which comes out some time after you return to Cambridge.

I will arrange either way that you wish, but it occurs to me that you might prefer to incur the charge for $1.00 for the cord, change now, and have the use of it until you go away, as against not having the use of this cord until next fall when you return, no charge being made for its installation, and not having your telephone number listed until well into the winter.

If you will let me know your decision, I shall be very glad to put matters in ~~frame~~ train for accomplishment, and will make the cord at any practical length that you think will meet your needs, although, if I may suggest, the shorter the cord, the less annoyance you will have from it. Possibly a cord twenty feet long will enable you to carry the telephone to the upper hall conveniently.

I hope that I did not tire you out and bewilder you with the trip through our school and exchanges, for I am fearful that being somewhat of an enthusiast myself, I cannot appreciate the limit of a visitor's endurance.

Very sincerely yours,

Gray Herbarium **Harvard University**

B. L. ROBINSON,
Prof. Syst. Bot. and Curator
M. L. FERNALD, Assistant Professor
MARY A. DAY, Librarian

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

June 28 1915

My dear Mr Deane

Your letter of June 23 to Miss Day, enclosing a plant for determination received from Mrs Thayer, was referred to me for reply.

The plant is Salvia Aethiopis L., a common weed of Southeastern Europe but extending westward to the Savoy alps. It is known under a number of names in the vernacular: ethiopian sage, marum d'Egypte, lämmchen salbei, türkischer scharlach &c.

Very truly yours

F. J. Smiley

rec'd Apr. 21/14

1138 Worthington St.
Springfield, Mass.
April 18, 1914.

Mr Walter Deane,
Dear Sir,

Your note of inquiry in regard to the late Mrs. Owen came this morning. My knowledge is very meager concerning her early life. Maria L Talbert was born at Nantucket. I think, but I do not think any one in Springfield ever knew the date. The first that I can tell you, she was teaching in Dr. Howe's school for the Deaf & Dumb. There she met Dr. Owen whom she later married. I do not know when they came to Springfield

I knew her more than 30
years & worked with her in
the Sp. Bot. Soc. the Sp. Womans
Club & was very fond of her
& corresponded with her until
her death. Several of her friends
have written letters of inquiry
to Mrs. Sullivan but there has
not been a single reply.

The Batchelders were my
near neighbors & friends.

Mrs. Owen was the intimate
of Maria Mitchell and Julia
Ward Howe whom I met
at Mrs. Owen's house

I am sorry that I have so
few facts to communicate

I would wish that we might
learn something concerning
her death, but Mrs Sullivan
seems to have locked herself
up [illegible] lost the key. An
admirer of Mrs. O. came in
just as I was reading your note
& I read it to her. She knew Mrs.
Sullivan as a child & her first remark
was, (now dont be shocked) "She ought
to be spanked" to which I added
good & hard. We all like to
have kindly letters answered

Sincerely yours,
Harriet M. Smith
Mrs Avery J. Smith.
1134 Worthington St
Springfield Mass.

SCIENTIFIC NEWS SERVICE
OF THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TELEPHONE MAIN 1812

For release afternoon papers Tuesday, December 28, 1926.

VALUABLE BOTANICAL LIBRARY REACHES SMITHSONIAN TWENTY-TWO YEARS AFTER PRESENTATION.

The most valuable botanical gift ever made to the Smithsonian has just reached the Institution, arriving, for a curious reason, twenty-two years after its presentation. This is the botanical library of Captain John Donnell Smith of Baltimore, consisting of some 1600 carefully selected and beautifully bound volumes.

Captain Smith, who at the age of 97 is the most venerable of American botanists, presented his library and also his plant collection of more than 100,000 specimens to the Smithsonian in 1905, when he was 75, with the understanding that he would retain them for his own studies as long as he wished. Though still active, Captain Smith desires to have his books installed at the present time in the Smithsonian, where they will be kept as a unit library. Each volume bears a distinctive plate with his name.

The library includes books which are not duplicated in Washington, and at least one rare work of which there is no other copy in the United States. This is a volume by Gomez Ortega, published at Madrid, in 1797, which contains the first published descriptions of many important Mexican plants. An American botanist once made a typewritten copy of this book's many pages, in order to have the descriptions immediately at hand.

The library is particularly rich in works describing tropical American plants, especially those of Central America, a field in which Captain Smith has specialized. Many of the volumes were sent to England for binding. In 1908 the Smithsonian published a catalogue of the entire library, compiled by Alice Cary Atwood of the Department of Agriculture.

At the time of presentation to the Smithsonian, Captain Smith's superb plant collection was the finest in existence for Central America. It is of great scientific importance because it includes so many types, that is, specimens which have served for the description of new species. It contains, also, many valuable sets of plants from remote parts of the world. From China is a series of several thousand specimens prepared by the Irish botanist, Henry; from Tibet and central Asia, the Schlaginweig herbarium; from Syria, the Post collections; and there are from India, Australia, Europe and Africa other sets of almost equal importance. About half the herbarium was turned over to the Smithsonian several years ago, and has been the basis of much important work by the Institution's botanists.

Captain Smith became an Honorary Associate of the Smithsonian Institution many years ago. Born in 1829, he is the oldest living graduate of Yale, being a member of the class of 1847. During the Civil War he held a captaincy of artillery in the Confederate Army. He practised law for several years before and after the war. His interest in botany dates from 1874. He was a close friend of Asa Gray and Sereno Watson, of Harvard, and of Sir Joseph Hooker, who was long director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. He is still well remembered in Central America as the result of his botanical expeditions to that region.

--oOo--

The New England Botanical Club
Incorporated

1 Wolcott Terrace,
Winchester, Mass.,
February 15, 1926.

Mr. Walter Deane
Dear sir:

As chairman of the Committee on the Flora of Massachusetts, I wish to get in touch with you as soon as possible. I realize that it is practically impossible to find a time for committee meeting that will be convenient for all. Consequently I plan to follow the method all ready used by Prof. Fernald. THAt is, I shall prepare the manuscript as far as I am able from material in the Gray Herbarium and the Club collection and send a copy to you for revision and additions. As I understand from Prof. Fernald the Committee plans to publish serially in RHODORA and later assemble the parts into a book. I am now working on the ferns and fern allies and hope to send the manuscript for your revision fairly soon. This manuscript necessarily will be rather incomplete and I ask that you spare no criticism however slight in improving it. I think we ought to begin publication in RHODORA this year, as I shall have rather more time to organize the work than Prof. Fernald had.

I do not believe it will be necessary to call a committee meeting until we nearly have prepared the first instalment for publication. I should be greatly obliged if you would write me of any changes you think advisable in the committee program as I have outlined it.

Respectfully yours,
Lyman B. Smith

ls

[illegible] COUNTY TIMES AND GAZETTE.

[illegible] 5/31/84.

Walter Deane Esq.,
5 Brewster Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

By the mail which takes this will go out a copy of "The Redwood Reserve" addressed to you; and that and this are sent with especial pleasure. If it be possible so to do, I shall persuade our delegation in Congress to move to have at least a portion of this splendid patrimony saved. And it is stimulating to find friends

for the project even in far
New England — of whom I
trust my as yet unknown
correspondent it.

Cordially yours,

Ralph Sidney Smith

The Smithsonian Institution.

The Smithsonian Institution, in behalf of the United States National Museum, returns a grateful acknowledgment to

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

for the gift of the objects mentioned in the accompanying list.

R. Rathbun
Assistant Secretary,
in charge of National Museum.

Washington, D. C., U. S. A. January 25, 1916.

LIST OF SPECIMENS RECEIVED.

Four hundred and forty-three specimens of plants, chiefly from Shelburne, New Hampshire.

(Accession 59188)

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 25, 1927.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Deane:

We have just received from Mr. C. A. Weatherby a package of 140 specimens of plants, collected in the various parts of the eastern United States by Mr. J. R. Churchill, which he asks be taken up as a gift from you to the National Museum. It is so accessioned, and I need scarcely assure you that we are glad indeed to have these specimens. Accept, please, our very sincere thanks.

With kind regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,

William R. Maxon
Associate Curator,
Division of Plants.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 28, 1927.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dear Sir:

I beg to formally acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. C. A. Weatherby, of 140 specimens of plants collected in the eastern United States by J. H. Churchill, and referred to in your correspondence with Dr. William R. Maxon. They are entered on our records as a gift from you, and are a very acceptable addition to the National Herbarium.

Very truly yours,

W deC Ravenel

W.deC.Ravenel,
Acting Assistant Secretary.

Sm

Ans'd Dec 2/17

187 WALNUT STREET,
BROOKLINE. Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:-

Mrs. Green has just sent me the October "Rhodora," and I have been refreshing my spirit with the Euphorbia Cyparissias and her Villain.

I can add two New Hampshire stations

in proportion to real milkweed as dolls to humans. I can remember sitting by this patch and whisking the dark seeds into my hand. It still grew there in my grown up days when I knew its real name.

I saw a bit of Shelburne spurge last summer but the seeds had fallen.

Yours truly -
Caroline Gray Soule

December first.

for fruiting E. cyparissias, though they may be plentiful now for I have not seen either for some years.

Near the old Shattuck house in Jaffrey was a patch of the spurge just setting seeds in the last week of a hot May, when I was at this boarding house for some weeks. The spurge made a noticeable patch by the roadside. 1896.

In the old garden of the Principal's House in Exeter, New Hampshire, then was occupied by my grandfather, we children used to find the spurge and called it "Hollo' cultivated" because it was so small

FRANK SMITH & Co
JOBBERS IN
FLOUR·GRAIN·PROVISIONS
GROCERIES
Lancaster·N·H·
MILLERS.
AND
MANUFACTURERS OF
DIMENSION LUMBER

Lancaster, N.H. , June 28, 1897.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:- Your favor of the 25th ia at hand and I thank you for the information in regard to Olive-sided Flycatcher. I went out this morning before office hours and tried to find a nest, have one located in a few scattering spruces but cannot see the nest on account of the thick tops. I have disposed of my duplicate set of Goshawk.

I shall be very to glad to meet you and take a stroll looking after the birds and will ride over to your aunt's any Sunday afternoon that you wish. That is the only time that I can get away,as I have had my vacation. Awaiting your reply, I remain ,

Very truly yours,

F. B. Spaulding

FRANK SMITH & Co
JOBBERS IN
FLOUR·GRAIN·PROVISIONS
GROCERIES
Lancaster·N·H·
MILLERS.
AND
MANUFACTURERS OF
DIMENSION LUMBER

Lancaster, N.H., July 2, 1897.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Whitefield, N.H.

Dear Sir:- Your letter is at hand and I shall be please to go over to Mrs. Waterston's next Sunday afternoon if the weather is pleasant. I shall go on my wheel, so if it is rainy you need not expect me. Shall probably get there about 3 o'clock.

Very truly yours,

F. B. Spaulding.

FRANK SMITH & Co
JOBBERS IN
FLOUR·GRAIN·PROVISIONS
GROCERIES
Lancaster·N·H·
MILLERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF DIMENSION LUMBER

Lancaster, N.H., July 15, 1897.

Dear Mr. Deane:- Yours of the 13th duly received. I am very glad that you had such an enjoyable trip to Lancaster and trust that you will find it o convenient to run up some afternoon soon and we will try the birds in a different direction. I enjoy very much having some one to talk to that is interested in my hobby. I would suggest that you compare that hawk of yours with the description of a young Cooper's. I do not think it possible that it can be a Goshawk, it is too small. Do you remember the hawk on top of my cabinet? That was a Goshawk and not a very large one either.

What a storm we have had, I do not remember such a rain. The streams are all over their banks and much damage must be done.

Hastily yours,

Fred B Spalding

FRANK SMITH & Co
JOBBERS IN
FLOUR·GRAIN·PROVISIONS
GROCERIES
Lancaster·N·H·
MILLERS.
AND
MANUFACTURERS OF
DIMENSION LUMBER

Lancaster, N.H., July 19, 1897.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I promised to write you the first of this week and let you know when I could get away, but at this time it is impossible to say. The young lady who helps me on the books was called home this morning by a telegram, she does not know what the trouble is nor how long she will have to stay. So you see I am doing double work and cannot possibly leave for an hour. When I find out how long this will last I will write you again. I am as anxious to go as you are.

Very truly yours,

F. B. Spaulding

[illegible] is more comfortable.

FRANK SMITH & Co
JOBBERS IN
FLOUR·GRAIN·PROVISIONS
GROCERIES
MILLERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF DIMENSION LUMBER
Lancaster·N·H·

Lancaster, N.H., Sept. 11, 1897.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your letter is at hand and I wish to thank you for your kind offer You know how much I want a copy of this work and I shall appreciate it much more coming from you and it will be a pleasant reminder of the walks and talks we have had this summer.

I trust that nothing will happen to interfere with our tramp the 19th; it is not likely that we shall see many birds but we may run across something new and we shall certainly have a good visit together. I heard my Warbling Vireo this morning singing away as happily as ever . I hear that there are some ducks on the river, tomorrow I shall walk down to the meadow and see if I can get a look at them. Fred B. Spaulding.

Long Distance Telephone. *Ship via Maine Central R. R.*

MILL:
Maine Central Railroad
Near Round House.

STORE-OFFICE:
MIDDLE
ST.

Stevens & Moore
Dealers in Corn, Flour and Mill Feed
Roller Process Milling

Moore & Spaulding,
SUCCESSORS.

Lancaster, N. H., Oct 12 189

Dear Mr. [illegible]:

I have not heard from you since your return, excepting through Mr. Shute, who told me last week that you arrived safely. I am very busy in my new place and have not had a chance to go out much since I went with you. One afternoon about three weeks ago I went hunting and saw several birds that would have interested you, viz: Golden crested Kinglets, Barred Owl and a very handsome Red-tail.

Very Respectfully,
~~STEVENS & MOORE.~~

over

Mr. Slate brought me a very rare and interesting bird Oct 2., a Leach's Petrel, shot in Blood Pond. It was a terribly poor specimen having been shot with a rifle, one wing being almost shot away and its head was all crushed out of shape. On account of its rarity I made a skin out of it but it is a very shabby affair.

A farmer living near Martin [illegible] Pond saw a Duck Hawk catch and kill a large Black Duck last week. This is quite a rare bird for this section and I was glad to add it to my list.

I suppose you are very busy now in your new location. I wish I could drop in on you and put in a few days looking over the Brewster collection!

Very truly yours

Long Distance Telephone.

Ship via Maine Central R. R.

MILL:
Maine Central Railroad
Near Round House.

STORE-OFFICE:
MIDDLE
ST.

Stevens & Moore
Dealers in Corn, Flour and Mill Feed

Moore & Spaulding
SUCCESSORS.

Roller Process Milling

Lancaster, N. H., 7 [illegible] 189

[illegible]:

[illegible]

as well as [illegible]

this winter, but [illegible] have had [illegible]

inclination [illegible]

[illegible]

able to sit up for a short time [illegible]

around after [illegible]

a time [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] hope for the best

Very Respectfully,
STEVENS & MOORE.

The physicians and everybody else say her vitality is astonishing and her courage is truly wonderful. She has no fear of death, but of course for the sake of husband and children she had a great desire to live. Before the operation from which she did not expect to rally she was as calm as if nothing unusual was to occur, repeating the Christian psalm "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,"

I did not know before how many friends we had, everybody has been so kind and obliging, it seems as if I can't tell. The agony in the past two months, the anxiety and sorrow have been hard to bear.

Long Distance Telephone.

Ship via Maine Central R. R.

MILL:
Maine Central Railroad
Near Round House.

STORE-OFFICE:
MIDDLE
ST.

Stevens & Moore

Dealers in Corn, Flour and Mill Feed

Roller Process Milling

Moore & Spaulding,
SUCCESSORS.

Lancaster, N. H., May 29, 1898

I am glad you are [illegible] yourself [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I do not think you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shall you [illegible] come this way this summer. I should be very glad to have a walk and a talk [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] summer [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] this spring; I think I would [illegible] [illegible] days in the woods [illegible], but do not [illegible] before the roads [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] waters.

Very Respectfully,
STEVENS & MOORE.

I was much interested in
the article on the best way of
and enjoyed the plates, [illegible]
too.

After a very deep snow in
the 1st Feb, we have had a de-
lightful March and birds are
very numerous fully two weeks
ahead of time. Robins, Song
and Tree Sparrows, Black Snow
birds and Bluebirds the latter
are very numerous and it
seems like old times to see
them. Bluebirds have always been
favorites with me and I was
deeply grieved when they became
so scarce a few years ago.
Some species of Ducks are here
but I have not been down on
the meadows to see what
kinds.

With best wishes and regards
to Mrs. Brewster I am
Sincerely yours
[illegible] Spaulding.

Long Distance Telephone. Ship via Maine Central R. R.

MILL:
Maine Central Railroad
Near Round House.
STORE-OFFICE:
MIDDLE
ST.

Moore & Spaulding

Wholesale

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., Ap. 29 1898

Dear Mr. Dean:— Your welcome letter came duly to hand and I know you want to hear from my wife first, of all. I am glad to say she is gaining steadily, though very slowly and even if she recovers it will be a long time before she is strong again. Both children are well and strong, "they say" we have the sweetest baby in the country.

Now about birds,

Very Respectfully,
MOORE & SPAULDING.

over.

My time in the woods has been
rather limited to [illegible]
expect to take a week [illegible]
[illegible] of my [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] could not get out of
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] and, ac-
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

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Wholesale
Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N.H., Apr 29 189

[illegible]

[illegible]

Very Respectfully,
MOORE & SPAULDING.

This was very [illegible] like a
Red tail [illegible] were like
one of [illegible] Hawks were
greatly, though the eggs are
not incubated, the nest was
an untidy [illegible] one, built
largely of green hemlock
twigs mixed with a few
some sticks and was about
40 feet up in the crotch of
a yellow birch in heavy
growth. It was just well
lined with fine strips of
bark from the silver birch.

The owls nest was in a dead
stub about 30 feet up and in
a cavity one and a half feet
deep.

Saw a pair of Goshawks
near where I took a set [illegible]
years ago and shall look after them
soon.

Hoping you will decide to
come this way, I remain
Very sincerely,
[illegible]

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G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., [illegible] 189[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Very Respectfully,
MOORE & SPAULDING.

[illegible]

[illegible] good bunch of [illegible]
of the lichens,

I have not taken three
sets of flowering plants but expect
to be able to add a few more
species, the season is rather
late and cold, though many
are not as [illegible] expected from
your description.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] much [illegible], I [illegible] prefer
of which I have taken 3
five sets of [illegible] eggs each,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a nest,
less than half size, it [illegible]
like a smaller woodpecker's
egg [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
collecting.

I [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible].

Long Distance Telephone.

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STORE-OFFICE:
MIDDLE
ST.

Moore & Spaulding

Wholesale

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., Aug 21 *189*8

Dear Mr. Deane:– Your last letter got mislaid and I have been laboring under the impression that you owed me and but find today that I am mistaken so will proceed to pay off our debt at once. I am sure you want to hear from my good wife first, am pleased to say that she is slowly but surely gaining, rides out and walks all about the house and

Very Respectfully,
~~MOORE & SPAULDING.~~

I am sorry you are so far away. It is lonesome not having one to talk to on my hobby, though I have a good many correspondents and have done quite a lot of exchanging this year, adding many fine things to my coll. I had good success in the field, taking 8 sets Broadwing, same as last year and many sets of small birds including 24 sets of Magnolia Warbler.

I have not been out any since June so have not kept track of many birds. I notice swallows are flocking preparatory to the southern migration. Alas, how short our summer is!

Will you give me your Cambridge address in your next letter? I may visit Boston for two or three days in Oct. and if so would like to see you.

Yours very truly,

Long Distance Telephone.

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MIDDLE
ST.

Moore & Spaulding

—Wholesale—

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., May 9 189[illegible]

Dear Mr [illegible]:

You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from me after so long a silence but I trust you will pardon my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] information on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the words [illegible] [illegible]

Very Respectfully,
MOORE & SPAULDING.

The fire we had since here
Jan. 20 burning two of our
best blocks, our store was
barely saved. As it was we
were badly drenched and sus-
tained quite a heavy loss but
were fully insured. Trying
to clear our store of some of
our most valuable goods I
sprained my ankle severely,
breaking a ligament, and have
been on crutches and unable
to work since until very recently
but now I am back at work
and think I shall be all
right in a few weeks though
my ankle is very weak and
I [illegible] trust it will not
interfere with my field-
work (as one needs good legs
to tramp all day in the
mountains)

Long Distance Telephone.

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Moore & Spaulding

Wholesale

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., Mar 8 *189*9

Very Respectfully,
MOORE & SPAULDING.

I suppose you are roaming around in the museum and enjoying it as much as ever, having pleasant recollections of the short time I spent there last Fall.

I know you will rejoice with us in my wife's continued improvement; she is gaining every day and we are all well and happy.

How do you like the Osprey in its new dress? I cannot say that I think it has improved. Dr. Coues' self assurance makes me very tired.

Our first migrants have come, [illegible], Ducks and Crows. I suppose you have many more than that.

Yours truly,

T. B. Spalding.

Long Distance Telephone.

Ship via Maine Central R. R.

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ST.

Moore & Spaulding

Wholesale

Dealers in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Roller Process Milling

G. C. Moore
F. B. Spaulding

Lancaster, N. H., May 2 1894

Dear Mr. Diamond,

I have a few minutes today, and as it is the first I have had for many days I take the opportunity to write you. Our spring has been rather cold and backward, though we have had a great deal of pleasant weather.

~~Very Respectfully,~~
~~MOORE & SPAULDING.~~

I have been in the field less than usual and have only taken a few sets of common ones such as Broad-wing, Solitary Vireo, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Pileated Woodpecker and Saw-whet Owl. All the later migrants have arrived now and I shall be looking for warblers at the first chance. Roger and I took a short walk last evening and I found a nest of magnolia, much to his delight.

Trade has been brisk for the past month so I ought not to complain if I have to forego the pleasures of collecting.

Very truly yours

F. H.

Long Distance Telephone Roller Process Milling

F. B. Spaulding

Wholesale

Dealer in Flour, Grain and Sugar

Lancaster, N.H., Jan. 10, 1900. 1899.

Dear Mr. Deane:- I am sending you today by mail a box containing a mounted bird which I would like to have you identify for me. It is difficult to name a strange bird without having something to compare it with, and I am a little uncertain about this one.

We are having a very open winter, very little snow, not enough for sleighing and the weather has been mild right along. There are a few Pine Grosbeaks around, but I have not seen any other winter birds although I have been out several times fox-hunting. I shot a Canada Jay Thanksgiving Day, quite a rare bird about here.

We are all well and business is good, am so busy that I neglect all my correspondents. Please remember me to Mrs. Deane.

Very truly yours,

F. B. Spaulding.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY

FOREST PATHOLOGY

Amherst, Mass.
February 9, 1926

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

The future of the eastern white pine and chestnut, two of the most valuable timber trees of the Northeast, is seriously threatened by introduced fungous diseases. In the last twenty-five years our extensive and valuable chestnut forests have been killed by the fungus ENDOTHIA PARASITICA which came to us from China. The chestnut, as a timber tree, has disappeared from its northernmost range to western Pennsylvania and Virginia and is being exterminated from there southward. Such complete destruction of an important timber tree by a parasitic fungus has never been previously known by man. It brings us to the serious consideration of means of replacing the chestnut with some resistant timber tree if possible. The breeding of races of short-lived field crops resistant to destructive fungous diseases has been accomplished successfully. Races of cotton, watermelon and cowpea have been bred which resist wilt so successfully as to yield good crops on land which is infected so thoroughly that the unselected races of these crops are entirely useless. It is well known to plant pathologists that in areas where a crop plant is ruined by fungous disease outbreaks, there usually are a few resistant plants which manage to survive and in some instances may even approach normal vigor of growth. Such resistant individuals may serve as a basis for selection and breeding for greater resistance. There is no apparent reason why this should not happen with our chestnut also, but it will take many more years to prove it with a long-lived tree than in the case of the short-lived field crops. A beginning has been made in the breeding of resistant chestnut trees which may serve for the production of nuts of satisfactory size and quality. But no resistant tree has yet been found which has the size needed to produce timber.

An effort is being made to find any tree of our native chestnut which may be resistant to the blight. Many such suspected cases are under observation already. A tree to be considered resistant must have had the blight present in its vicinity at least ten years and preferably longer. It should have a considerable portion of its top and branches still alive, and should show evidence of having had the blight on large branches or trunk for five to ten years. It appears to be too much to expect to find a tree which is completely immune to the disease. If all observers who have a chance would keep this matter in mind and report the exact location and size of chestnut trees which seem to be

G
P
O

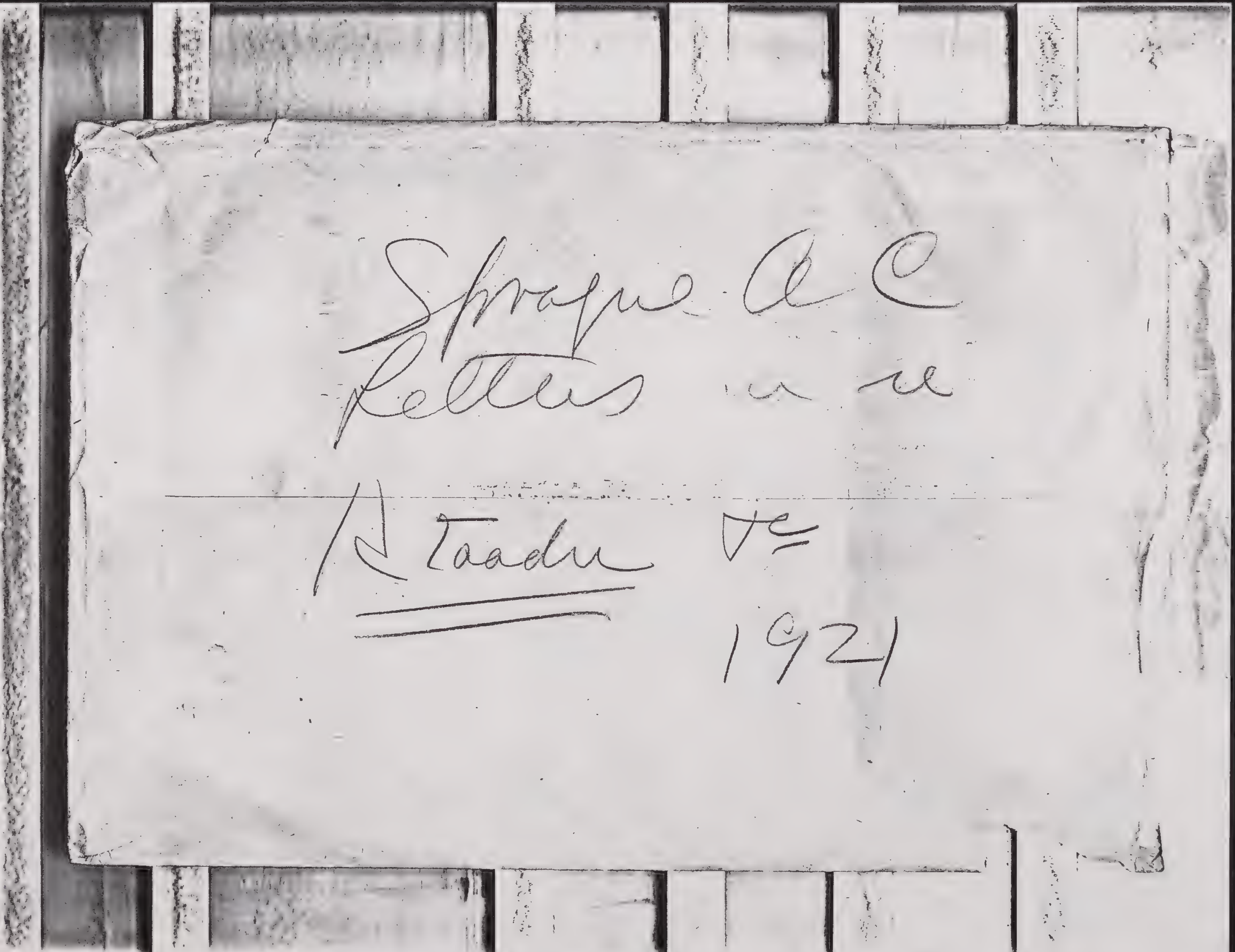
resistant, there would be a good chance of our finding such trees, if there are any. Dr. Perley Spaulding, Pathologist of the Northeastern Forest Experiment Station at Amherst, Massachusetts, will be glad to receive notes concerning apparently resistant trees. Such trees will be visited and inspected, so far as possible, so that really resistant ones may be watched. This will be done with the idea of finally getting nuts or cuttings from such trees to begin the breeding of even more resistant trees. While such effort to get a resistant timber chestnut may seem visionary, no one can say that it is impossible or even improbable. The former great value of our chestnut in the forests of the Northeastern States is sufficient justification for our exhausting all possible hopes for replacing it on a forestry basis. You may chance to see such resistant trees. Don't fail to report it as it may be of much greater importance than you believe possible.

Very sincerely yours,

Perley Spaulding

Pathologist.

P. S. While not directly mentioned in the above, this letter is a plea not to cut too closely the few remaining partly living chestnut trees. It is obvious that clean cutting of all such trees will prevent their standing long enough to show real resistance to the blight. In cuttings made by you or under your direction leave one or two such trees to fight out their battle and reveal to us resistant individuals, if there are any. F. S.



Sprague A C
Letters " "

A Toader Jr
1921

Wollaston. Sept. 28. 1914.

Dear Mr. Deane

You letter beat me to the office and I was mighty glad to find it.

I most certainly saw the sheet but instead of tears in my eyes I had a feeling under my skin that I wanted to jump off the train and go back to shake hands again with the people who were waving it.

In other words I wanted to make the whole Deane household understand how much their kindness had to do with my liking for Philbrook Farm on my first trip.

I had a very quiet trip home on the boat — only a very few

4 — I am going to try an enlargemt of the side portrait with the hat as I think it will stand it and if it is a success you shall have one. At any rate I shall send the negatives of those which Mrs D. selected as soon as I have had a print of them.

We are having a very cold night with a probability of a hard frost.

Everything has dried up around here and there is no sign of rain.

I am looking forward ~~to~~ in hopes of seeing you all come to the office or telephone from a convenient place, in a very hungry condition. At any rate I want to talk with you some more.

Yours truly

A. C. Sprague.

P.S. I want to warn you in the most gentle manner against a certain tendency in your draughtsmanship toward cubism, which is pernicious (I believe that is the right word)

2.

passengers and a very quiet crowd – so I slept hard.
I have just been eating dinner with Mr. Hovey.
When he has to stay in Town to meet people on business in the evening (as he often does) he always telephones me to spend the early part with him.
I called him up early this morning and found he had been trying to get me.
His first question was "How did you like Shelburne?" and the next was "the people?".
We agree perfectly on these matters as we do on all others – it is very ~~possible~~ hard to raise any disagreement except on who shall pay for the dinner, and, I am sorry to say, he usually pays.
However, he is so kind-hearted

3. and friendly that I can't quarrel with him on anything.
He hopes to come to Shelburne in October and I hope he can, for I think it has helped him pick up his strength this last year.
Mr. H. and I were deeply moved at the sight of your sketch of the Deane family with the sheet.
You have certainly qualified as a draughtsman and I want you to accept my congratulations.
There is a place in our office waiting for you whenever you apply.
I remember that you spoke of one print which you would like and I think it was the Gentian Pond view, so I shall send this and if it is not the one please let me know.

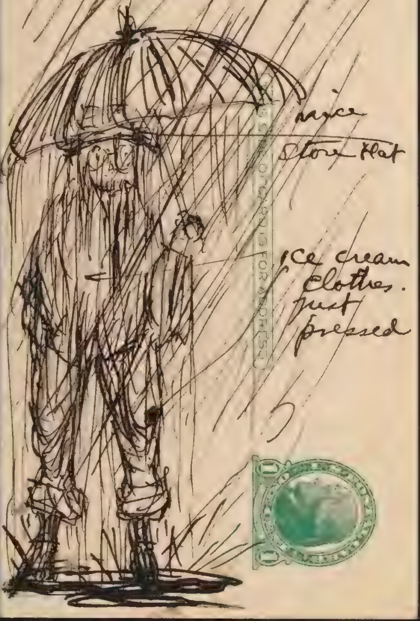
1. Boston July 13. 1915

Dear Mr. D.

I am sending some orchids as an experiment. I don't think they will look like much when they arrive. A very good fellow at the parcel window advised me to write "Flowers" on the outside to avoid having the package opened ten or a dozen times! I suppose the holes in the sides suggested that it might contain a litter of Guinea pigs or something perishable that was good to eat.

Now about your last letter. I shall insist that all your correspondence be properly (and I might say beautifully illustrated) as it has always been

Month of June as it
has looked in Boston



Wollaston Dec 2. 1915

Dear M. D.

I have found out this much about the grade problem.

The City of Boston established a grade basis long ago which was intended to be mean low water which is just as we thought an average of low waters - but evidently they made a mistake of about $-\frac{2}{3}$ of a foot or -.64, as your information stated, and this has, of course, persisted and been accepted.

The engineer with whom I talked said that the point

---

4. Now be good - remember me to the folks at the Deane house and come in to the office and eat with me whenever you can.

My sister-in-law expects sometime to see Mr. Deane with whom she has talked over the phone.

Yours truly

A. C. Sprague

has been discussed a good deal of late and some suggestion has been made that the level of the city has actually sunk, but this is not generally accepted. Of course if this is true, it would naturally have carried the original grade of the base down as the figures of grade still have to be taken from the present ground as we find it.

I don't think he believed this.

Now most of the towns around Boston have adopted this base for convenience but it happens that Cambridge has a different ~~b~~ one

I suppose it was adopted long ago and has persisted as a matter of necessity like the Boston one. He couldn't tell me just what the difference was but I shall be in a way to find out and will let you know when I get the information. He said that Quincy had the Boston base.

Of course it is easy to see that a town might determine its heights by any base they choose.

For instance an inland town might want to determine by the high water mark of a river which would threaten to flood it at certain seasons.

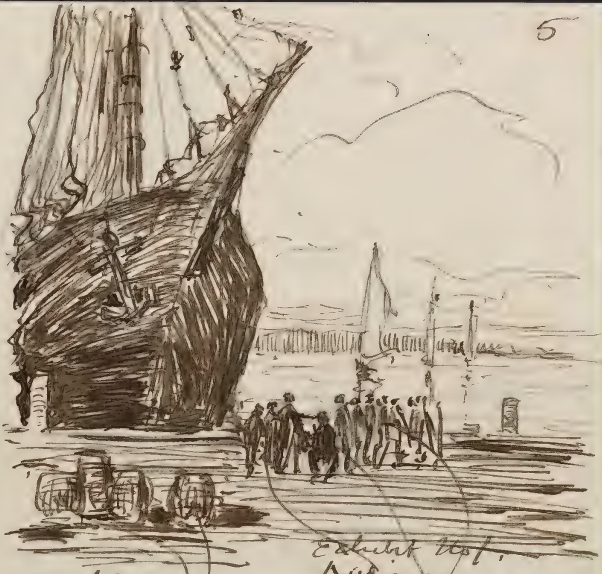


Exhibit no 1,
Audience
with much advice.

Exhibit
no 2
Terrible smell
from fish barrels

Exhibit no 3
a poor
artist.

I am not going to let you beat me out on illustrated letters, so I send the above.

6. I may possibly go over
to Randolph on my way up
to S. for a day or two, but
shall let Mr. Philbrook know
before hand and it will
not make any difference
about the room anyway.
Please remember me to
Mrs D. and Miss Brown,
also please be real
neighborly and let me know
what you are doing once in
a while as I enjoy hearing
from you.
Hoping that you will have
a fine Summer
I am
Yours truly
A. C. Sprague.

[. June 27 '15]
Wollaston
Mass.

3. I thought they were not coming up in the Spring but they have not only come up but grown quite wonderfully. They are sending out branches in all directions and are getting ready for a lot of flowers.

Along with these I have some groups of another kind of "cultivated" wild aster which is very handsome when in flower and these are doing very well. One clump is now over six and one half feet high and still going.

Also there will be a good blossoming of the small hardy chrysanthemums.

My purple phlox blossomed unusually well but the white hasn't come yet and may not this year.

I have one enormous spike of Lupin which seems ~~to~~ to come from a this year seedling - although it should be a "biennial"

I have almost finished cutting down my privet hedge which was badly winterkilled but the new growth is at least three feet high already.

Wollaston Aug 14-1918.

Dear W. D.

I am in debt to a certain fellow W. D. by name to the extent of one long letter and as I have a little while this evening I shall start it and, if necessary, finish tomorrow night.

We have been having the hottest weather of the year for two weeks - real slippery, nasty dog days that spoil your collar and shirt in a few minutes.

Last night was the top notch and today has been much the same. but tonight we had a little shower and I think the air is a little better.

We had a young tornado last week. It did no damage on my place as it was out of the path, but at the time I was in a building on the beach section of the town and it was pretty exciting for a few minutes.

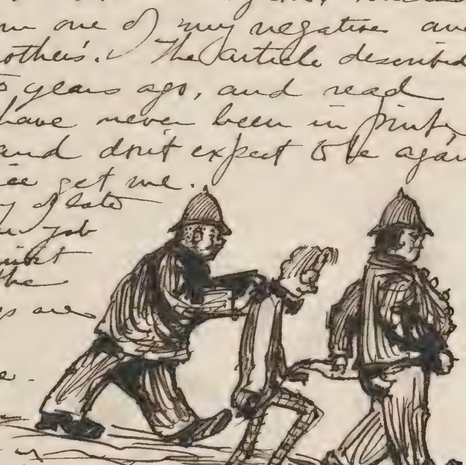
Some large tree limbs fell all around this building on both sides ~~and blocked the~~ clear across the street which was the broad "turnpike" from Quincy to Boston.

One automobilist stopped in front of

2 the building and ~~got struck~~ saved himself from being hit.

On my way home I saw two large trees that had been snapped off in the middle of the trunks and two that had been torn up by the roots. Also a great quantity of large limbs lying across the streets. But ~~when~~ the path of the storm was very narrow and there was nothing more than a little rain at my place.

I had a copy of "Appalachia" come to me two days ago and in it was Dr Pease article on the Mahoosuc region, including a photograph from one of my negatives and one from my brothers. The article described our trip of two years ago, and read very well. I have never been in print, I think, before and don't expect to be again unless the police get me.



I have been busy of late on my alteration job but there is almost nothing to do at the office and things are of course very uncertain there. However we shall probably keep open for a while yet.

Tell Mrs Brown that my flowers are growing very fast in this dog day weather. I have a great lot of Canterbury Bells, Fox glove, Larkspur, Columbines and Hollyhocks which will ~~to~~ flower next year. My oriental Poppie plants which seemed at first to be winterkilled are coming back. I have a lot of Zinnias in blossom, and a lot of ~~white~~ wild ox-eye daisies which are really very handsome when cultivated. Also a lot of Marigold will soon be here and a lot of different Helianthus. My Nova Anglia asters are doing wonderfully well.

6 "Good old New England
Poetry".
Here it is
"Foch! Boche!! Gosh!!!"

Now Good Night

A. C. Sprague.

Write me what you are doing and how you are like a good boy.

P.S. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hovey wanted me to be sure to remember them to you when I wrote. I spent a very fine Sunday afternoon with them recently — went all over the place; approved Mr. H's flowers and visited with both the dogs.

Please remember me to Gus and all the Shelburnites.

SHELBURNE
PATHÉ WEEKLY.

5. You will see from the date that it is almost a week since I began this remarkable letter and now I am going to finish it

Since I started this I have finished cutting down my hedge and am now trimming the new growth.

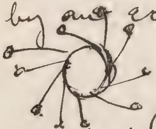
I have sketched a number of times this Summer along the Lynn-Nahant Causeway, a very interesting sand beach. The rocks where I would like to go are patrolled by a coast guard, consequently no sketching or photography.

I wish I could be in Shelburne while you are there but I can't come I am afraid.

I am getting tired out, not from hard work, but from monotony and would like to see and do something else beside the regular routine.

Now I must go to bed but before I stop I must quote a fine poem which I think was originally printed in the Springfield Republican — under the heading of

3. sending out pistons in all directions like the arms of an octopus. as the whole revolved these individual arms drew up and down by an eccentric arrangement.



this was the general principal of the top.

Often you would see unloading device from the great docks and sometimes farming machinery at work.

Scenes from some of the great fires that have swept large portions of cities

Recently I saw the fire department of N. Y. playing the hose into the East like youngsters of a hot night. etc. It is always instructive and the views are often quite remarkable. you rarely see people leaving until after the Pathé.

I think this name must be some French agency which started it. at any rate it has come to signify a digest of the passing news.

the bear adventure is purely imaginative It [illegible] shows what might happen in a

rec'd Sept

Wollaston Sept. 4 - 1918

Dear W. F.

I got your fine letter last night, read it with a great deal of pleasure and as I have a few minutes of spare time am going to talk to you.

I have been trimming a piece of Barberry hedge this evening and worked by the light of an electric bulb which is set at the entrance of the driveway to my land.

things are very dry and I am afraid that some of the late garden stuff won't develop unless we have rain soon.

We have had an extraordinary lot of sticky dog-day weather in the late Summer and much fog or mist which does little good to the ground but makes the air very disagreeable: a few scattered light showers have kept the top of the ground passably damp but the deeper soil has no water stored and therefore it will soon begin to show on the top I fear.

2 Now for your letter,

The "Pathé" or more correctly "Pathé Weekly" is a sort of digest of happenings in the world which is ~~[illegible]~~ issued in moving picture films at regular intervals by a company which, perhaps, corresponds to the associated press! Hearst seems to control it in this country but nearly all the movie houses present at every show about 20 minutes of these reels.

It is always extremely interesting and often very instructive and serves to keep a great many people more or less conversant with the passing happenings.

For instance you ~~[illegible]~~ will just now see a few reels of passing war exploits. ~~Perhaps~~ Perhaps a few scenes of U.S.A recruits as they are training at some of the camps. Then there may be the launching of the latest ship (I remember a concrete ship), perhaps views of some of the French towns often with U.S.A. soldiers marching in the streets. Often a scene of Pres. Wilson or some other dignitary addressing an audience or reviewing a parade.

Then there may be views of Gen. Foch or Petain or some other distinguished soldier awarding the Croix de guerre.

Sometimes views of natural scenery. I remember a party taking a trip to Crater Lake and I have seen some very wonderful views of the high Alpes and Canadian Rocky glaciers. Also some pictures of less known Russian cities.

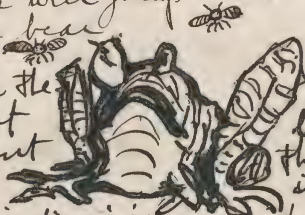
Sometimes they give mechanical devices. I remember recently a remarkable view of an "Octopus" pump drawing oil from 35 driven oil wells at the same time. This was a really ~~marvellous~~ wonderful device with a rotary motion and the top part

6 you are doing etc.

Yours truly
A. C. Sprague.

---

4. wild and wooly country like Shelburne. You know you can never tell from the looks of a toad which way he will jump. No more can you a bear.



I think the anatomy may not be strictly correct but the artist evidently intended to express indiscision which is always fatal. This is a fine example of impressionism as he has expressed an idea rather than tangible things: (if you can call a toad a tangible thing!!) Note the delicate spotting which nature has given this beautiful creature and speak gently to the next one you meet. Also please tell Miss Brown to do the same. I wish I could run up to the cottage on the hill and see the people and incidentally be introduced to the humming birds.

I hope you take care when you serve

5 the humming birds their sugar and water to heed Mr. Hoover's request.
Remember that you must always ask "How much sugar"? and never give one bird more than one lump.
Moreover it should always be done up in a neat paper envelope and the birds must drop it into the water themselves.

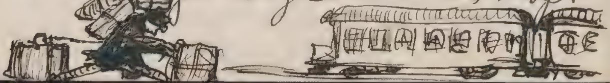
I may have written you that I saw some Butterfly weed in flower when I went to the Cape in early July. I think it is rare in this locality and I wish I might get some for my garden.
I am also intending to transplant some of the large thistles which I saw yesterday and some dwarf wild asters which grow down in the country in very poor soil. These are quite as handsome as my Nova Anglia but only about 10 inches high.
I hope to come to Shelburne in October but am not sure yet.
please remember me to Miss Brown also to Gus, Miss Fanning and Lawrence and Mrs L. and also please be a good boy until I see you again and write me what

3 an office bundle that was in need of haste and it took nearly a month to come from Cleveland to Boston.

I have about decided to take them with me on the Portland Boat as freight and carry them across to the G. T. Station with my own hands and see them go on the train.

I dont suppose there will be any trouble about getting a train ticket from Portland to S. but shall have to inquire about that as well as about trains

I suppose there are no ~~S. tra~~ Sunday trains up from Portland which would mean that I shall have to spend Sunday in P. visiting, perhaps, my friends Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, whom I am always glad to see and who always urge me to stop.



Wollaston Sept 23-1918

Dear W. D.

I started with a most wretched pen but this new one is not much better.

As always I was glad to get your letter.

I am very sorry to hear of Miss Fanny's trouble and hope that she will be so that I can see her when I come up later.

I wish that I could be at P. Farm where the people I know are there but it would not be so well for my work and I should not feel contented to ~~lay~~ lie down for a vacation if I could not be at work. I should get so restless that I couldn't stay

Most of all I am sorry that I can't be there when you are there. I wish you could decide to stay into October.

We have had some bad dog day weather recently and a very hard rain which cleared up

2 with a cool spell (yesterday and today). I thought last night would surely bring hard frosts but there was no sign of any and the gardens are still growing. I noticed a fine lot of tomatoes in ours this morning.

Our foliage is beginning to look somewhat rusty in places, especially the Elms, which I think suffered from the dry weather a little earlier. The Ivy and (I noticed yesterday) some of the Gum trees are, in a few places, bright but the mass of foliage is still green.

However I am beginning to think of Shelburne and Mr. Walker came in today, fresh from Campton N.H., where he goes, and said they had four bad frosts which killed the gardens and started the foliage.

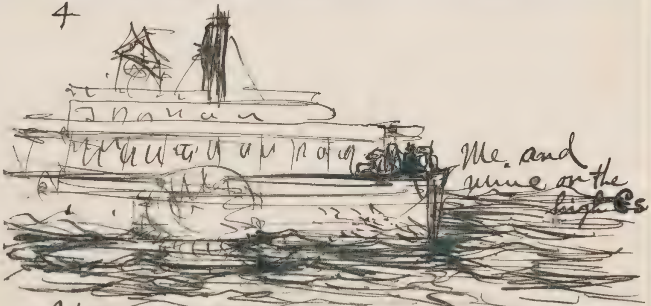
I have a notion that I may go to Shelburne at the End of next week but this is all in the air and I haven't said anything about it in the Office.

At any rate I hope that if you can't stay until October I can see you before I leave for S. perhaps meet you at the train if I should leave on the Saturday night boat.

I should like to hear from you as to what you decide - also as to the condition of foliage.

I like a little work with the bright trees but shall want to work some after the leaves are gone.

I am beginning to get together a few things such as paper etc, but the great problem is to get my bundles to S. without their going around by way of San Francisco as everything does now-a-days. We had



Me and mine on the lighters

I have just received an appeal to help in the Boy Scout business, of which I thoroughly approve, but I can't see anything that I should be good for - I could much easier lead a group of dogs than boys as I have had no training at military, discipline in general, Parliamentary law, and in fact nothing that boy scouts are supposed to learn. However when I get back from S. I shall look into it a little and see if I can do some side job in connection with it.

Now please decide to stay a while

5 in October, but if you can't possibly
do so then let me know when I
can see you and also if I can be of
any use about your house at
Cambridge.

Also in the mean time please be
a good boy and set a good example
to our friend Gus - ~~tell~~ Remember
me to him and tell him to follow
your example.

I shall write him a little while before
I come up. Of course I am not
sure yet of coming but intend to
make a hard try.

Yours truly
A. E. J. Sprague

Wollaston Oct. 1. 1918

Dear W. D.

You card of Sept 25 came all right and I telephoned on Monday evening to 29 Brewster St to see if you had come down but found you had not.
~~I am~~ afraid that this means that you are having trouble with your cold.

Now don't come down, I beg you, if you are at all under the weather as the Grippe is raising all kinds of trouble here and doctors can hardly to be had.
There is none directly around where I am and I have no fear of it but there are a great many serious cases reported around Boston. I read that the Government had sent a train with five doctors and hospital cars to the Fore River establishment in Quincy.
So do stay in Shelburne and perhaps I may find you there when I come up which I hope will be at the end

---

3. please ask Gus if he finds my bundle wandering around to take it in and treat it kindly so that it will stay until I come. I am doubtful if I can get by on the railroad ~~with~~ ~~I~~ with the other bundles.
I forgot to write you that I have a very swell frame on the photo of W. D. and it hangs in my room.
I used the the Backrack border, which was very handsome, as a mat and then set it in a narrow plain etched gilt frame and it is really a work of art just as the boy inside the frame is interesting.

FRENCH DRIVE DEEPER
IN CHAMPAGNE OFFENSIVE

ADVANCE FOUR MILES, CAPTURING SOMME-PY AND HEIGHTS NORTH OF FONTAINE-EN-DORMOISE

I am sending you this startling announcement
I am sure you & I could do that without advancing four miles

I was extremely sorry to hear of Miss Fanny's death as I have counted her ~~as~~ one of my especially good friends.
I think a great many people will miss her very badly as she did a great deal for everybody's comfort.

Yours truly
A. C. [illegible]
I shall write Gus when I am coming.

2 of this week.

I told Mr. Graham today that, with his permission, I would go Saturday night of this week and stay perhaps a month. I am not sure of this last, but as there is little doing in the office I can probably do it.

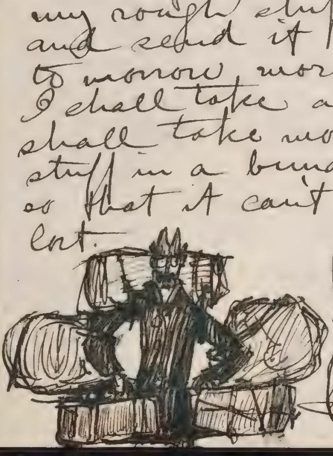
I haven't yet settled exactly the details so I am not writing to Gus until I am sure about my time of arrival. I hope to take the Portland Boat on Sat afternoon and as my Grand Trunk time table gives a 7.35 A.M. train Sunday morning to Shelburne I hope to come on this. but I shall make sure of this before I say so finally.

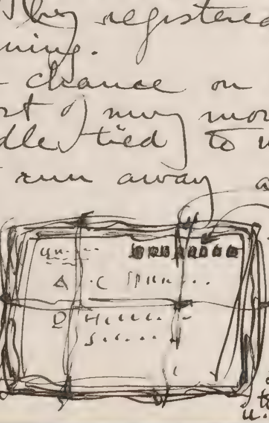
I didnt remember that there were any Sunday trains but this seems to be all right and I shall verify it and then write Gus.

Some times the boat gets in late and I dont know when it sails now, but I know there is a Saturday boat (every other day) and it ought to get me (this train) all right.

I am going to do up a bundle of my rough stuff (old clothes and card) and send it by registered mail tomorrow morning.

I shall take a chance on it, but shall take most of my more necessary stuff in a bundle tied to my wrist so that it can't run away and get lost.





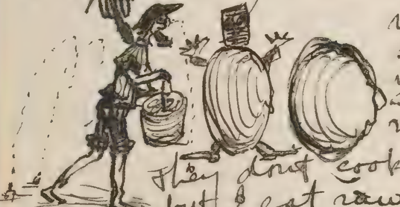
This is the bundle to go by mail.

I am saving my money to get stamps enough to satisfy the U.S. Postal authorities

of heavy cloud rolling up over the
beach and a dark distance.
I washed off the start which
I had made when the sun
shone.
Had to make a quick slash
and pick up my things and run
to avoid a soaking.
We have been having changable
weather for sometime.
a little fog every day from the
ocean, a little shower almost
every day and considerable
sun. regular dog days.
We still have enough to do in
the office and I think I wrote
you that I had two lots of work of
my own - One (a small house)
has been given up for the present
but the other, an alteration of
a large house is to go ahead
and promises to be very interesting
as the people are much pleased
with the sketch I made for the
start and I think they will
eventually do a lot with the house.

5. I must get right down to business on this work the coming week.
All in all things are so busy that I am afraid I shall not be able to get to Shelburne in the Summer season, much as I want to come

I hope you are having a fine Summer and wish I could see you.
I guess I wrote you that I went down to Brewster on Cape Cod a week ago this last Friday, stayed till Sunday noon; went and came in the machine.
I spent my time on the flats, clamming.



we got the large clams same as much as six inches long, a few deep sea clams, some razor fish which

They dont cook but I eat raw. They are like a long clam, all very hard meat and taste a little like a scallop.
Also my friend with whom I was staying got two lobsters and an eel.
We also raked a lot of quahogs which I brought home.
Write me what you are doing and if you are well and remember me to Gus, and everybody I know at S. Farm.
I wish I were up there with you.
Now I must go to bed as I am as stupid as an owl these hot days.

So Good bye
Yours truly
A. C. Sprague

P.S. please excuse the way I have written this letter in every direction. It might be classed as a mental aberration.

3 grasshoppers all the afternoon to get ready.

I hope you are well and shall be glad to hear from you.

I have been up around the cottage and everything seemed to be all right but no W. S. and no humming birds or wrens. Gus is the same good fellow as always and I was very glad to see him.

He insists that my old sketching tripod is not fit for use and he want to make me another after I go home and can spare it.

When I get home I shall hunt you up and you must come to lunch with me we will go to the City club.

Be a good boy!

Yours truly
A. C. Sprague

Shelburne Oct. 9. 1918.

Dear W. S.

I started to write you once but the conversation in the room here was so interesting that I didn't get very far and shall start again.

I had a very quiet night on the boat, a very rainy day in Portland with my friends and took the 6 P.M train for Shelburne Sunday afternoon.

Lawrence was waiting for me at the station.

The house is almost empty. Mrs Christensen and her daughter and Miss Putnam left this morning. Now we are only Miss Hammond, Mrs —— (I didn't get her name), Mrs. Howard Philbrook and myself.

The country here is very handsome — I have been working almost continually since I came & have been twice to the top of Dryad Fall. Yesterday I sketched in the rocky pasture just this side of the Bottles and Pitchers. Today I have been sketching Gus's garden in the meadow. It is really very handsome with the two colors of cabbages, turnips, beets, and a row of onions.

The setting is uncommonly good.

2

this afternoon I worked again in the intervale. Day before yesterday when I was coming back from Dryad Fall I met a lady on her way to the Bowls & Pitchers: She asked the way and then, being interested in my kit, asked if I were Mr. McKnight and if I was staying at P. Farm. Then she introduced herself as Mrs. Winter and asked if I knew Mr. Leaue who was secretary of her Shakespere club.
She is staying at the Evans cottage and wanted me to call and see some of her sons sketches: I suppose I ought to although I didn't exactly promise.
This afternoon I went up to Prof. Emerton's cottage and picked a handful of Larkspur and some Calendula. I got a few larkspur seeds which I think will ripen in the sun.
He has the finest lot of this I have seen and I wanted to plant some seed from it next year.
It looks like rain tomorrow and when this next bad spell clears I intend to go to Grafton Notch for a few days.
I wished I could have met you at the train last Sat. but my boat sailed at 5 and I had to run around like a

ans'd Oct 2[illegible]

Shelburne Oct 18. 1918

Dear W. I.

I have a rainy day, the first since I came, but it will probably clear this afternoon. I have been out of doors nearly every minute of daylight time since I came, sketching most of the time. I have been over around Gates Cottage lately and there I ran across Dr. Tuckerman. I never met him but knew him by sight and so introduced myself and he knew who I was when I told him my name.

Unfortunately he has a little trouble with his leg so that he doesn't dare to take long trips but I think he is improving and yesterday we went up behind Mr. Stone's place and saw the big boulders, which were new to me.

He is coming over to the Farm some day ~~this~~ soon to dinner and we are planning to take an axe up and chop a few branches so that we can get three negatives of the boulders.

---

3. the foliage has fallen to a great extent and things are much finer than when everything ~~was~~ bright.

I have a lot of subjects laid up in my mind and can't ~~try~~ bring ~~one of~~ myself to go away on any trips while everything is so fine!

I have two things in Cathedral woods, also the little Mill Brook pond is very handsome now that the ~~foliy~~ foliage is off.

I am very much interested in the willows. and intend to go to Grafton and Mahoosuc notches before I go home.

I wish you were here and hope you are still well. Shall see you as soon as I get home. Drop me a line like a good boy as I enjoy hearing from you.

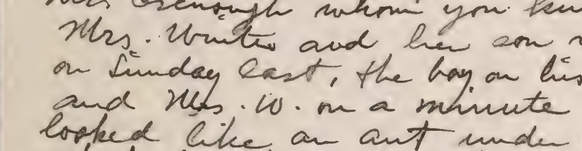
Yours truly A. C. Sprague

2. also he wants to get a little more familiar with the mountain back of the house. and I suggested that we go up on Sunset rock and go over the layout from there. He is a very good fellow and I have found him very friendly

we had Miss Hammond, Mrs. Converse, Mrs. Howard Philbrook and sometimes Mrs Paine for our table company and a very good lot it was. but Miss H. and Mrs C. went Monday of this week and yesterday Mrs. Howard went. I shall miss her as she was very good company. Last night three people came and later Mrs Greenough whom you know well

Mrs. Winter and her son rode past here on Sunday last, the boy on his Shetland pony and Mrs. W. on a minute Morgan that looked like an ant under her. The people here almost went into hysterics from laughing and Mrs. Howard P. insisted that I must illustrate the act in my next letter to you, so here it is.

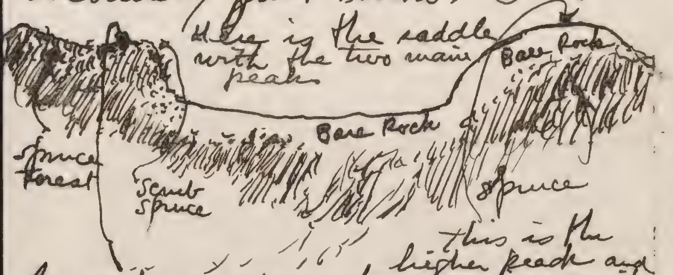
You will note that the little Morgan hangs his head and tail from chagrin.



My brother, sister-in-law, nephew and a neighbor friend made a flying trip in the machine — started Saturday, came to Randolph N.H., spent Sunday there, came to Philbrook Farm Monday afternoon and left for home Tuesday morning

3 ever saw.

It is great fun climbing it as the rock is steep enough to make you crawl up on your knees in places. I saw a flock of Snow Bunting on this dome and the wind was such that I couldn't use my tripod although the day was absolutely quiet below.



this is the higher peak and has a cairn on it.

I went here, ~~and~~ across the saddle and on the other dome.

the saddle and even the top of the dome was covered with small pools of water (melted snow) as the rock is almost a solid slab. with few fissures and a very few boulders lying around loosely.

I am drawing you a plan on the next sheet

Shelburne Oct. 28 1918.

Dear W. D.

Time is flying and I am working steadily every day, usually twice. I have been doing a daub this afternoon, the wildest colors you can imagine with inky clouds and mountains of dark garnet and turquoise.

Mrs. Greenough whom you know has been here more than a week and I enjoy her company at the table. She and Gus are playing Cribbage, a very exciting game evidently. the cook has been gone two weeks and Grace has taken his place and she is a splendid success.

Mrs. Paine is helping in the kitchen as also Mrs. Lawrence.

Mrs. L. has been acting as waitress and we have enjoyed her very much. tonight she gave her farewell performance, as a new girl has arrived, and we all gave her a vote of thanks. She insisted that she hated to give up her job as she had such a good time with the people at the table

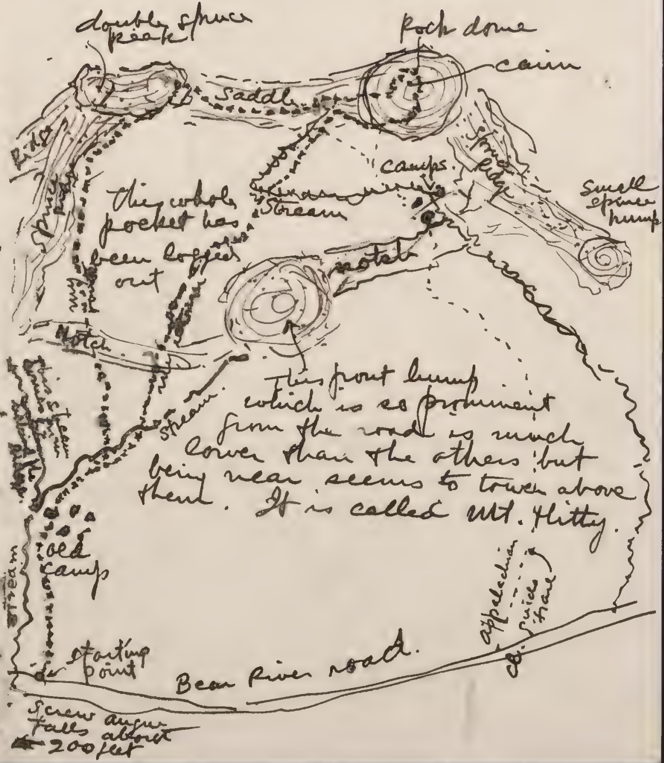
2. I have made a trip to Grafton Notch.
I went by train to Bethel and walked up the Bear River valley, stopping to make a sketch a little above Newry Corner.
I went up to the Fall twice, made a sketch of Speckled Mt, and climbed Saddleback.
I rode back with the mail man in his stage to Bethel.
I had intended to go across to Mr. Demerritt via Sunday River Whitecap but used up all of my sketching card and as the North side of the mountain was covered with snow I decided not to do it.
I had a most splendid trip on Saddleback, went on both the high peaks and the Saddle.
I went up a different way from my last year's attempt which was the long roundabout trip advised by the guide book.
I started from a point about 300 feet below Screw Auger Fall on a logging road which took me about one mile and from there I went through the natural wood and logged land.
I slabbed across the North side of the big spruce covered peak which is very steep and filled up parts with big boulders with caverns between.
Here I fell into snow sometimes up to my waist.
I aimed to strike the saddle but came out away above it, almost at the top of this peak, so I went directly to the top and then came down on the saddle and across ~~to~~ the big rock dome at the other end ~~this~~ is the finest lump of solid granite I

6. I think I wrote you that I had run across Dr. Tuckermann who is staying at Gates Cottage with Mrs. and Miss T.
They are coming to dinner with me here before I go.
He is ~~[illegible]~~ not Dr. but Mr. from his own preference -
I asked him as I noticed he always says "Mr Pease"!
I may go to Mt. Jementtes this week but am not sure.

Expect to come home next Sunday and shall hunt you up.

Yours truly
A. C. Sprague

4.

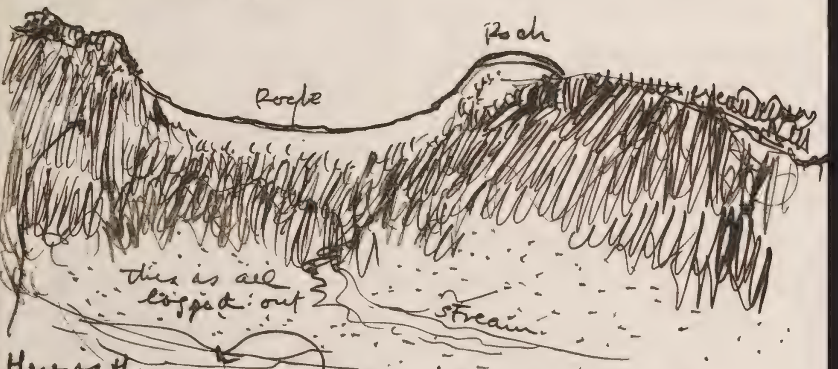


This front hump which is so prominent from the road is much lower than the others but being near seems to tower above them. It is called Mt. Hitty.

5. I started from the road at 11. A.M. and got back to the same point at 5.35 P.M. but of course I lost a lot of time in the boulders and snow.

On my return trip I avoided the spruce slope and crossed the big pocket behind Mt. Hitty through open logged country with a little slash. I could save an hour over my time now that I know the mountain.

There is a wonderful view of the saddle and two peaks from the notch just at the side of Mt Hitty which is very much like Tuckermans Ravine wall from Hermit Lake. but it was so late in the afternoon when I discovered it that the light wouldnt allow a negative.


Rock
Rock
this is all logged out
stream

Here is the steep spruce side where I found the snow.

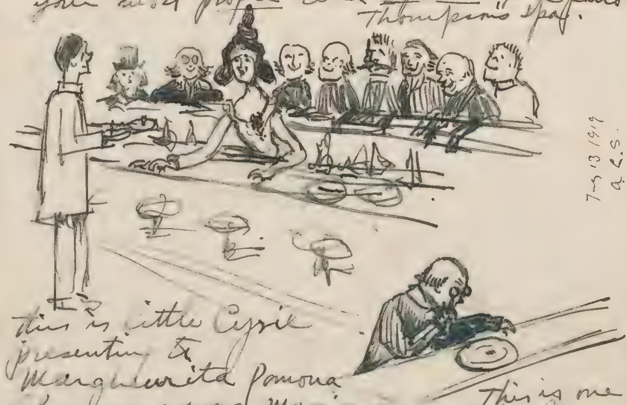
this place where I am standing is the notch or ridge to the left of Mt Hitty and the portion covered with dots is the great pocket behind the front part of the mountain

You will see that one has to climb one mountain before he begins to see the real one and then cross this big pocket before he can climb it.

7
time to come as the office
is very much overworked at
present. Yours truly
W. C. H. Prague

---

7 I have eaten several times lately at
your most *proper* and *refined* food parlor
Thompson's Spa.



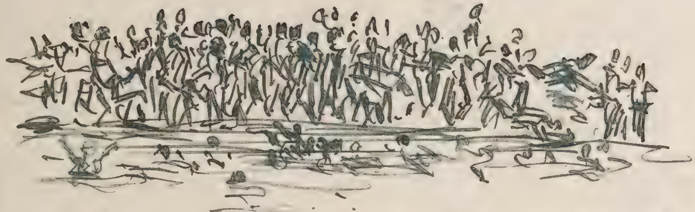
this is little Cyril
presenting to
Marguerita Pomona
her name was Maggie
Cline before she learned
to do her hair up in a
wire egg beater
a ginger puff which
he has procured in
a neighboring country
for one of the gallery
of eighty year old
admirers.

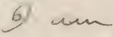
This is one
of the famous
Thompson's Spa
meat dinners
served with
the utmost
propriety.
As you will
note the
dinner ~~is~~
consists
largely of
mental
suggestion

This is one of the
famous onion, pimento and
heliotrope sandwiches.

7-13 1919
a.l.s.

7.



This is the most interesting show
in Boston at present and it takes
place every noon in the water in the
Frog pond. since the little Tommies and
[illegible] were allowed to swim
there. The legs and arms and heads
were like a large order of spaghetti
with a lot of peas stuck in.
I think it is extremely funny and
is fine to sit and watch the sport.
Before I close I ought to say that one
seed came up from the Larkspur that I
stole from Prof. Emerton's garden.
Please tell him this and that it is
a healthy child and already able
to take nourishment.
I recognized it from the weeds as soon
as I saw the second leaf
The first is like this 
Now I must say good night.
Please tell them that I am still waiting
till there is a chance to put the sketches
up for Exhibition and that I haven't
forgotten him. I am planning on coming
to P. Farm this Oct. as I did last year
but there are no vacations in Aug't for some

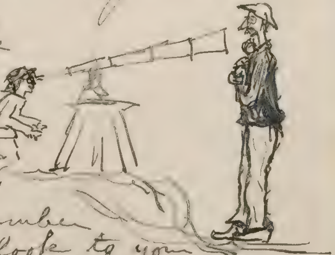
Wollaston Aug 12 - 1919

Dear old W. L.

How long since you became a "chump"?

I shall look you over when I see you next to see how you have changed.

"The virtues of one Sprague" don't require much time for meditation and no one but an impressionist like yourself could discover them with the naked eye — but, of course, you use a telescope!

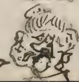


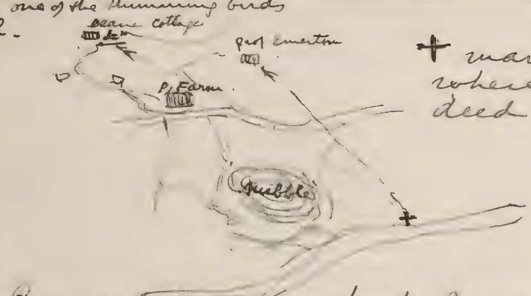
The sketch of the river was made down behind the river bank on the island just beyond the nubble. I remember that I could look to your cottage to the right of the nubble and more directly toward Prof. Emerton's. Here is a diagram ☞

3. I wonder if Mr. John L. Thayer could be the ex-congressman who made an exceptionally good record some years ago.

I had not read of Mr. Brewster's death but I have seen that Mr. Arthur Williams, who I think, was a friend of yours, died recently and his stock of rugs has been on sale at Shepard & Norwell's. Very elegant and too high priced for my slender purse!

Now let me tell what I have been doing. I have been three times to Gloucester over week-ends, twice to a hotel on Eastern Point which makes not the slightest pretension, and last week to visit with some people who have a cottage on the Annisquam River. I have been twice to the sand dunes on the farther side of the river at Annisquam, sketching. I have looked for surf which never came, made some bad sketches and been nearly eaten alive by midgets. This is the shape of my face at present →





+ marks the spot where the dastardly deed was done

I meant to say that I was very glad to get your letter as I ~~[illegible]~~ had a notion that something might have happened to you.

I have just received a package of larkspur seed from Prof. E. with a fine letter, typewritten. Goodness! everybody but you and I are using typewriters, when are you going to have one and catch up with the times.

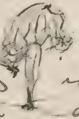
I appreciate very much the pains he has gone to as well as the friendly letter "hoping that I ~~the~~ am coming to Shelburne this year etc." The larkspur was the finest I have seen and I shall take great care in planting the seed ~~care~~ & follow some ~~the~~ suggestions which he gave me.

I hope to have some come up as I should enjoy plants from his farm.

~~[illegible]~~ I appreciate the fine friendship he has always shown me and wish I could be at Shelburne while he was there.

I shall write him my thanks.

I hope the elm which the wind blew ~~over~~ is not the handsome one in the ~~Leighton~~ Pasture which had such a graceful droop.



A very pretty butterfly is called "Huntera" perhaps for an ancestor of your friend of whom you write. The caterpillar lives on the everlasting plants and is also very handsome.

am sure, he leaves until it seeds.

Don't bother ~~it~~ unless you are sure Mr. E. would be perfectly willing, but I think he would as he is such a fine sort of fellow.

I was so much pleased with his Calendulas last Autumn that I have a ~~lot~~ lot of little plants in my garden this year which look very promising.

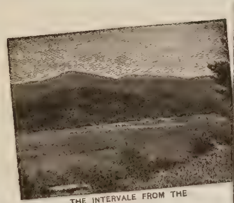
Now I ought to go to bed so please remember me ~~to all the Ph~~ Gus and all the Philbrook's and say that I hope to see them some time this season. Also please let me hear what you are doing and how you are etc. Any Shelburne news, especially from "Seane villa" is very welcome (over)

Yours truly A. C. Sprague

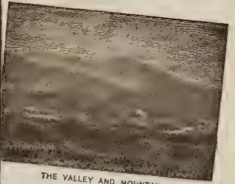
I think you would like him.
He was much liked at the Gloucester house.

Now I must go back to the office and to work.

so good bye
A. C. Frazer.

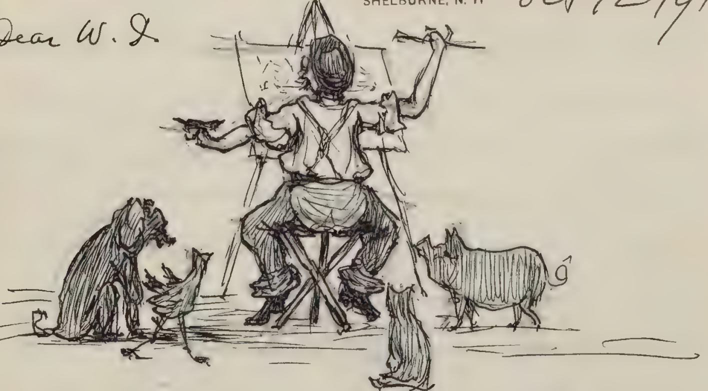

THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H Oct 12 1919.

Dear W. D.



this one is a member of The Rural Deestrict painters' union.

I have been here just one week and this is the first line I have written to any one.

We have now one table filled with people but two of them are Endicott Rantoul and a friend of his. Also Arya and Mr. Rainie came tonight with the youngsters and I think they are not intending to stay long. Endicott is going back tomorrow They just came for the holiday on his motor-cycle. He brought me down from Whitney Farm yesterday in the basket.

I came Sunday morn — Had a good boat trip and found a 7.45 A.M. train just as they told me at the Boston office. They ~~[illegible]~~ didn't expect me until night but I found Lawrence at the station as I thought I might.

I have been working steadily but have done nothing yet. The weather has been frightfully changable and I haven't been able to do much. and thus Monday was rainy. Tuesday and Wedn partially clear. but so cold that my first color early in the morning froze and I had to put the card out into the sunlight and wait awhile until it warmed a little.

Since then it has been shifting from sunlight to clouds momentarily until today which has been one of the finest days I ever saw.

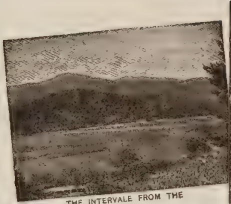
I started a very gorgeous thing this forenoon looking down the hill just before you get to the mill brook bridge. I shall go back there tomorrow if the weather is all right as it bids fair to be

This afternoon I made a complete study under the willows in front of the barn here — (very rapidly.)

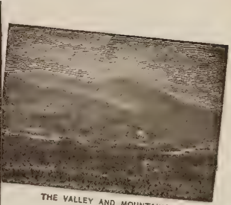
I went up to Dryad Fall last Monday with a gentleman who sits beside me at the table.

The best foliage has gone around here but as I got over to Whitney Farm there is still a lot.

I have layed out a lot of work and hope to do much better than I have as yet.


THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H

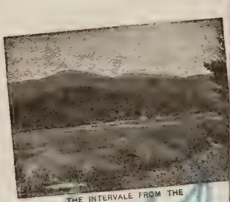
3 ~~Oct~~ Despite the frozen ground there are a lot of flowers in the Emerton garden and I have already collected some seed, and shall get a lot more. Please tell him that the seed came up finely but the slugs ate every leaf as fast as they developed and I couldn't find any way to protect them as those things will crawl under anything - but I shall ~~to~~ try again.

We had the wettest Sept. I ever remember and I suppose that accounts for the vermin.

I hope and feel sure that you and Miss Brown are all right by this time. Please let me know how you are getting on and what you are doing.

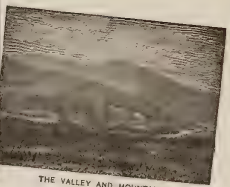
Now I must go to bed but I will write again soon - so good night

A. C. Sprague.



THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM



THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

[illegible]

SHELBURNE, N. H

Oct 18. 1919

Dear W. D.

I was glad to get your card tonight and find you were coming around all right.

I was talking with Gus tonight about the telescope and he said that we would go up any time now and inspect it. Also he has offered to show me an interesting little ravine that he thinks will make good sketching material. We still have one table full of people - some come as fast as others go and I have waited the telescope thinking that soon there would be less doing here

I don't think you know anyone here but Mrs. Harris who sits beside me and whom I knew.

I believe Mrs. Greenough is expected in a few days.

I am working like a tiger all the time both morning and afternoon.

I went up to Gryfad Fall. ~~to~~ so that I could write up a description for the Guide Book. Also I went to Mt. Success via the west branch of the Ingalls River. I found the guide

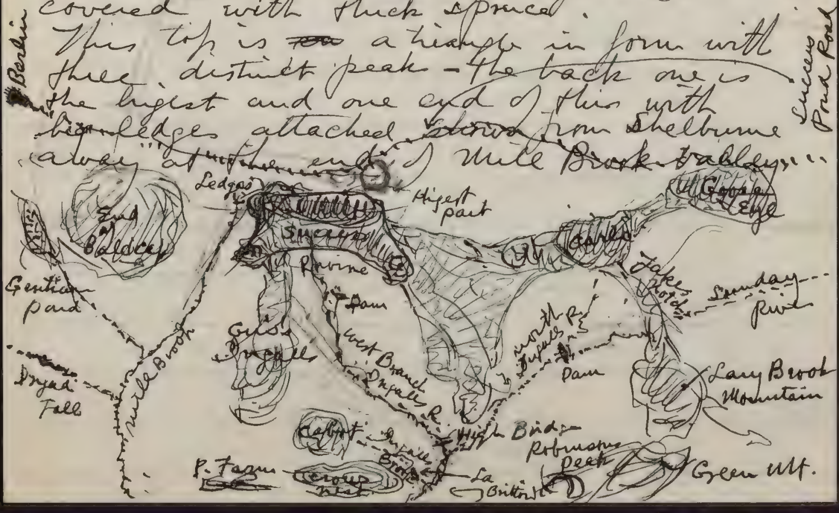
2 book description very bad - They evidently didn't know where they were going and I wandered a good deal going back over my trail several times and getting entirely off several times. Very late in the day I landed away over on the peak nearest to Mt. Carle and a long way from the part I wanted to go.

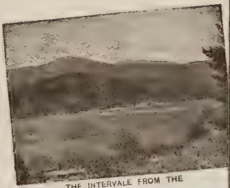
I went all around an enormous ravine - crawling through all sort of bad spruce and then didn't have time to get over to the Mile Brook side so I came down the brook that forms the West Branch — awfully steep - then I came directly into a fine logging road that runs all the way up to the spruce on the cone and I shall go again and write a description of this.

I also discovered a dam.

The mountain is very rugged, very strenuous and has an enormous top ~~[illegible]~~ all covered with thick spruce.

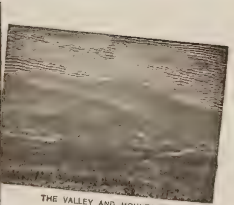
This top is ~~[illegible]~~ a triangle in form with three distinct peaks - the back one is the highest and one end of this with ~~big~~ ledges attached ~~shown~~ from Shelburne away at the end of Mile Brook valley...





THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

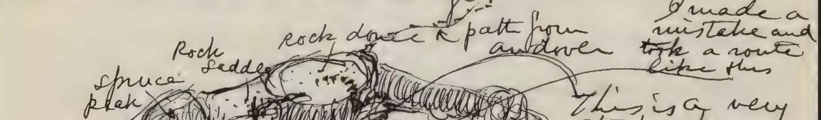
PHILBROOK FARM



THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H

I strongly recommend as an alternative my shorter route which probably saves two miles and is much easier. although I shall suggest some corrections on this old route for those who must start off on a path and then spend all day trying to find it in places. Here are the two ways.


I made a mistake and took a route like this
rock dome & path from andover
Rock Saddle
spruce peak
This is a very steep spruce shoulder
Camps
Path
Path
Big pocket all logged out
New camps
Brook
foolish ramps some of them double on themselves and actually go back down hill parallel to the path.
Height of land
Mt Hattie
camp
logging road
Here is my way.
Brook
Road.
This is a newer cut off road

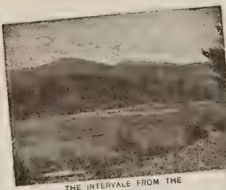
I came down by my old route. I saw the same Snow Bunting on top the rock dome that I saw last year. They are evidently not altogether in winter plumage. but I am sure they are the bird. - They have the same white underneath and some on the wings but are a sort of drab on top.

Also I am sending enclosed a Philodice (our common yellow butterfly) which I caught on top the saddle.

I think this is very remarkable as the caterpillar lives on clover and this specimen must have hatched quite recently at least three miles from any clover and where there is nothing but moss, Labrador tea and a little sedge grass and cranberries.

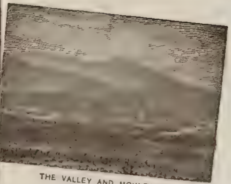
Also I saw a green grasshopper on the top of the rock. and a large and representative committee of black flies met me at the edge of the dome with a brass band and kept me constantly entertained as long as I stayed.

Saturday I walked down to Poplar tavern and 1/2 mile beyond and went up Puzzle Mt. I started in a thick fog at random and soon found myself on a log road which the guide book recommended. It is all open woods up to the ~~front peak but~~ cone of the front peak and this is all covered with intermittent ledges which are easily climbed. this peak is a fine open rock on top with a *huge* cairn. the real top is about 1/4 mile behind this but it is practically connected by a series of open ledges with small swamps between. This higher top is covered with spruce. Then there is a third top with spruce and ledges but it is the lowest of the three



THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM



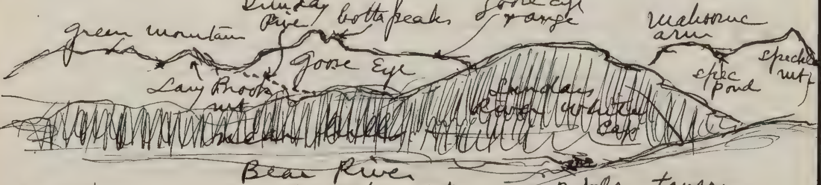
THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H

5

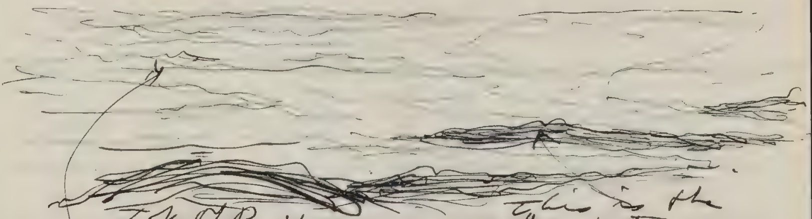
The view from the first top is very fine - I tried to snap a negative of Saddleback from here. It is just like a map - shows the whole mountain on a regular broadside and from such an altitude that you can see over into the pocket - in fact you see everything on the mountain at one glance.

You also see Goose Eye and the Sunday river valley ~~and~~ about eight miles up then Sunday river White cap cuts in but beyond you see Mahoosuc arm and Speckled Mt. then Saddleback and all over Northern Maine



Mahoosuc notch mahoosuc mt and Mr. Demerritts place are directly behind Sunday River White cap. I had one of the most remarkable cloud effects when I was on Puzzle I ever saw. All the country to the East and South was an absolute sea of clouds away down below - these clouds extended up

6 the Bear River valley to Poplar Haven and died out to nothing also the ~~same~~ same in S. River valley. Beyond all the landscape was in bright sunlight.


top of Puzzle
This is the ridge between Bear R. and Sunday R.

These cloud were all pinks and pearl color with the sun ~~strong~~ shining down on them. A very wonderful sight. I saw a deer near the top of Puzzle also a flock of birds eating spruce cones. they had tawny red head and made a long "tweet" voice something like the goldfinch. I wonder if they were redpoles or possibly crossbills. I couldn't get near enough to see the bills.

Here are some beautiful verses entitled "Lines to a wild mountain", or something of that sort.

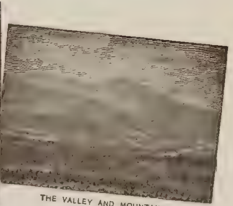
The falling leaves are hiding
The path so smooth and fine
And the poor old man is sliding
Down the mountain on his spine

The poor old man is shaking
needles from his neck
He'll prob'ly carry home
At least a good full peck.

I am coming home next Sat nov. !,
Yours truly A.C.S.

THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H Oct 27 - 1919

Dear W. D.:

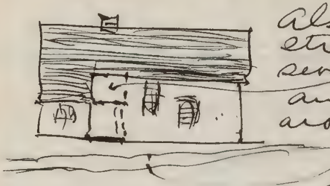
Gus and I have set up the field glass and tested it with both tubes and it seems to be O.K. — the only thing was some little black specks on the lens of one of the tubes but I know those are simply specks of dust as I have ~~Hs~~ often seen the same thing on the finder of my camera and opened it and wiped them off. So everything is all right.

We couldn't either of us, see what the two small extra tubes were used for but as neither had been hurt we didn't bother about them.

There is now a very nicely laid concrete walk from the back door of the Deane cottage out to the drive and also a new garden space where the back ~~floor~~ used to be.

There won't be any sun there, but I told Gus that Miss Brown might put some ferns there — I saw some beautiful big rosettes of Case Knife ferns yesterday and these would be very handsome ~~there~~ and I think they would grow there —

2. There is to be a new roof over the walk



Also the drive has been straightened by blasting out several large boulders and an auto can now turn around.

I have sketched a little on the Deane piazza. I take my stuff up there to work over when the weather is bad and one grey day I made a sketch (very poor) of Shelburne Moriah and the intervale with the cone in a cloud.

I have been working incessantly all day and every day except the day I went to Success. and this last week when I spent three days on a Grafton Notch trip. I left Thursday morning - took the train to Bethel - started to walk up the valley but a fellow with a flivver picked me up almost immediately and carried me to Newry Corner. Then I went a little farther and made a sketch - walked up in the afternoon to the house where I have stayed before. There is a swell new concrete bridge almost completed about 100 ft. from Poplar Tavern.

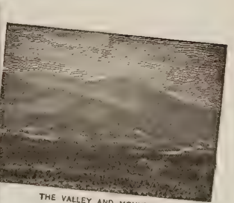
Friday I went up Saddleback.

My real object was to verify the route described in the guide book.

I went around by this route which was evidently the only one that started off with a logging road. It is the most circuitous ~~route~~ way that could have been discovered without cutting circles around the mountain and I shall

THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N. H

I can go as straight as a string next time and may go over on the Success Pond Road and home some other way.
The Shack is very pretty as it is remodelled on the lines I suggested last year and I told Gus it was fine. The Lodge, as you know, has been remodelled and the Deane cottage is being fixed now.
Today they have been blasting out some rocks from one of the roads.
I have collected some Larkspur seed from Prof. Emertons and shall get some more. Please tell him I am thieving again
Lots of flowers still on the plants.

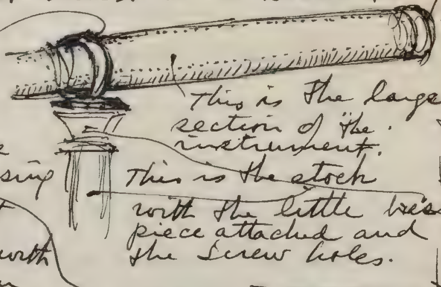
Now Everybody is going to bed and I must go
so good night

A. C. Sprague.

Since last night Gus and I have been up to set up the field glass and so I have pulled open this letter which hadn't gone to the P.O. as it is Sunday.

In the first place I was much surprised to find that it was the field glass instead of the telescope that was damaged.

Now we got out the tripod and almost at the start encountered a difficulty. We ~~found~~ set the lower tubular stock into the tripod with the little piece on top of it which revolves and found the ~~three~~ three screws, carefully wrapped up, but couldn't find any ferule (I think that is what there should be) which would make the connection with the stock. I think it must be a brass thing like this



This is the large section of the instrument.

but this piece seems to be missing

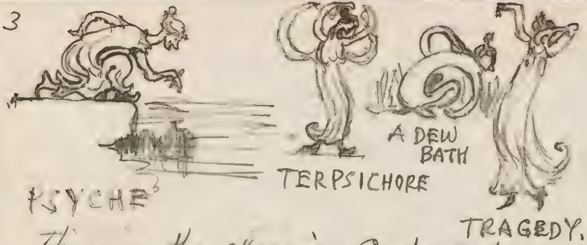
This is the stock with the little brass piece attached and the Screw holes.

I wondered if it was sent down with the tubes. but I am sure it wasn't in the box when I took the things out and also I am sure that if it should have been with them when you inspected them at Pinkham & Smiths you would have missed it if it ~~should have been there~~ was not there.

Gus and I thought it ought to have been laid back into the box when the things were sent but we hunted all over your study without result.

Please let me know about it as soon as you can as we are a little worried for fear it may have been lost. Yours truly A.C.S.

P.S. There seems to be two extra lower section which are not necessary to complete it



This is the class in Greek art maintained by Chicago school maams; also a lot of chalk-nosed marms keep "Gift shops" at which select society people may part with their money for a torn piece of dirty scrim or a jelly fish with a dainty colored ribbon round its neck — Sic est Ars!
I might add that a misshapen copper kettle beaten violently beyond all recognizable shape can be had by the more wealthy.

I have been to Chelsea this afternoon to see a clergyman who is looking out for the Appalachian Club trip to Mt. Katadin late in July and have decided to go — two weeks with a lot of climbing and probably a lot of sketching. We go July 24.
The Austrian Pine cones have

Wollaston June 26-1921

Dear W. D.

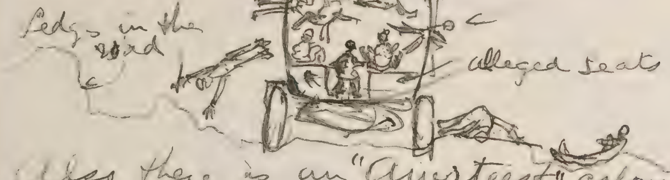
Two fine letters have come to me from Shelburne and as yet none has gone back, I am ashamed!
I have been much tied to a job in the office which should have gone out long ago and also the place here with just one hand has used all the spare time I have had.
I spent three days at Gloucester on the May 30 holiday and three more June 17. I hope to spend three more over July 4 at the end of the coming week. I adopted a new method this ~~[illegible]~~ last time. Instead of going over to East Gloucester to one of the summer houses I camped at an hotel in Gloucester center which, while it is not an interesting place to live, is perfectly decent. The room was clean and I had a back room overlooking the harbor and away up to "Norman's Woe". Also a fine little private bath. I ate at a restaurant run with the house and everything was neat

2 better still is my work than at the open houses. I could go away as early as I used in the morning and come back when I got ready, eating two meals a day and taking my time with my sketching, I also made the acquaintance of an old inhabitant who has a very nicely run private house in the town proper and takes transient roomers. I shall either go there or to the [illegible] in the future and this will mean that I can go down sketching in late November as I have always wanted to do, but [illegible] of the houses I used to go to were open.

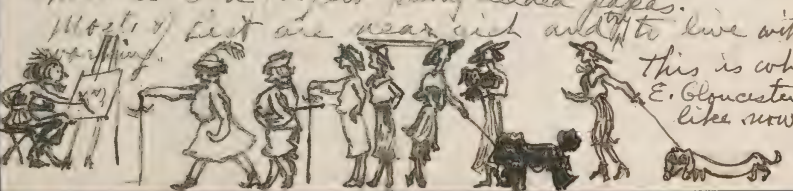
I may want to go down in the early Spring when there is fine Surf running.

Gloucester is not at all what it used to be. The wharves are nearly all rotten and unusable. The Gorton-Pew fish concern has forced nearly all the others into a big combine and then failed up most miserably, being now in the hands of a receiver. However an old ship captain told me that he thought that now that this has happened some of the old concerns will get free again and bring the business back.

We all ride in ~~[illegible]~~ the bus now down there (electrics all gone to pot) and this is the result



Also there is an "Awrteest" colony in East Gloucester which consists of a few painters, many manicurists, many ambitious mamas and a few batty headed papas. Most of them are near rich and try to live without working.


this is what E. Gloucester is like now.

mostly fallen and a grey squirrel
and a chipmunk have been very
busy burying them. The chipmunk
is a new comer here.
Bluebirds will probably fly in a day
or two. They are being badly bothered
by a particularly cussed robin which
is determined they shan't be fed.
I don't seem to know any of the people
you mention at P. Farm (except ~~th~~ by
hearsay. Do I know the Cushings?
I can't seem to remember the name
I am very glad the plants went so
well. Perhaps they will seed them-
selves around Sherburne as they do
here. They would be handsome as
a wild flower there and wouldn't
do any harm. Mine are coming
up all over my place.
We have had an exceedingly dry
period here - a slight shower today
but it is only a temporary relief.
Also it has been very hot and humid
this past week.
Yesterday I went to see my nephew
graduate from Thayer Academy.

He played some things on his violin and I told him that Kreisler couldn't have played them any better, which was literally true. I have never thought he had any genius, although he always plays well for a boy, but lately he has been playing more in public and yesterday he showed real genius and greatly surprised me.

Please remember me to Miss Brown also to the Philbrooks all.

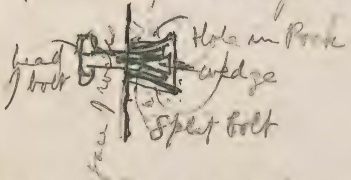
Tell Geo. I would like much to shake hands with him — hope I may get up there in the summer but the Katadin trip may spoil it.

I enjoyed your letter as I always do, so please send more.

Now I must go to bed so good night!

R. C. Sprague

3. Of course a cast bronze tablet couldn't be taken down and added to without melting up entirely and it would be necessary to put up two separate tablets side by side which is hardly feasible.
These tablets would be set on the stone with small expansion bolts and probably rosettes of bronze set over the heads on the surface of tablets.
You know an expansion bolt is a bolt with the end split and a wedge inserted. A hole is drilled in the rock with the width increasing as it goes in and the bolt is driven in by the head spreading the split end.



Now it would be much better if Gus could ~~had~~ have a full size

rec'd July 14

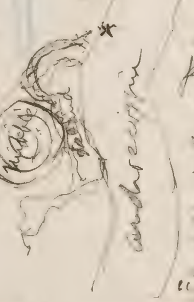
Wollaston July 12 - 1921

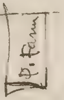
Dear W. S.

I have had two letters from you and have not been able to get a minute to answer. We have been driven almost crazy in the office on a congestion of several small jobs and I have been a good deal in there evenings. Also my place at house here is very much behind and I have been working like a tiger to pick things up — just got in from an evening of weeding.
I have a job making a water color picture of the Wellesley Inn Property which I have promised now for over three months and have not yet touched. Also a nice little job altering a big garage into a small bungalow has just come to me and I shall have to do this out of the office. You will

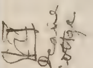
2 see why I have fallen behind in my letters:
I have almost literally worked every minute day and evening, all this Spring and Summer so far. This coming Friday night I shall go to Gloucester for Sat. and Sunday, and a week from this coming Sunday I start for Katahdin. I am going on this trip if everything busts.
Now I didn't tell you where the water color was made.

I think it was river bank at a have drawn the I remember





down behind the point about where I cross, that I could look up to your cottage. from the spot and ~~[illegible]~~. I think it must have been on the "Island" as I remember



crossing the creek some where beyond the "Nubble". The river was low and I sat well down on the bank in a cave-in just above the river bed.
Now in regard to the ~~ba~~ tablet.
It should be bronze as copper could not be ~~made~~ cast and if beaten into shape would not stand the weather.
Bronze is a mixture of brass and copper while brass is again a mixture of copper and (I think) tin.
Bronze can be reduced to a liquid and cast in a mould and also it is almost indestructable. All metal statues are made of bronze and after casting it requires a little finishing.
I don't quite understand what Gus means but suppose that he would put one tablet up now and then a second tablet beside it later.

& drawing of the tablet with arrangement of letters. Then a clay model made and the casting made from this. This last would be absolutely necessary before a casting could be made

If he could wait until a little later in the Summer I could lay out a drawing and ~~get~~ have him approve it before going ahead.

I should be very glad to do this.

The best bronze worker I know of is T. F. McGann & Sons Co

114 Portland St.
Boston

They are a very old firm and do all the best bank grilles, tablets etc. but they would probably want a full size drawing to work from.

If you will you might explain all this to Gus.

My garden is doing wonderfully well - five dozen of the best tomato plants I ever saw on my new and Calendulas have been in flower

is now almost two weeks. Very early!!
A great show of ~~extra~~ fine Hollyhocks. and a number of things coming.
Several of my "Emerton" Larkspur are growing *very* fast.
We have had a bad drought in June — so bad that they limited the use of the hose to 15 minutes a day. Then we had a ~~[illegible]~~ 4 day spell of wind showers. Then several cold days an then an awful spell of dog days with one night and day of violent thunder showers and *floods* of rain which washed bridges away in some cases and flooded whole valleys.
I never saw such continuous lightning and I have never known such *sheets* of rain. My place has not been seriously damaged ~~but~~ as my stone walls held things up.
I have now a gas radiator going at full blast in my room trying to dry out my clothing in general. We have had *days* of fog and showers and there seems no end yet.
I wish I could come to Shelburne but there seems no chance. Possibly in a shorter time than last year in October.
Please remember ~~me to~~ Mrs Brown, Gus and ~~[illegible]~~ everybody I know up there.
Now it is bed time and as my room is about 90° I must air out.
So be a good boy and let me know what you are up to.

Yours truly
C. S. Sloane.

rec'd Aug 4

Kidney Pond Camps

BRADEEN AND CLIFFORD
PROPRIETORS

KIDNEY POND,
NORCROSS, MAINE. July 28 1921

Dear W. F.

I am certainly out of the world. We are 33 miles (I believe) up the West branch of the Penobscot from the station "Norcross" which is at the bottom of one of many lakes that empty into the West branch. We came by sleeper to Norcross. Breakfast there. Small gasoline ~~steam~~ boat up the lake to its entrance into the river. Then we all shifted into canoes. One gentleman, one lady, and a guide in each canoe. I had never had a paddle in my hand but ~~use~~ soon learned to use it. We paddled from fairly early morning till about 4 in the afternoon stopping for dinner at a camp half way up. Half a dozen ~~places~~ rapids where we had to land and the guide carried the canoe through the forest. The current is rather fierce and often comes near being "rapids" for a mile at a time, also river is well filled with logs. After we landed we had a five mile walk and then canoes again across two ponds.

I went yesterday with the crowd to "Double top" mountain quite a climb and a long trip. Some of the party barely got in before dark. Tomorrow we are go to Ktaadn — which is the big show. We start very early as it will be a long trip.

It is certainly an enormous pile as we see it from our pond, with several humps and some huge ravines, and is generally considered rather rough. I am doing some sketching. Usually get into the pond twice a day.

Most of the people fish and get a good lot of trout but I don't care for the trouble.

Mails come here and go out only ~~occasionally~~ occasionally when the team goes and comes so I might not get anything that was written after you get this.

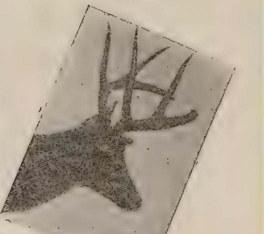
I think I must have said something in my letters that misled you about my coming to Shelburne this year — I hope to come for two weeks in October although I am not sure yet. Please tell Gus this as it will probably give us a chance to talk ~~[illegible]~~ over the tablet.

I broke my spectacles about ½ hour before I got on the train Sunday night and am now wearing them with a string over one ear hitched to the bridge and am getting along very well. If I come to Shelburne I hope to make an improved sketch of the rock. I think I could do better now.

Now good night

C. C. Sprague

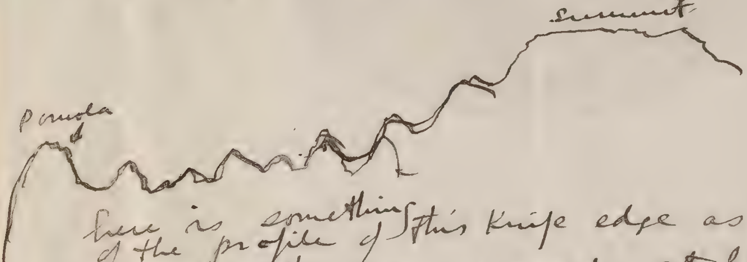
This letter has hung around several days as my Envelopes which I brought all stuck together as well as the stamps. We have been to Ktaadn. Had a splendid trip. All but two went and all climbed extremely well. It is certainly a wonderful pile and the "great basin is a very wild looking place. There would not be time for any one to go down into it from the top in a one day trip as it lies on the other side of the mountain and is surrounded at least three-quarters with rather sheer walls and "chimneys" which I believe in a few cases have been climbed. There is an enormous basin away over beyond the Northern peaks which has



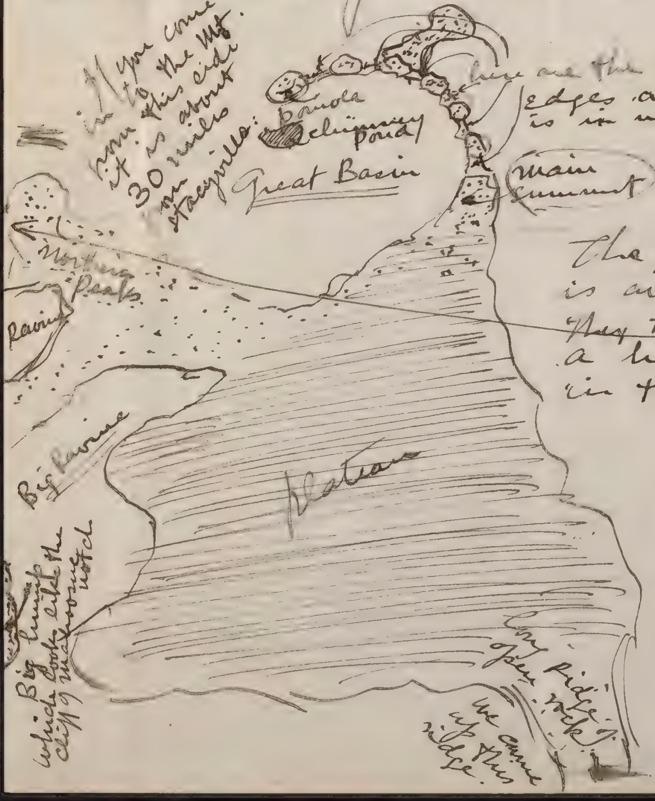
hardly been explored.
There are at least four of these basins which are more or less like the great gulf.
There is an enormous plateau near the top which must be nearly a mile long and perhaps ½ mile wide, comparatively covered with grass and moss.
All the rocks on this show the effects of the glacier, being smoothed off on top – but as you go up to the higher peaks they are ~~again~~ rough.
On beyond the peak (around the head of the great basin in almost ⅔ of a circle) lies the "Knife Edge", very narrow in places, and on the back side of this is an enormous slope (almost a ~~[illegible]~~ gulf) with a tremendous slide which you can see at a distance from the river. This "Knife Edge" is a wild looking series of lumps with dips between and ends up with one huge lump of rock which they call "Pomola"
We had about two hours to stay at the summit and five of us made a dash onto the Knife Edge.
One lady got on the top of the lump nearest Pomola, one other lady and I got to the top of the next lump (that is only one between us and Pomola) and another gentleman and lady were two lumps behind us but none could get clear there in the allotted time.

4

The last section of the ridge was evidently very thin and would have to be crossed very slowly as the walls on either side were very shear and I don't think that one person alone could climb Pomola as it looked to have ledges on that side.



here is something of the profile of this knife edge as seen from the summit - This goes around at least a half circle - see plan below.



If you come to the Mt from this side it is about 30 miles from Stacyville.

here are the thin edges and all this rock is in very loose ragged pieces

The great Northern basin is away over beyond here they think up here that a herd of Caribou lives in this basin.

I shall be in Boston Sunday August 7.

The West Branch lies along this side a number of miles away.

3 range and get into this basin but it would bee some distance and probably would be impassable after you got there. I doubt if a person could do more than go on the North peak and back to our camps without resting in a day so you couldn't go down into this basin without camping on Ktaadn which would be very risky if the weather happened to be bad.

I believe the Sourdnahunk (I don't know how to spell this) range runs across the end of this basin and I am intending some time to see if it wouldn't be possible by camping at Sourdnahunk pond to go over and back in a day.

All this is very hazy in my mind but I am drawing a map giving my impressions as I saw things. Of course this may all bee entirely wrong.

At any rate I had a good look into the basin and made a rather poor (but passable) panorama photo of the entire (almost) long side of

---

Gloucester Aug 26 1921

Dear W. D.

I have been at home now over three weeks and have intended many times to write but there has been so much weeding etc plus very short evenings at home that I haven't had a chance.

Now I am here at Gloucester with a piece of an evening to spare and so here goes.

You know that when I come here I have a very comfortable room and bath away from the other rooms so I rarely see any people and know nobody, coming and going as I please so that I have a fine chance to work and there is a great variety of material right around here.

After I wrote you from the camp I had the best trip of the whole outing. Some of our party climbed Ktaadn a second time but two other fellows and I wanted to get a look into the great basin over beyond the North Peak so we climbed or rather wallowed and fell up the O J I range

2 which is fairly high and extends off to the
west of Ktaadn joining on to it across the
main Southern ravine from the main unit.
They call it OJI because some very remarkable
scars away at the West end. almost
spell the letters O-J-I. It sounded quite
Japanese to me. and we finally came
out on a very fine ledge Acropolis which
shot out of the trees much as Bloze eye does.
only smaller and much steeper. In fact
we all agreed that we had a very fine
rock climb here having at one time to climb
a Spruce tree to get over on a shelf that
we couldn't have reached otherwise.
This little peak was not the highest point
of the range as there was a wooded one
between us and Ktaadn but it gave us
a wonderful view of that mountain on
its broadest side and also a fine long
view over into the "Klondike" basin over
beyond the North peak. This basin is
a wonderful place about 5000 ft altitude
with a comparatively level floor pitching off
slightly toward the East (I think) and it
evidently has a sharp drop between high
ledges at that end. The floor seems to
be almost entirely covered with bog moss
and knots of either Spruce or arbor vitae.
You can see several large ponds
scattered around and I suspect there
is much water all around under this
moss (or tall sedge grass, we couldn't tell
which on account of the distance).
The guides say that it is commonly
supposed that much of the larger game
(moose, caribou and deer) winter in this
place.
I think that by camping in Chimney
Pond Basin a person could go over a

6. My brother and family are going up to the mountains at the end of next week.

I think they intend to spend a few days in Bear River valley at the Poplar Tavern and ~~to~~ he wants to do some climbing there — I advise Saddleback which is one of the very finest.

I think he could see Ktaadn from there if it is clear.

They will then go to Randolph.

I have a lot of flowers just ready to open. Two of my "Emerton" Larkspur, planted very late last year, (I think about Sept 1) have flowered and are the same fine plants that W. E. has.

I shall look you up as soon as you get home.

Please remember me to everybody.

Yours truly

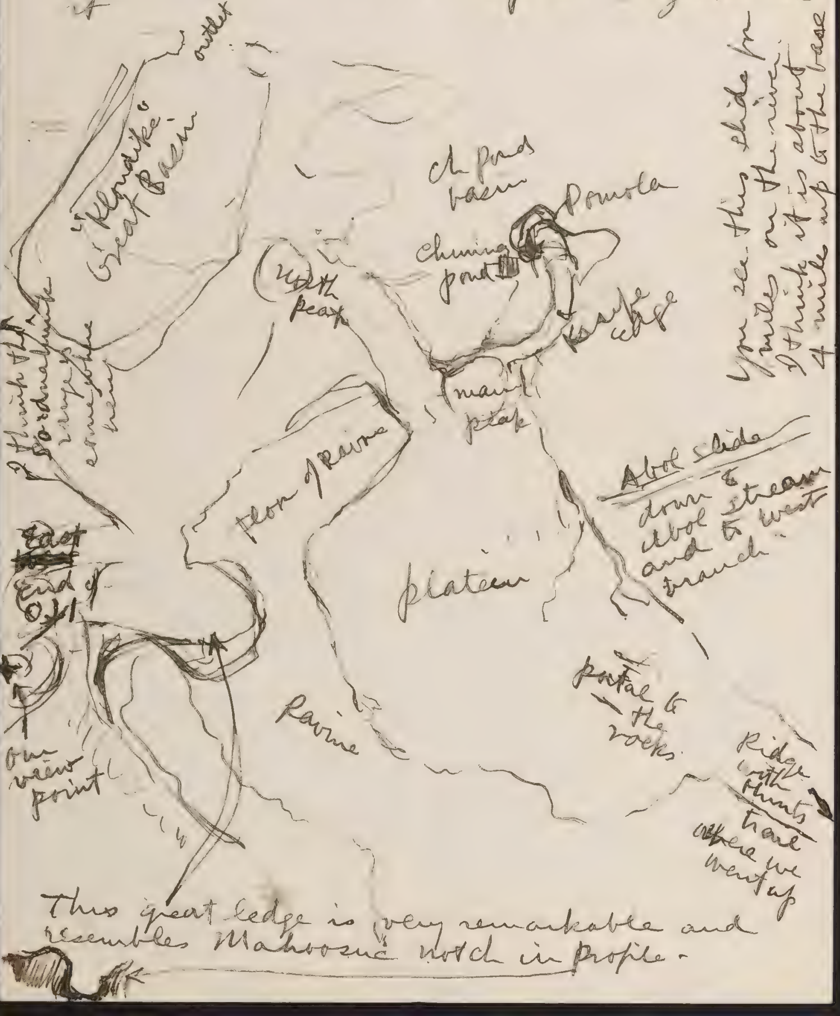
A. C. Sprague.

4 of Ktaadn with the big ravine in the foreground. The guides told us that probably few people had ever done these things as nobody ever tried to climb O.J.I. It is all strewn over with blowdowns and slash — trees laid over in regular furrows two and three deep — so that we had to either walk up among the branches or crawl under most of the time — We started by wading about 1/2 mile up a bog and as luck would have it, much to our surprise, came out by the same bog. The guides told us it would be a very rough trip and we found it so. Some new growth of Spruce or fir so thick that we had to stick our heads down and butt through it or crawl under on the ground. I shouldn't care to do it every day but wouldn't have missed the wonderful view at the top for anything.

One of the fellows came home with one leg of his khaki trousers

.5 from the knee down torn off except for a few threads and then tied on with string we all had a variety of scratches but wonderfully enough I got clear through without even dislocating my spectacles (one bow broken off and a carpet thread attached to the yoke at my nose and wound around my ear).

Now here is the map as I gathered it



I think the Sourdnahunk range is some where near

You see this slide for miles on the river. I think it is about 4 miles up to the base

Abol slide down to Abol stream and to west branch.

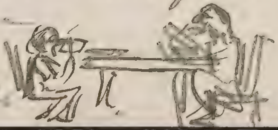
This great ledge is very remarkable and resembles Mahoosuc notch in profile.

Wollaston Sept. 15 - 1920

Dear W. D.

Your letter came eons ago and I layed it in my desk and this is the first minute I have found to answer it. I shall start tonight and finish it, perhaps, tomorrow.
I have been doing things around the house which ought to be done before I can go away. While the folks were away I dug out a trench across the back of my house and filled it with loose stone. This is to be a path and also a gutter to catch the water which comes down the hill occasionally and carry it to a catch basin which is already made instead of letting it run down into the cellar.
Tonight I have been trimming my Privet hedge — I have about 120 ft of this and there is also a lot of Barberry which is still to be done — and, alas! the weeds!! then if I go away I must do other things before I can leave.
I have also been working up the negatives I took on the [illegible]

3 I hope to come to P. Farm this Oct. for two weeks but haven't said much about it lately at the office. However when the proper time comes I shall probably quietly (vamoose?) and let nature take its course.
I wish you could be there — Can't you stay?
I don't know exactly when but I wish I could get a little foliage at its height (especially birches). I must find out from Gus or you when it is likely to come and then aim at the right time.
If you don't stay till I come I shall see you here and we will have lunch together. Great ~~Blu~~ Blueberry Pie at the City club!! I have fairly bathed in this and green corn this summer.
The folks came home. Monday, Evening walk,



2. It was agreed that we should all take our negatives to Thurston's on Bromfield St. and leave them for a month or two so that everyone could get any prints they cared for.

I have rather a poor pair of negatives of the side of Ktaadn — a panorama of the whole mt. on its long side, (opposite the one side) which ought to be a rare picture as it has, perhaps, never photographed from here and it is undoubtedly the only point high up that such a picture could be taken from.

I am very lucky to get even as good a picture as I did for these distant views usually come out badly with my camera, but the day was exceptionally clear with a few floating clouds and these appear in the picture giving a little feeling of the big scale of things.

Also I have a passable view of the Knife Edge and Pamola taken across Chimney Pond Basin from the main top — this shows the slides and scars very well — Also another negative taken across the great ravine from which Ktaadn Brook runs.

Also I got a very fair negative of the group of thirteen people of our party (I was the fourteenth) eating lunch on Double top.

I was interested to read that the people had gone to Caribou via the bog road. I thought the trip via Hastings was a great deal finer and the road was better. If there was water in the streams there would be one remarkable Cascade. I should advise going this way as the bog way is very uninteresting and dry while this route is very much the opposite and has water almost the whole distance. I shouldn't say it was over two miles from where we left the auto to the top.

4 at Randolph to do some climbing.

I expect he is spending the night on Mt. Washington — to night.

They only stayed one night at Poplar Tavern as it was very hot there and no guests but transients.

My brother wanted to tramp but there was no one to go with so they went on via Dixville Notch and back via Berlin to Randolph.

They saw Dr Arnold who is a professor of ancient language (or some old thing) there — He was at Kidney Pond camp a few days before she left and I got quite acquainted with him. I am sure that Gus will find room for me (I don't mind going outside the main house) and so I shall take a chance and try to catch the foliage.

5 please remember me to Gus and
every body else I know. and tell
him what I am writing about
coming. We will talk over the tablets
then.
I saw Miss Lois Howe and she expects
to stay into Oct. this year.
Now I must go to bed so
be a good boy and stay there all
you can, until I come up.

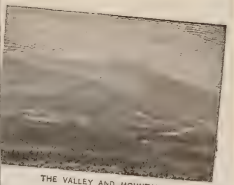
Yours truly

R. C. Sprague.

recd
Nov. 1

THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N.H.

Oct 29 – 1921

Dear W. D. you will think that I don't do anything but write letters but that is far from the facts. I saw something that will interest you and I thought I would record it ~~about~~ while it was fresh in my mind.

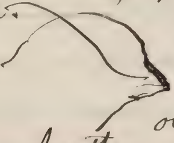
~~Yes~~ Yesterday morning as I was going up the road I saw a bird just ahead of me running along which I am sure was an Evening Grosbeak. It was near the Leighton house evidently eating some old apples and also picking up grit. As I came along it didn't fly up and when I stood still and whistled ~~at it~~ it kept coming nearer and running around me, occasionally picking up a bit of apple and single stones and watching me with evident curiosity. It finally came within about 3 feet and acted like a tame bird – in fact when I moved it only flew up a few feet in a limb and still watched me. The only noise it made was a little faint, short ~~squ~~ squeal.

I remember that a pair of E. G.s that I once saw in the Blue hills reservation acted much the same way, in fact

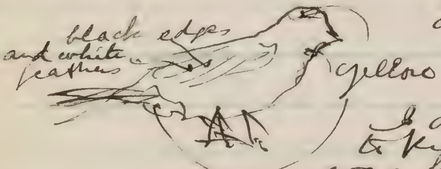
2.

one of these birds almost ~~fo~~ alighted on my shoulder and both of them ran all around my feet on the ground.

This bird was probably about as large as a robin but a very stocky build. Head very full and a short stocky bill.



Main body was a sort of mouse color with a rather inconspicuous yellow on top of head on throat and on rump wing feathers edged with black and white lines.



I noticed that around the eye was dark — I think like a cat bird.

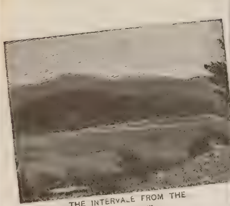
I am quite curious to know why the bird was here at this time of the year.

all in all I should call it a finely formed bird although not showy — the yellow is not bright.

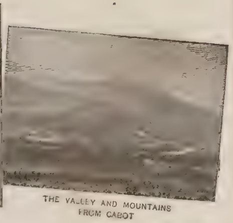
The weather has fairly outdone itself since it changed early this last week. Five bright days — yesterday I was sure it would storm today — Wind came strong from the east the night before and sky full of "mares tails" but it didn't arrive — and the wind has gone back West with a beautiful day today and a prospect of another tomorrow.

Mrs. Whitney and I hold the fort alone here, and today she has a cold and hasn't come down to dinner or supper.

She sent me down (as she said she should) an unopened jar of strawberry jam and I have nearly finished a


THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N.H.

3. jar of orange marmalade which she brought down and insists I must eat ~~it~~ all myself as she still has some at the cottage. I think this is very kind of her – she has been opposite me all the time at table noon and night and I have enjoyed talking with her very much. She has brought me a number of very interesting magazine articles to read on subjects she found I was interested in.

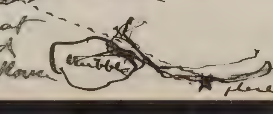
I think she is really a very fine person although first impression wouldn't show you that perhaps.

Lawrence has gone to Boston for a week meeting his wife there – they are to go to the Harvard-Yale football game with Johnsons, I believe, and probably visit Howard

I ought to say that while sketching directly back of the Deane cottage in the field I found two large circles filled with Devil's Paint Brush –

The picture was painted about 100 feet below the Nubble on the Island, although I don't wonder you couldn't find the place as it was largely fictitious.

You will see that as I said I could look up to the D. House



here is the spot

4 just across the farther end of the stubble.

I have worked hard and more freely than I ever have before but have done nothing good to show.

I can see that I handle my subject a little better than I used to but haven't arrived yet.

I may be able to use several of the sketches at home but they are not good in themselves.

Gus has gone to bed and I shall put out the lights.

Mrs. W goes down Monday, I believe all the way in the machine, I think that "Cleve" who you will remember is to drive.

Mrs. Rattrie an Endicott were here over last Sunday in his new flivver.

I asked him to drive it up Shelburne Moriah but he politely refused.

Now I think you will be sick of reading my gossip so I will go to bed

and good night

A. C. Sprague.

from
A.C. Sprague
July 4/1923
recd " 10 "

PUBLISHED BY THE GOWEN SUTTON CO LTD VANCOUVER B C

POSTCARD

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

MRS D A CURRY PRESIDENT
MARY CURRY TRESIDDER SECY
MARJORIE CURRY WILLIAMS HOSTESS

MANAGERS
DON TRESIDDER
ROBERT T WILLIAMS

CAMP CURRY
California
in the
YOSEMITE
NATIONAL
PARK

- This old boy is 3600 ft above the floor of the valley

rec'd June 30

June 23 - 1924

Dear W. H.

I have been here now six days and am all settled down. Have a large double tent to myself.

Eat at the Cafeteria and only two square meals a day.

I go off early in the morning and get back late so I can be all day at my sketching.

There is no water, comparatively speaking, here. Another "freak season"! Everywhere I have been for three years I have had this "freak season" stuff thrown at me.

However the walls are still as fine as anything I know of.

You can't gage distances or heights here at all. The ledge that stands all across the back of our camp is very straight and 3200 ft. high.

I may do better stuff before I go home as everything here is huge and shakes up your imagination.

I stopped a few hours in Chicago and ran out to make a surprise call on my friend Mr. Allen then I stopped three days at Colorado Springs, which is a stupid place, and went over to Manitou to live. This is a very nice little town and at the foot of Pikes Peak.

I hiked up and down – made it in a day – $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours up and $3\frac{1}{2}$ down.

I wanted to see what the 14109 ft. altitude would do with me and it was no different from the sea level at home. Now that I haven't to think of the altitude problem I may try Mt. Rainier which is only about 100 ft. higher.

Of course you start from Manitou at nearly 6000 ft. altitude just as you start at Paradise Valley on Mt. Rainier at 5800 ft. alt.

I walked the cog road on Pikes Peak and the linear distance is rated as 9 miles up and naturally 9 miles down – the last are shorter than the first.

I ruined a good pair of sneakers as the ties of cog road are laid on a bed of broken granite.

Had a perfect day for weather

MRS D A CURRY PRESIDENT
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DON TRESIDDER
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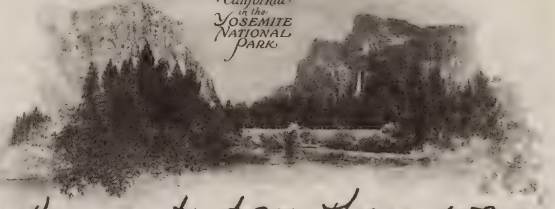
CAMP CURRY
California
in the
Yosemite
National
Park

3



but the next day there was a young blizzard on the mount^{ns} then I went throug the Royal Gorge on the train, really the whole Canon by which the Arkasas River comes down through the main line of the Rocky Mts. This whole canon for about five hours is a wonderful place. When you get away up to the top, which is higher Colorado, you are in the neighborhood of 10000 ft. altitude, you go by dozens of snow-capped peaks most of them in the 14000 ft class, the river away up here appears to be larger than at the bottom, thus reversing the case of "the monkey that climbs a tree".

Then an hour in Salt Lake City with a bus ride.

The city is wonderfully situated and well laid out on a fine big slope looking over the whole

4 valley and the lake.

the lake has islands, one of which is a small mountain.

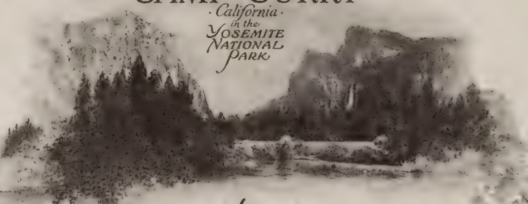
The city is very neat and well built but not interesting.

the mormon temple is a fright, all put together without mortar or nails. I believe the great arch trusses are said to be built without nails or iron rods of any sorts.

then a most wretched afternoon across ~~the~~ one end of the lake and then great beds of salt (like snow) then the Utah desert, the meanest place I ever saw.

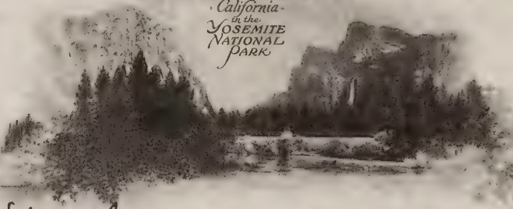
the next forenoon we came down out of the Sierra mts through "the Feather River Canon". another rather wonderful place. This was one of the great gold beds. and the river wanders around at all heights between rugged mountains.

then we landed in California "the golden" "the fertile" "garden of Eden" etc. all this stuff you hear is ~~[illegible]~~ real estate mens' boom popaganda. Last year my cousins apologized for the 98° in the shade (which we had all the time I was at



Pasadena, that same stuff "freak year". But I notice the thermometer stays about there day after day.
the whole state is in reality an hot ash heap all Summer the beautiful vegetation is: brown and yellow parched straw and dead leaves in many cases.
Everybody has rushed here with the idea that fruit grows almost without care.
All false propaganda!
Everybody has built, most shoddily, in a few years they sell out to some poor sucker and the organized propaganda is to bring the necessary sucker to buy a non-paying farm at an exhorbitant price. they will admit it if you pin them down, the planting, spraying, smudging and picking the fruit all !! has to be done by the "Fruit growers' association" and you are allowed

6. whatever is left for profit which
I understand may be a deficit.
The land is only productive in
some places and the shrewd
ones come with the idea of
cutting it up for "real estate" in
a few years.
Irrigation is scarce and
expensive and nothing will
grow without it. The propagandist
doesn't tell you this
The town of altadena just back
of Pasadena is scarcely more
than a group of "realty" deals
with huge signs telling you to
"buy now"! - really it is a group
of organized camps - a few
years ago, they told me, it was
orange and lemon groves -
all pulled up to make room
for a lot of poor houses.
Pasadena is nothing but an
old cripples home - just a place
to die.
I was told before I came here
that they never had earthquakes
in Los Angeles. (we drew some
building some years ago)
Now when I came last year
my cousins said; "this is ~~abnorm~~
abnormally hot weather and we
are surely going to have an earth-
quake - they had one a few days
before I came - I said "why I was
told they never had them here".
They said "Nonsense, they are not
uncommon but the propagandists



don't allow any news to leak out if they can help it.

There was a nice family in the next seat but one ahead of me on the train.

They were the dyed-in-the wool Californian,

When we were nearly over the mountains I heard the man say "Well, we shall soon see our beautiful California"; and they did. By the time we got to Sacramento this family were panting and covered with dust.

You could write your name on your suit-case.

We passed all the afternoon through desolate yellow country "fertile California"! with clouds of dust flying.

By the time we reached Oakland you could scarcely see through the windows for dust and the car was like an ash cellar

8 The glowing Californian had ~~puffed~~ pulled down his curtain and crawled into the corner. I doubt if he looked out of the window all the way across the State.
But he was taught as a child to repeat "golden Cal" "fertile Cal" etc. one hundred times each morning before breakfast.
~~It~~ It is very much like the German "Kultur": an organized propaganda to boom the state and, believe me, the crash will come some time when property has been boomed to three times its value in few years, once too often.
And the "wonderful climate" has been exploded.
I talked for an hour with a fine couple from New York down in the valley yesterday. They had been all over California for years, visiting a lot of friends and relations. and they said just what I have above and were mighty glad to meet some one from the East.
Neverless the Yosemite walls and Feather River Canon are beautiful and San Francisco is really a very fine city

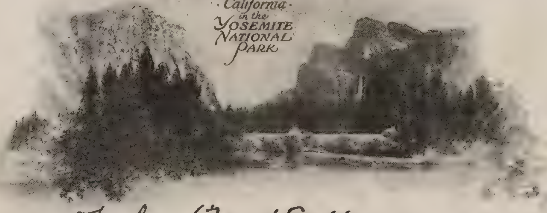
P.S. I saw a "Chionobas Semidea" (an old White Mountain butterfly) — very rare — on Pike's Peak.

Yours truly — A. C. Sprague

MRS D A CURRY PRESIDENT
MARY CURRY TRESIDDER SEC'Y.
MARJORIE CURRY WILLIAMS HOSTESS

MANAGERS
DON TRESIDDER
ROBERT T WILLIAMS

CAMP CURRY
California
in the
YOSEMITE
NATIONAL
PARK



July. 17 - 1924.

Dear W. D.

I got your letter all right and was glad to hear from Shelburne.

I expect to leave here next tuesday morning - five weeks here. I have (very little to show but a lot of rough sketches which will be good material later.

I am sending you some of my photographs - mostly records of subjects I have tried or else liked especially.

The valley is scarcely better than dust and ashes. The ground almost burns your feet and the remains of vegetation almost cracks under your feet.

The famous Yosemite Fall has been bone dry for a week.

At the Glacier Point House 2800 ft above our head they don't let the guests take baths and ask them to use only what water they must.

"Fertile California!" "The Garden of Eden" "The promised land!!" "Your Grandmother it is!!! It dries up nearly every year.

The [illegible] Sun is so scorching that my paper is like the bottom of an oven and

and it is almost impossible to work with water color.

Then when I put on a wash it fill with a perfect cloud of dust and dries out like sandpaper.

But despite all this, the walls stay the same all the time and I don't know any place that gets you and holds you as these walls. I hate to leave.

A very fine fellow picked me up with his machine a day or two ago, away off the road - in by the river - and despite the fact that I was smeared with paint and rags, insisted on bringing me back to the village.

When we got there I found myself very well acquainted and he gave me his card. He was Mr. Farrow the U.S. manager of the Yosemite. and an uncommonly interesting fellow. He tried to make me promise that I would come some time in the Winter when there is snow but it is not too cold to sketch most of the time.

I also see Mr. Pillsbury often. You will remember that he takes the wonderful moving pictures of flowers as they open. Also the airplane pictures of the reservation for the U.S. government.

He is going to Honolulu for the U.S.

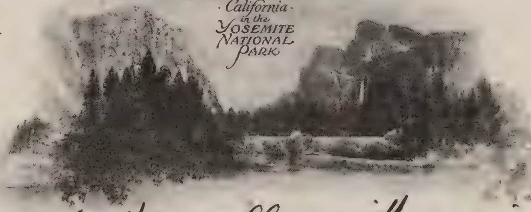
I am trying to show you the "Nature Study" which is very much overworked here.

Every afternoon several big busses go

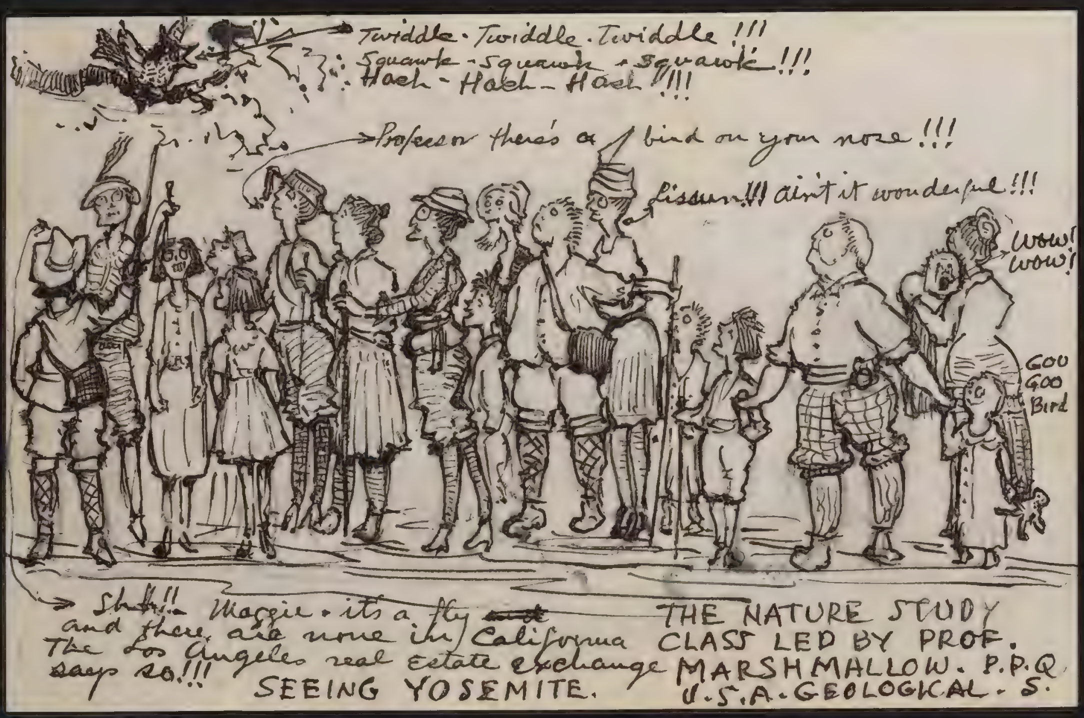
MRS. D. A. CURRY PRESIDENT
MARY CURRY TRESIDDER SECY.
MARJORIE CURRY WILLIAMS HOSTESS

MANAGERS
DON TRESIDDER
ROBERT T. WILLIAMS

CAMP CURRY
· California ·
in the
Yosemite
National
Park



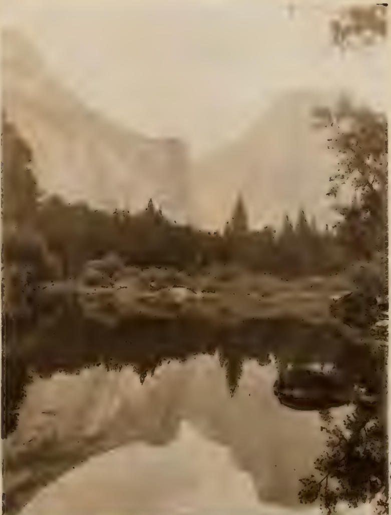
around the valley with a rich
assortment of (ripe) schoolmaams
and young lovers.
There is a wonderful boy who
has a speech (written by some
hungry professor) which he has
learned by heart with proper
gestures and emotion.
He lines these busses up and
then, assuming a proper pose,
sobs forth this thing with a free
sprinkling of "awful Majesty"
stuff (moans from the schoolmaams).
The first two days I happened to be
sketching directly in front of this
dramatic incident and he turned
to me and said "How are you today"?
I thought he was going to add "my
little man" but I said "Oh I can't
complain."
I suppose he intended to show me
to the "Toorists" as one of the wonders
which nature sprinkled over the
valley.
Now it is bed time so good bye.
Tell Gus that I want to come to
Shelburne this Oct. but don't know
yet. Yours truly
A. C. Sprague



Twiddle · Twiddle · Twiddle !!!
Squawk · squawk · squawk !!!
Hash - Hash - Hash !!!!
Professor there's a bird on your nose !!!
Lissun!!! ain't it wonderful !!!
Wow! Wow!
GOO GOO Bird
Shh!! Maggie · its a fly and there are none in California The Los Angeles real estate exchange says so!!!

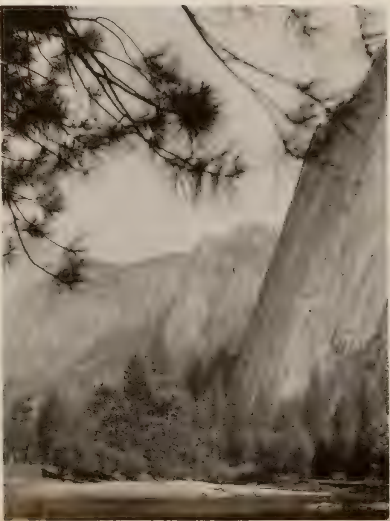
THE NATURE STUDY CLASS LED BY PROF. MARSHMALLOW. P.P.Q U.S.A. GEOLOGICAL · S.

SEEING YOSEMITE.

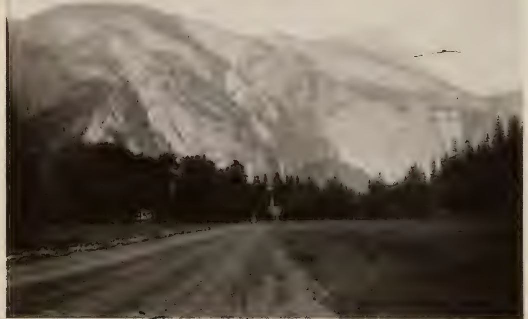


Merced River just above Yosemite village.

Top of Pikes Peak 14109 ft altitude



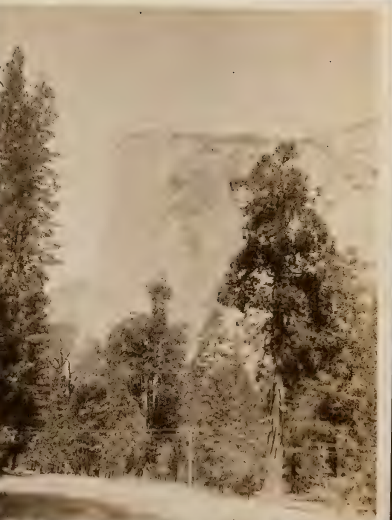
Side of Cathedral rock and Merced River



Yosemite village.

Pikes Peak from just behind the foot hills.

things that never happen
where Yosemite fall out to be.



3600ft above the valley floor

El. Capitan. Guardian of the valley

rec'd Aug 19th
ans'd [illegible]

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

ENROUTE

Aug 14 - 1924

Dear W. D.

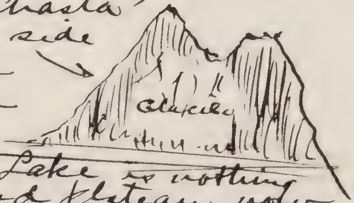
I started from Tacoma last night toward home - This car wiggles so badly that it is almost impossible to write and you will understand why this look so funny.
We went directly into the Cascade Mt country which looks like N.H. mountains and I began to get homesick for Shelburne and the Cape Ann Surf.
I get to the Yellowstone tomorrow and stay five days there and then directly home.
Since I have written you I have stayed two days in San Francisco. Went out to Mt. Tamalpais and the Muir Woods - a beautiful lot of Redwood with a real stream running through it. Any real Californian would ~~[illegible]~~ have fainted at such a sight as

4 morning took the bus to Paradise valley (Mt. Rainier.
Paradise valley is the most beautiful of all. It is absolutely full of water (so many cascades you couldn't photograph them)
One great fall at the far end as you enter.
Everything is a gorgeous green litterally spotted all over with masses of beautiful wild flowers. I never saw anything like it. There are several deep gorges inside the valley and as you stand there you look directly across to the snow and glacier covered cone. There are ~~are~~ something like twenty glaciers. The great Nisqually is very near and you can walk over to it and see the whole process from the snow at the top to where the river litterally leaps out at the bottom wall.
The Paradise River which runs through the valley comes from the next glacier around the Mt.
I climbed the mountain - You rent a complete outfit of togs including hob-nailed boots, alpine stock, yellow goggles and pastile paint to smear all over your face.

2 running water but it didn't frighten me.

Then I went North to Weed and in on an inside road to Klamath Falls. three quarters of a circle around Mt. Shasta

This is the back side
It fronts on the Sacramento River valley.



Lower Klamath Lake is nothing but a great mud plateau now. the government drained it dry in their insane hunt for water to save the dying people of the "fertile valleys of Cal."
It used to be the greatest gathering place for wild ducks, geese, swans etc. in U.S. and I was told there was a great clamor to try and restore it.

From Klamath Falls went by bus to Crater Lake - 27 miles along the shore of upper Klamath Lake and very beautiful - all dotted over with white pelicans - I didn't know there was such a thing in U.S.

Crater Lake is very weird.

3. I stayed four days and that was as long as I could to.

All volcanic - the water is furiously blue and 1000 ft. below the rim at the hotel - about 2000 ft. deep and no outlet. I rowed across to Wizard island (the old crater) and went up to have a look from the top. It is only a bowl-shaped hole with solid bottom from 80 to 100 ft deep and surrounded with real pumice.

From the boat the surface of the water looked like a Della Robbia Enamel with two shades of blue.

Took the stage to Medford 86 miles mostly along the Rogue River - a great trout stream and very fine.

Stayed a day in Portland.

I started to call on a Mr. Gill with whom I ~~[illegible]~~ came from Boston to Chicago. He asked me to come in and see him but I found he had one of the largest and swellest stores in Portland, a book and artist material business and I didn't have the nerve to 'break' in on him.

Then I went to Tacoma and the next

8. top four regular crevasses. Three of these you follow along and cross on a natural ice bridge but the fourth is a corker. you crawl up a long ladder to an ice wall which overhangs it and then up this wall where the guide cuts steps.

It is necessary to come down by 10.30 A.M. as you couldn't get down this wall if the ice melts much.

Probably most of the party would have balked at a lot of it under other circumstances but the guide keeps everybody moving and they forget to get scared.

Some of my party said they would never go up again for any money but I said that with three days rest I would be glad to go again.

I am enclosing a picture of Heine and Hans the two most popular people at Paradise Inn

Heine the taller of the two was our guide

We ~~having~~ have been all day crossing the Rocky Mts in Idaho and Montana. and it is great country.

Yours truly A. C. Sprague

5.

These last are to prevent sunburn up where the air is thin.

A Swiss Guide takes the party up. You start at 2.30 P.M. – go to Camp Muir (stone huts 10000 ft alt.) The guide calls you at 3.15 A.M. and you start up at 3.30 A.M. climb about a mile by lantern light before it is daylight.

You are due to get to the crater rim at top (14409 ft altitude) at 9.30 A.M – we got there at 9.15 and Heine, our guide, was much pleased.

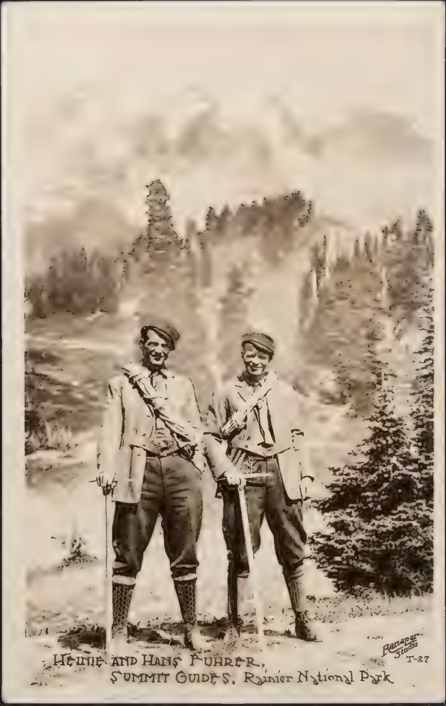
One hour at top and you start down at 10.30 getting back to Camp Muir at about 2. P. M

It is some climb and the park association gives you a certificate signed by your guide saying that Mr. So and So (color of hair and eyes etc. but no finger prints) has ascended to the top etc

You can't imagine how this certificate is valued out here

6 In all seriousness it is more
prized than an L.L.D from a College.
The people at the Inn watch the
climbers through a powerful glass
as they climb a ladder and ice
wall over the great crevasse
near the top - then they watch them
as they come back.
I had half a dozen strangers
ask me if I would be willing
to show them my certificate
One N. York Man (a N Y Mutual
Life Ins. manager) with two
children asked if he could see
it and they passed it around
as carefully as if it was gold leaf.
He said "I shall never get there
but I would give a great deal if
I could ever own one of those"
Some Seattle people sat at my
table the noon before I went up
and overheard another man ask
me if I succeeded in getting my togo
they said "you can never get there"
and asked as a favor if I would
write them if I succeeded and
what I thought of the climb, which

7 I did.
One of our party had great trouble
getting to Camp Muir and stayed
there till we came down.
Another, a lady, was deathly sick
three times with nausea from the
altitude.
On the upper part you climb about
two minutes and then rest a few
seconds to store up wind.
The day before I came away eight
came back that didn't make
the top - all were sick.
I have no sensation from altitude
except short breath in the upper
1000 ft. or thereabouts - I guess nearly
everybody has that.
The top is an old crater filled with
snow and ice - and a bare
stone ring around it
There is a long crawl around
the wall of "Gibraltar" on a very
narrow ledge of shale rock and
dust with the bed of the Nisqually
Glacier almost directly under you
2000 ft. below.
Also a lot of ice wall climbing
on ropes and footsteps which your
guides cut as you go. and at the



HEINIE AND HANS FUHRER,
SUMMIT GUIDES, Rainier National Park

HAND-COLORED

POST CARD

PUBLISHED BY CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK CO., CRATER LAKE, ORE.

View from Trail, Garfield Peak. Crater Lake, Oregon.

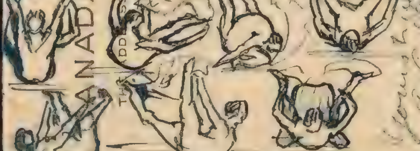
Post Cards of Quality. — The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE.

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS.

5. You have an open top
observation car from
field to Revelstoke.
but it showered at
regular intervals all
the way. just as it
has all the six weeks
I have been in these
mountains.
At Yoho I stayed
six days and two
halves and it rained
some part of all eight.
and this is about
what it has been doing
all the time. Up here
they say "Freak season"
it never rains here
after June but no one
has ever seen anything
like it before just as
no one ever saw 16
days consecutively of
sleet at Shelburne
before last Oct. and no
one ever saw it rain every
other day all summer at

but did at home last
year and no one
remembers such a
Winter in Boston as
last and the June
was the hottest on
record before I came
away. 18 months I
have been a Jonah
everywhere I have gone.
Sketching has been almost
impossible for no one
expects to see the sun
more than ½ hour at a
time. The C.P.R was
~~was~~ washed out twice by
Cloudbursts while I was
at Banff and we had
1½ inches of snow once.
tomorrow I go, I hope, to
Seattle and U.S.A.
Shant have any address
from now on

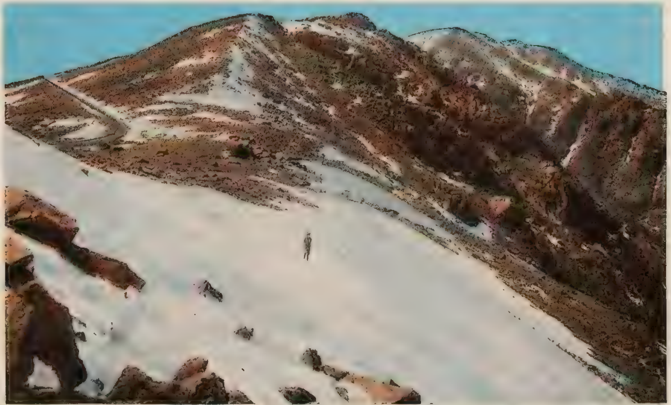


Correct representation of a man trying to put on his trousers in a sleeper.

Yours truly
A. C. Leighton

CANADA POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



ABOVE TIMBERLINE ON PIKES PEAK, COLORADO.

PIKE'S PEAK, COLORADO.

This historical beacon summit which guided the early explorers across the Great Plains rears its snowy crest in the midst of a veritable wonderland altitude 14,109 feet. The most famous land mark in America. The summit is easily reached by the Pike's Peak Cog Railway.

M. A. L. Sprague

A-32227

POST CARD

PLACE
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DOMESTIC
ONE CENT

FOREIGN
TWO CENTS

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE HYDE PAPER CO COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO MADE IN U S A

Aug 26 - 1923 recd Sept 7

Dear W. S. I have got to Yosemite

I stopped at Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco. Then took the train to Merced which is about half way to Los Angeles. From Merced a small railroad runs up the Merced River valley and autos to Camp Curry which is in a huge grove of trees, some very large - Pines, Sequoia and fir. at the upper end of the main Yosemite valley. We have an enormous ledge directly at the back of the grounds, perhaps 1000 ft high and practically vertical

This camp is an interesting place. A hotel - swimming pool, dance hall, transportation office, and they give an open air concert every night around a big wood fire. There are seven or eight hundred tents and a big cafeteria beside the hotel dining room, also a lot of bungalows. I eat at the Cafeteria and so can have my own hours and be away all day.

To-day I took the ride down our valley and across to and up the Hetch Hetchy valley and the great San Francisco reservoir and dam away at the top of the valley.

The whole valley was a mighty interesting place really almost a long canyon with high grey ledge walls and huge desolate rocky mountains with a curious pepper and salt scattering of pines and firs.

We went through a long space of the great trees - Pines (Pitch, Scotch and a few white ones) Firs and Sequoia, which are quite evidently Cedars in kind. All these except the white pine seemed to grow to tremendous size. The big auto bus went through one tree trunk.

× Early the coming week I am going to the "Mariposa grove" which, I believe, contains the largest living trees as well as the oldest living things on earth. They tell you here that these trees antedate Tut En Kamen and were already well grown at the Christian Era.

2. From Vancouver I went to Capilano Canyon over on the Island and all around the city proper. At Victoria we had 1½ hours off the boat with a bus all around the City. It is really only a large town with Parliament buildings, a huge C.P.R. hotel and acres of flowers and shrubs - almost tropical as they get a warm wind from Japan and have no freezing Winter.

At Seattle I ran all over the city and out to the Government Lake Washington locks the next largest to Panama Canal.

At Tacoma I went up to Paradise Valley mt. Rainier at the top of vegetation and directly under the snow cap. A very interesting student sat beside me and we commiserated each other that we couldn't try to climb the cone. Neither of us had proper equipment or time. It is not extra strenuous climbing but a simple matter of endurance and high altitude. The top is slightly over 14000 ft. - we went up only to 5900 about 100 above Paradise Inn. I had been over 8500 ft. in Canada without noticing any effect and think I could have gone to the top. apparently there is no steep climbing, only snow and ice.

The mountain used to be a volcano before I met it but went out of business long ago. So the ledges that show through the snow are a rosy boiled ham color in the sunlight. The "Nisqually glacier" shows a dirty brown wall of ice (lava dust) with a large stream coming out of a cave at the bottom.

I photographed the snow cap several time and a wonderful cascade.

A lot of funny alpine flowers - lots of Lupin (as there is also in the Yosemite and Hetch Hetchy valleys), Anemone, paint brush, ~~etc.~~ wild Fox-glove etc.

From Portland I went out the Columbia River valley (one of the finest trips I have had).

3. At San Francisco I spent my time in the City but went one day across the bay to "Sausilito", to see olives, figs etc.

This Yosemite valley is one of the really great places. Not very wide with fine sharp walls ~~with~~ and pinnacles on both sides and there should be very high cascades (Yosemite Fall is, I believe, nearly 2500 ft.) but there is no water.

Everything in California and lower Oregon is dried, scorched and parched terribly sad to look at after the rivers, lakes and cascades of the Canada mountains — All the distances are old gold and pink with dark grey purple and navy blue foliage. (Olive trees, thick evergreens etc.) but all this hot rich color means dried straw and undried foliage I don't like it for long. I am a Northerner under my skin. Even the irrigated lands steam and make you feel clammy and perspire and all the soil is a cloud of dust that you wouldn't suppose you could ever wet through again.

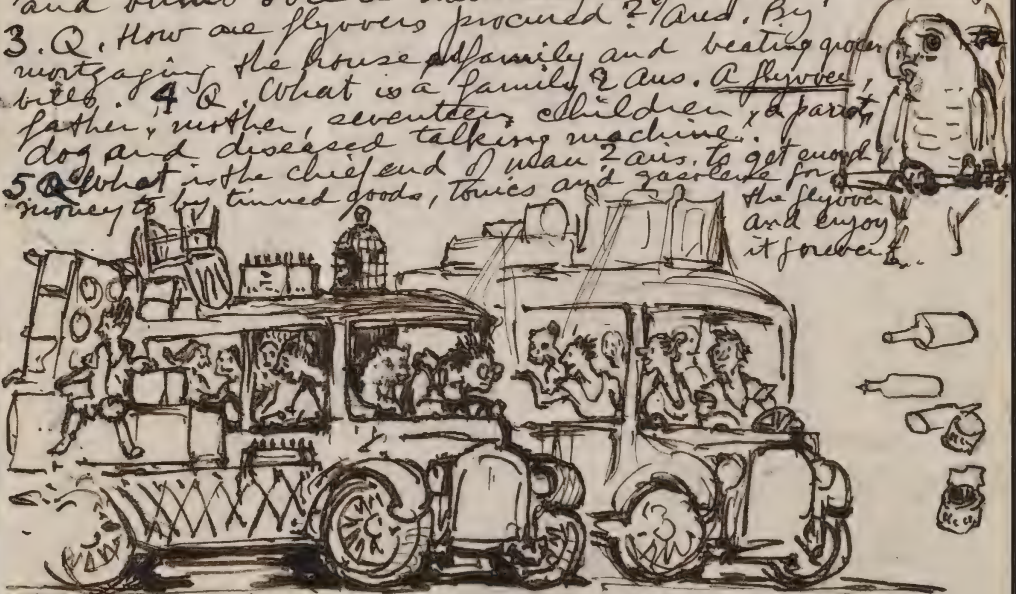
This valley is nevertheless really fine and a great sketching ground. In June it would be full of Rhododendrons and enormous Evergreens.

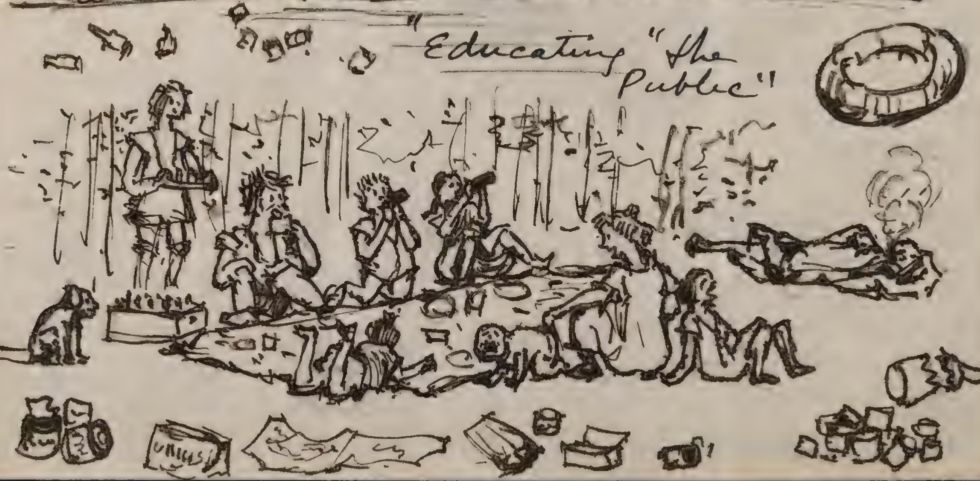
I have dropped this letter several days and have now been to the "Mariposa grove" of big Sequoias. The largest is 40 ft in diameter (approximately) and I believe the tallest is over 300 ft. high. A great trip but these two roads that go up over the side walls of the valley are enough to shake your liver out the top of your head.

To day I have been up to "Vernal" and "Nevada" Falls away up beyond the main valley and even with the small flow of water they were worth the trip. "Vernal" is one of the two or three finest cascades I have seen. I sketched it.

The only trouble with this valley is that it has been "popularized" and belongs to the "public". The literature tells you it is "educational". It is full of public camping grounds and the

4 things that always go with such
now here is a little catechism which I wish you would
memorize to repeat to me when we get home
1 Question who are "the Public?" Ans. All those who can own,
hire, borrow or steal a flyvver.
2. Q. What is a flyvver? Ans. An invention of the Devil
for distributing old tins, tonic bottles, Gypsy moths
and bums over a naturally self respecting country.
3. Q. How are flyvvers procured? Ans. By
mortgaging the house family and beating grocer
bills. 4 Q. What is a family? Ans. A flyvver,
father, mother, seventeen children, a parrot,
dog and diseased talking machine.
5 Q. What is the chief end of man? Ans. to get enough
money to buy tinned goods, tonics and gasolene for
the flyvver
and enjoy
it forever.




"Educating "the Public"

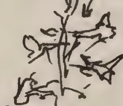
5. I have seen a lot of water ousels here in the river. They are very clever birds. Stand on the rocks and slide off under the water, sometimes they go across till they next rock under water.

Also we have a very mean Jay here something like our blue one at home It hangs around the camps in flocks.

I have seen some great botany today away up at the upper part of the river valley.

a plant with a vermillion flower that I am sure is a "petunia" by the looks of the plant. Then a blue flower that I am sure is a "gentian" - Long bell flower.

Also a wild "larkspur" very much like ours at home in the garden only about half as large and a delicate lavender blue.



I leave tomorrow for Los Angeles and Pasadena where I am to see some cousins and old neighbors. Then I go home via Grand Canyon.

Yours truly

A. C. Sprague

Wollaston Sept 1 1924

Dear W. D.

I have been at home a week now and am settling down.

I have been out tonight weeding in my garden where there is a regular growth springing up.

Spent the week end at Gloucester.

I came from Tacoma directly to the Yellowstone country and went the ~~from~~ five day trip around through it - one night each at four hotels and the last one ~~—~~ on the train.

The people that came out by the Eastern entrance told me on the train that I missed the best of it all (I came out as I went in via Gardiner, the Northern entrance.)

This Eastern entrance is called the Cody Road and goes out along the Shoshone River.

They go by the great Shoshone dam one of the highest in the world. -

feet a great depth — there are two great falls.

The "yellow Stone" is the yellow walls of the canyon and it looks much like sulphur and probably is some form of that.

I went through the trip with a whole bunch of people that I met. a lot from Portland Oregon and a fine fellow from Yale University who is out West on a loan to University of Cal.

He is Prof. Bacon of Yale, holds the chair of Philosophy and knows Prof. Emerton.

I rode in the bus with him, ate at the Hotels several times - then we spent a long forenoon going down to the river in the Canyon by three different paths then I came out of the park and to the train with him.

I believe he was an Episcopal clergyman before he was a professor. He has a most remarkable mind but he also has an uncommon faculty of putting out his hand and making friends.

He knows how to take everybody as a human regardless of the size of

I didn't enthuse as much over the Yellowstone as some of the rest of my trip, three days bus ride through the sulphur spring country and geysers. You never saw such a lot of smelly old pools, kettle and mud-pots in your life.

All do some ridiculous thing. Some boil and rise up and down others bubble and sputter, others spit out at angles, the most popular ~~of~~ send up columns of water and steam.

"Old Faithful" is the best known. It shoots exactly at one hour intervals — so accurately that all the tourists line up with their cameras about five minutes before it shoots. and it always goes on the dot. I believe that it takes just 55 minutes for enough water to filter down from the surface to create the necessary steam from the under bed (I think it is Carbonate of Lime) to eject the water above.

I saw some people looking down into it over the curb (this forms

around the opening from the spout) when it started —

It comes up rather gradually from about 6 to 8 feet below the top of the curb — usually sinks back two or three times before it spouts.

All this is not at all beautiful but well worth seeing from the curiosity stand point.

Then I photographed some bears. We coaxed one great fat black one up on the running board of the bus and I got a rather good picture of him. Three of us shot at another from three different points at the same time.

One bear brought two cubs along and some of the people played with them. I didn't see any Grizzlys but the people who went down to the bear pits did and they said all the black and cinnamon bear ~~[illegible]~~ took to the trees when the Grizzly appeared. The people also stay at a safe distance.

The one great thing in this country is the Grand Canyon where the Yellowstone River cuts down throu

5 their mind - Also I found he has a very keen sense of humor. at first I thought he was very hard boiled but when he talked he proved absolutely the reverse. I got much acquainted with him and hope and expect to see him again when he comes to Boston. I guess I must revise my original estimate of College professors - When I was younger I always thought of them as a lot of clothes pins but those I have met have all spoiled my theories and proved rather uncommonly human and friendly I caught a very rare butterfly at Gloucester yesterday and my brother is intending to send it to Dr. Henshaw -

Please tell Gus that it looks now as if I should come to P. Farm in October - I am not absolutely sure but shall probably get there

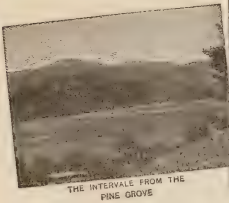
I wish you could stay till then but I suppose you have a lot to do down here - I always lose

several Symphony concerts.
Also please remember me
to Miss Brown and any
people at P. Farm that I
know ——

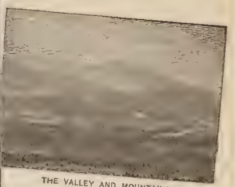
Yours truly

A. C. Sprague

P. S. Tell Gus that he can't
scare me any more by
telling me that "the bears
will get me" as I have
found that all they try to
get is all the sweet stuff
that is in your pocket.


THE INTERVALE FROM THE PINE GROVE

PHILBROOK FARM


THE VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS FROM CABOT

SHELBURNE, N.H.

Oct 14 - 1924.

Dear W. J.

Your letter came bringing the lunch money for which I thank you - You now have an absolutely clear conscience for which I rejoice greatly - there are not many of those things.
Only three people when I came but we have had a long table and part full for a few days. Most of them were only here for two or three days - Now we have six - Mr. and Mrs. Patterson for their first visit - fine people -
Mr. Patterson is Comptroller for Stone and Webster and of course knows Howard well.
The foliage was very late and has been exceptionally fine - It is rather gone by now and is falling fast. Weather has been fine and evidently tomorrow will be clear but we had a very hard frost this morning and the air is softer than yesterday which probably means rain soon.
I have been working all the time and find I use my brush more easily than when I worked here

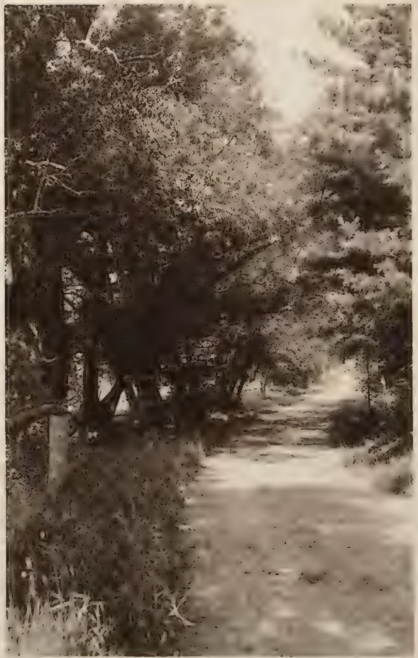
last.

to night's the night!!!
Griddle Cakes!!!
great excitement!!!

Everybody plays Mah Jong here now but Mr. Patterson and myself - they have also been playing - Bridge - and Cribbage. Gus is well and busy. He wants me to ride with him some day before I go over the Jefferson Notch road where we went (you will remember) on our Crawford Notch trip. I see Redpolls, bluebirds, Merganseitts and always a big blue heron -

Shall see you when I get home -

Yours truly
A. C. Sprague



111—Philbrook Willows, Shelburne, N. H.

Shelburne Oct 19. 1924

POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SHOREY STUDIO · GORHAM, N.H. · AMONG THE WHITE HILLS

ADDRESS

STAMP

Dear W. D.

I am enclosing a funny looking plant that I found just across the nearest creek in the brush area.

I suppose it is common but I never saw it before. there were only a few of the leaves and this is nearly the whole plant.

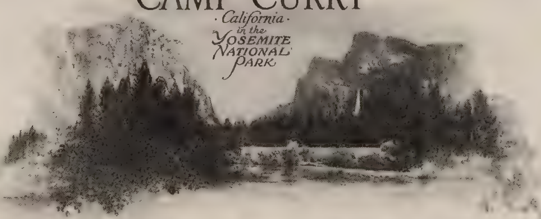
Yours Truly

a. C. Sprague

MRS D A CURRY, PRESIDENT
MARY CURRY TRESIDDER, SECY
MARJORIE CURRY WILLIAMS HOSTESS

MANAGERS
DON TRESIDDER
ROBERT F WILLIAMS

CAMP CURRY
California
in the
Yosemite
National
Park



June 28 - 1925
Dear W. D.

I was very slow getting here and found your letters, my big parcel post bundle and a letter from home waiting here. Then I have waited before writing until I had some prints to send.

I stopped at Salt Lake City - My train was 5 1/2 hours behind time on account of a washout in Iowa but made up all but two hours. Took night train to Lund and our sleeper was dropped off and pulled (early in the morning) to Cedar City, an old Mormon settlement 60 to 70 miles off the main line out in the desert —

The Union Pacific has a new hotel there, and I went directly by bus to Zion Canyon (several old Mormon settlements in the lower part). The Virgin River runs through this down to the Colorado.

It comes through narrow canyons many miles - very narrow and, they say, 2000 ft. deep) - at the head of the.

Canyon proper it comes through "The Narrows" - about 30 ft. wide and from 2000 to 3000 ft. walls. No one is allowed to go ~~th~~ above here without a guide and it is necessary to ride a horse as the river fills the whole space and when one of these Utah water spouts occurs it sometimes fills up 100 ft. deep in a short time.

My bus driver had been down through the whole river - It took them 15 days to get through and, I guess, they had a wild trip. They had often to turn their horses loose and swim long distances.

I stayed four days at Zion and climbed "Lady Mountain". It looks from the floor like a vertical wall 3000 ft. high but the Government have built a trail up. It is a very strenuous climb and I took all day up and down. They say at the lodge that there are over 1400 steps cut in the sandstone or built up and a half mile of steel cable to pull yourself up the flights of steps and across a lot of very narrow ledges. There are also two wooden ladders where there was no way to get up ledges. You go up through a V shaped gulley high up and think you are at the top and find a lot more crazy ramps - then when you really get to the top, instead of a plateau you look directly down 2000 or so ft. into another Canyon.

MRS D A CURRY, PRESIDENT
MARY CURRY TRESIDDER, SEC'Y
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MANAGERS
DON TRESIDDER
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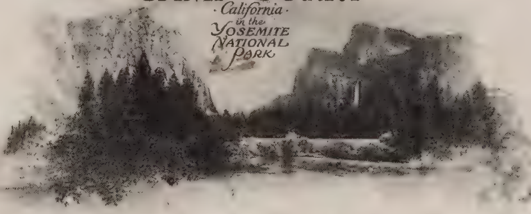
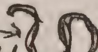
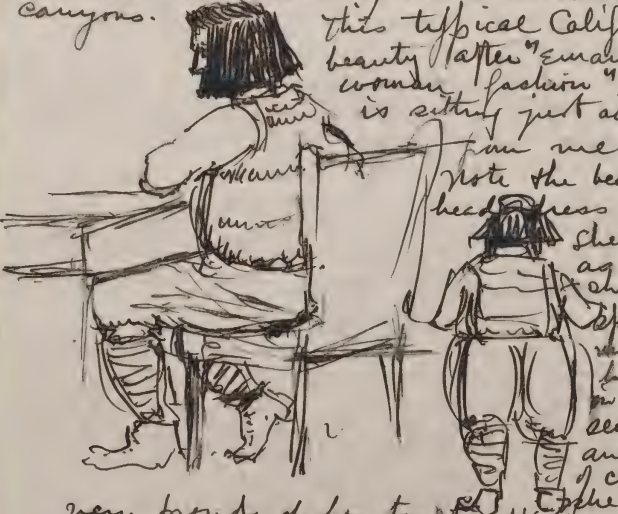
CAMP CURRY
· California ·
in the
Yosemite
National
Park



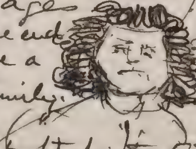
3

Zion is a very twisted canyon between 2000 to 3000 ft walls, mostly violently red sandstone but some light colored. The river makes a double horseshoe in one part  with the great cliff just keeping the loops apart. There is one old cliff dwelling and a number of others in branch canyons.



This tiffical California beauty (after "emancipat woman fashion") is sitting just across from me. Note the beautiful head dress. She looks as if she had spent most of her life on a sewer. and of course she is very proud of her tough appearance

4. There are 57 varieties of head bobs here for all ages — there is another at the end of the room. Mustn't she be a lovely one to bring up a family.



From Zion I went back to Cedar City and then to Bryce Canyon for two days. This is another wild hole away out in the desert and they took us by a loop road up and back to Cedar Breaks. These two are great holes full of crazy forms and wild castles, Perfectly wild in color.

The top of Cedar Breaks is about 11000 ft altitude and in the middle of a splendid country of spruce and great green slopes. All is on a bed of the ~~bot~~ black lava rock and full of "sink holes" where the water drops out of sight. A lot of snow still.

I went back to Cedar City and to Lund and on to Los Angeles, one night on the train. Then I spent three days in Pasadena with my cousins and also called on some old neighbors in Glendale.

They all said "Don't let anyone come out here unless they have independent means or a definate prearranged job. for the place is full of down and out stranded people without money to get back to where they came from, and living from hand to mouth."

My cousins told me that in a space seven or eight blocks wide and less than a mile long there are over

5

fifteen hundred apartments or houses to let or for sale -

This is in Pasadena (the well-to-do residential town) and things are worse in Glendale - There you see huge slates every few houses set out in the yard showing long columns of wonderful bargains, which, apparently, no one has money to hire or buy.

Every few houses you see a huge sign "Licensed Realtor" and one great hill has a great sign worked into the ground (a new development) with a few shacks scattered around. And still the maniacs keep right on building, right between empty houses! Can you beat it?

Surely this ~~this~~ craze to gamble in real estate is a disease in the blood. They say it will take ten years to get on their feet again. And still a Los Angelean here told me a day or two ago that the L.A. Hotel-keepers association has now a slush fund of $3.000.000 to boom this magnificent city of half-breeds and thug adventurers.

6 If you see a person trying to beat their way into a waiting line or acting rather crudely you can be sure they are from L. A.

This is a very wet year and it rains some almost every day ("things that never happen") and the clouds float across constantly, making it almost impossible to sketch. But the river is magnificent over 75 miles from Merced up of boiling white water.

I never saw anything like it.

Also I never dreamed of such a crop of biting flies of all known varieties ("things that never happen" "Oh, of course, it is a peak year!)

The real California year comes once in fifty and the present generation has never seen one but they know there is such a thing for the Los Angeles Hotel keepers association says there is.

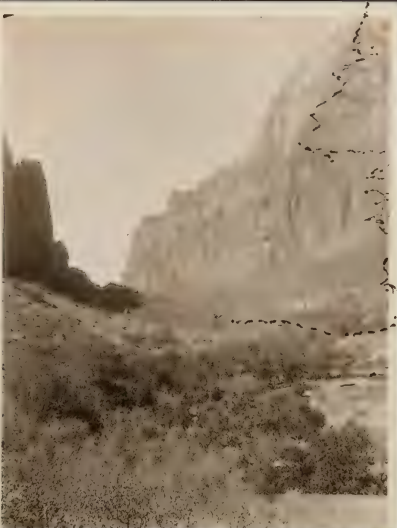
I am enclosing two photographs of "Vernal Fall" in the upper Yosemite also one of Bryce Canyon and one of Zion with my Lady Mountain trail roughly indicated. You dont see the upper third.

Now I must go to bed.

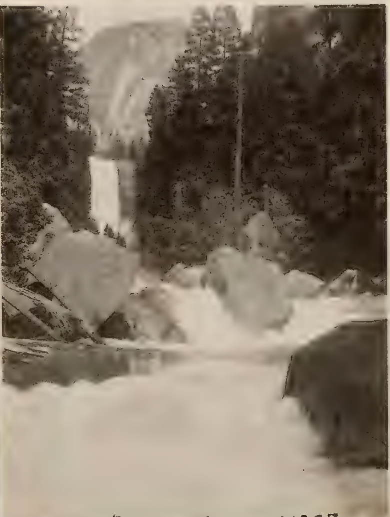
Yours Truly

A. C. Sprague

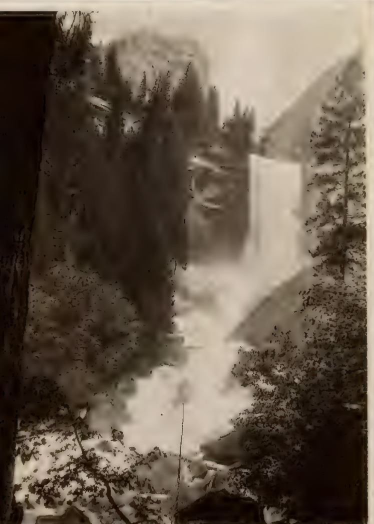
P.S. Please remember me to Miss Brown, Gus, and all the people I know up at P. Farm.



ZION CANYON · VERMILLION SANDSTONE.


VERNAL FALL. FROM BRIDGE

BRYCE CANYON - ORANGE VERMILLION COLOR



ERNAL FALL FROM FARTHER UP.

3 climber" wheezing and puffing fifty feet away— then he wanted lie down flat and shriek "wait a for me" "sit down" "rest" until I finally went ahead alone (the other fellow tramped well although he had not climbed before, but he had to wait for this crazy "shrimp") until I got to "Thumb Rock", a ridge which connects two rather distinct cones and about 13000 feet alt. (possibly more).

From here you look directly over down the back side of the mt and into a huge basin filled with snow.

At this point I waited half an hour for poor little Dido and then he was half a mile below lying down and I realized that I must turn around and give up the top for lack of time although I was within a short distance of it and all the rest was an easy slope with no snow— I had no food and had only eaten a sandwich and half a banana at 3.30 A.M. and it was fearfully slow getting down to the camp and at least an hour cleaning the "Sun Burn Paint" off my face and then Eight miles down to Sisson with my blankets. As it was all I got to eat was some fruit at 9.30 P.M.

GOING-TO-THE-SUN MTN.

PHOTO BY HILEMAN

GLACIER PARK HOTEL COMPANY

Glacier Park Hotel
Chalets
GOING TO THE SUN
TWO MEDICINE
CUT BANK
ST MARY

Many Glacier Hotel
Chalets
MANY GLACIER
GRANITE PARK
SPERRY GLACIER
BELTON

Glacier National Park

rec'd Aug. 14

Aug 9. 1926 Dear W. D.

I have been running so fast that I have let my letter writing go behind. I came in here this morning—I am taking a four day trip through Glacier Park by bus and launch and shall stay over an extra day at Many Glacier Chalets to allow me to do a little tramping. I got your last letter at Camp Curry just before leaving— then I came North— spent a day at San Francisco calling on Dr Nash and Mrs. in Berkeley and Dr. Mueller and Mrs. in Oakland. These people I got much acquainted with last year and this— Oakland and Berkeley are just across the bay (by ferry) from S. Francisco.

I stopped off at Sisson, at the base of Mt. Shasta in the Sacramento River Canyon country—Northern California the mountain is still streaked all ov

- with snow - It is the finest mountain as a whole
I ever saw - All volcanic - It has blown itself
all to pieces again and again, then piled up again
until it is about 14000 feet altitude (they say 14500
at Sisson but I think they are wrong) - It may be a little
over 14000. at any rate it is a magnificent pile
of rubbish, lava rock, pumice and snow.
On the back side, it sends out a muddy river
which connects with the Sacramento River (beautiful
water from the Sisson side). at Pitt some miles down
the Canyon.
From Sisson you see the whole side spread out before
you and towering up into the sky much like an
enormous Assyrian temple set on an immense
base. The Sierra Club maintains "The Horse
Camp", a big stone hut with a few wooden
sleeping huts and plenty of the finest water in the
world - this is eight miles up from Sisson and
just at the tree line - most of the climbers ride a
horse up to here but some, like myself feel that this
is not climbing the mountain so I hiked up in
the afternoon carrying two blankets and a little
food. I slept on a hay mattress and pillow
for which I paid .25 and hired a good Alpine stock
for which I paid also .25.
Now here was my undoing. There were two "wops"
(rather illiterate Italians.), whom I found up there,
climbing in the morning and I accepted an
invitation to go with them - One of them, who
looked like a dried prune with a mouse's head
stuck on ~~his~~ shoulders with a toothpick had been
up several times and was to chaperon the party.
We started at 4 A.M. by a brilliant moon after
little "Gido" had filled himself with cantaloupe and
bad beer. He also carried two ~~[illegible]~~ cantaloupe
and a ton (more or less) of bread on his back
which he soon hung on to the other fellow (becoming
too weak to carry it)
The first act - Gido shows us a short cut which
neither of us accepts - result, we sit a full half
hour on the frozen snow at 5,30 A.M. waiting for
little Gido and when he arrives ~~he~~ he is "all in"
and requires a long rest while freezing.
These long rests became more and more frequent as
we went up and I got used to hearing this "experienced

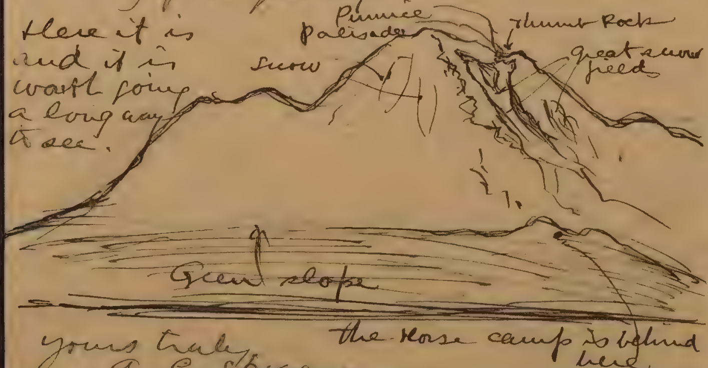
thaws out the rocks (they freeze every night) away up at the top and heaves them out with a loud crack — then down they come with a humming noise, spinning latterally, and often jumping into the air.

Every one I talked with said the same thing — "Keep your eyes peeled all the time behind your back and be ready to dodge rocks at a second's notice as they often change their course suddenly."

They told me several had been killed this way.

There is no wild climbing on the mountain and the snow never slides or forms crevasses, but a long grind of very steep climbing on a very poor footing.

Here it is and it is worth going a long way to see.



Yours truly
A. C. Sprague.

GOING-TO-THE-SUN MTN.
PHOTO BY HILEMAN

Glacier Park Hotel
Chalets
GOING-TO-THE-SUN
TWO MEDICINE
CUT BANK
ST. MARY

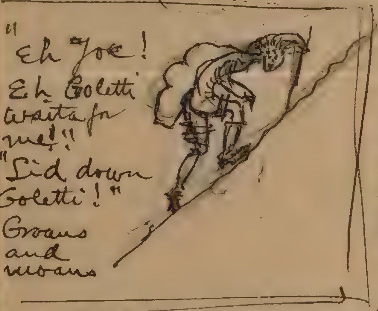
Glacier National Park

Many Glacier Hotel
Chalets
MANY GLACIER
GRANITE PARK
SPERRY GLACIER
BELTON

It was particularly galling as only a small part was left to do and I had done all the steep climbing and all the snow work. Also (I dont understand this) at 13000 ft. alt. I had no shortness of wind and climbed as well as when I was at the base. On my other climbs I get short winded at perhaps 12000 ft. I dont have any sickness or headache or ear trouble as some do but here I wasn't even shy of breath — Another time if I ever get out here while I have legs I will have no chaperons. It isn't good etiquette to climb this kind alone, but I came down most of it alone. ~~but~~ and there is no reason why I can't go up alone and I know the job by inches now. also another year there might not be much snow (there was almost none last year). and the snow is much harder to stick on to than the loose volcanic shale.

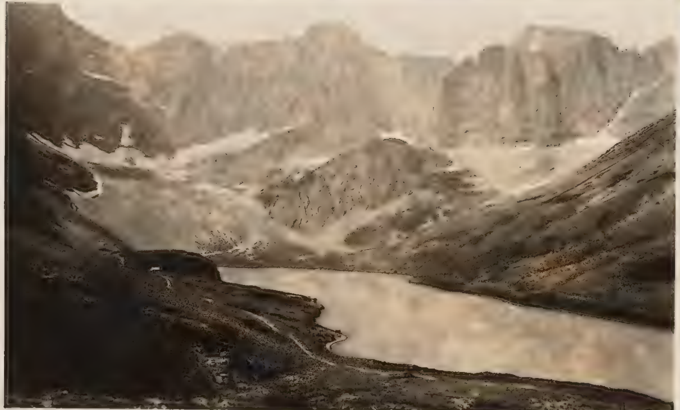
the mountain is fearfully steep until you get up to Thumb Rock. Here you turn a right angle and go through an opening in an overhanging palisade formed by a curious, light, conglomerate pumice which evidently ran down the upper slope and dripped over on the steep slope below.

I lost easily 2 hours in useless waiting for this foolish little animal - (the other fellow was very sensible and would have tramped very well if he had not had the "chaperone" to wait for). and this would easily have carried me to the top and back for there was no difficult work - (I could see up the slope.)


"Eh Joe!
Eh Goletti wait a for me!!"
"Sid down Goletti!"
Groans and moans

the guide who let me have my blankets down in Sisson (he didn't climb the mountain but let horses and equipment) told me I would find parts of the climb a 60° pitch but he is wrong for no man living could climb hard snow and loose, rattly rock shale that gives a very poor footing at that angle but I looked at the mountain as I came away on the train (I could see my trip more easily in profile) and concluded that a good deal of it was 45°, possibly 50° in short places. At any rate it is the steepest walking pitch I ever tried and has to be done very carefully, especially on the descent, as you may send down a large part of the mt.

the next time I would start at 3 A.M and climb a lot by moonlight, which is abnormally brilliant at that altitude. In that way I could get off the open cone by noon and avoid what is the only real danger - rolling rocks - by 12 or 1 o'clock the sun gets very hot and



NO. 227---CRACKER LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

© Hileman

From A.C. Sprague. Aug. 9/25.

POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESS

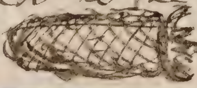
3 B.C. for a short trip, so I shall have to write them.

Also I went over to Mercer Island in Lake Washington at Seattle and spent a very fine evening with some old family friends. Seattle is a very nice city and I believe the climate is exceptionally good there.

I saw Loganberries growing.

Also the wild brakes, which grow about two feet high in the East are as much as eight feet high there, so that on the hill behind their house you actually get lost as you would in a dense forest. This sounds like a fish story but it is actually so.

The Loganberry vine is almost exactly like our raspberry but the berry is long like a blackberry. When you pick it, it comes off clean like a blackberry (not cup fashion like the raspberry) but the color is the raspberry.



Now I will leave this letter to finish another evening.

Wollaston Aug 25. 1925

Dear W. D.

I came home a week ago this last Sunday. I came all the way from Glacier Park - Mont. to my station at Wollaston with less than 15 minutes off the train.

Changed trains at St. Paul but just crossed the platform to the second train and got my sleeper on the train - At Chicago I jumped on the transfer bus and was shot from one station to another and when I applied for a sleeper to Boston they said "The diagram has gone to the train and you can get on if you must" - so I again got my sleeper on the train.

At Boston I found I had 1 minute for the Wollaston train which I got by running.

I have fallen into the routine easily and I guess that no harm was done by my running away.

A small house (my own job) which was just started before I left has come on well.

At least I have seen a great deal some people would say too much; but I don't think so.

I went into every corner that I had

time, and strange to say, brought home a good lump of unspent money.

One great thing about it is to learn to travel without wasting money as so many tourists do. You have just as good a time and meet as many fine people and, of course, can go farther if you count the pennies.

I had an extremely fine fellow in my section from Chicago to Boston and we discussed everything all the way.

He was Prof. (I am not sure about the title) Richardson who teaches something, I don't know what, in the North Western University at Chicago — He knew Prof. Emerton by name and reputation but not personally.

He knew, also, Prof. Bacon with whom I tramped in the Yellowstone country last year.

I told him that I grew up as a boy with the notion that all Professors were a sort of priggish sphinx — but that everywhere I had ever tramped I had always been meeting them and had reversed my earlier opinion.

Also I spent the one day that I had at San Francisco by a long call at Berkeley on Dr. and Mrs. Nash (whom I have been seeing constantly at Camp Curry (and they were extremely friendly) and also a long call at Oakland with Dr. and Mrs. Mueller. — I met Dr. Mueller last year and have had several letters from him. So I went over to his business place and Mrs. Mueller came in and we had a long visit —

All these people are most hospitable and I liked them much. They made me promise that I would send some description of the rest of my trip which I shall do.

When I got home I found a letter from some Portland Ore. people that I met last year and have had letters from.

I tried to find them this year but their house had been pulled down and some new stores were nearly built on the site.

The letter said that they had gone to Victoria.

6. This pass is ~~an~~ the only way to cross the range that runs comparatively North and South and divides Glacier Park into halves (East and west). You get off at Belton (I think this is spelled right) to go into the west side and Glacier Park station for the East side and this pass is the one connecting link.

Also a picture of "Iceberg Lake" in Glacier Park. The flowers you see in the fore ground are a beautiful yellow lilly. which almost covers the ground farther to the right.

also a magnificent wall behind the ice pool.

I sent Prof. Richardson to Philbrook Farm but I am afraid the house will be full. I wish he could go up there – he would like to get acquainted with Prof. Emerton.

Please remember me to Miss Brown, Gus, Prof. E. etc.

I don't know whether I shall get to P.F. this October but hope to.

Yours truly
A. C. Sprague.

4 The other evening is here and it is almost a week since the other page. I am enclosing a picture of Mt. Shasta from just back of the hotel at Sisson. The mt is a delicate purple-pink (the red volcanic stone) and of course there is so much dampness in the air from melting snows that it is impossible to get a good picture with my camera and of course it lay down dreadfully from foreshortening. In reality the mt seems to hang over your head away up in the sky.

The snow shows Thumb Rock (as far as I got) From here you look directly down the back slope of the mountain on to the great snow pocket and (I suppose) the glacier which I saw at the bottom of the snow last year.

The lower ink dot shows about the location (behind the foot hill) of the "Horse Camp"

The other picture I took to verify my guess as to the actual angle of the slope. Mr. Hafner a hunting and fishing guide in Sisson told me I would find it 60°. but I knew it couldn't be. I guessed 45° average and 50° in places and this picture verifies the guess. It was somewhat steeper as I got near the top of the slant and where I took the negative it is easily 45°.

5. this is tremendously steep for a loose rattly shale that slides under every footstep or for icy snow which was quite smooth. (Especially in coming down it looks almost like a wall in front of you). You can imagine what a three or four ton rock would do on this snow in a fall of 2000 feet. alt. They actually hum like a top and there is something fascinating as they come down at you.

You will notice the oasis just below the arrow point which the camp keeper called the "Map of South America". I think I was standing on the lower end of this when I took the negative. From the arrow point you would turn to the left and go up the rather easy slant which is apparently all pumice and rather easy walking. (no snow).

the small black marks on the negative were accidental (I think from rolling off the film) but curiously enough they show that the camera was level and the angle was not faked.

You can hardly realize that the top is probably ten miles in an air line from where the picture was taken. It is the most stunning mountain I have seen yet and gives me as great feeling of bigness even without getting to the top.

I am also sending a view of the granite walls of the upper Yosemite from the top of Nevada Fall. You must remember that these trees you see all over the distance are very tall yellow pines, and that the Glacier Point House which you can scarcely make out on the negative as a long house and accomodates quite a crowd. The wall at the right of the arrow point is where the fire is pushed over every night.

The other lower arrow shows very nearly the spot from which the other picture was taken and I was standing at the top of the little streak of water (Nevada Fall) in taking this picture.

The third Yosemite picture shows a side view of this same Nevada Fall (the upper part). The other two are the famous Yosemite Fall. and a very lovely view of Cathedral Rock (over 3000 ft. high) with reflection in the Merced River. This whole Yosemite proves absolutely fascinating to everybody that goes there.

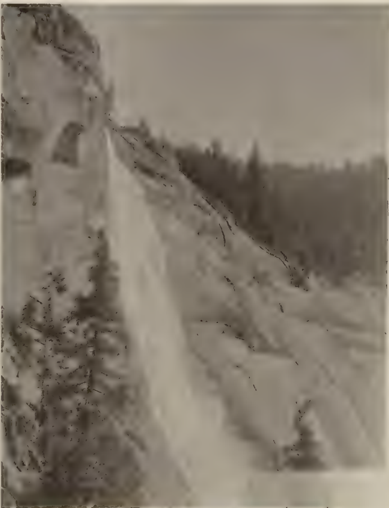
Also I am enclosing a picture taken on "Swift Current pass" in Glacier Park. Montana

Slant of Shastic shale and snow.

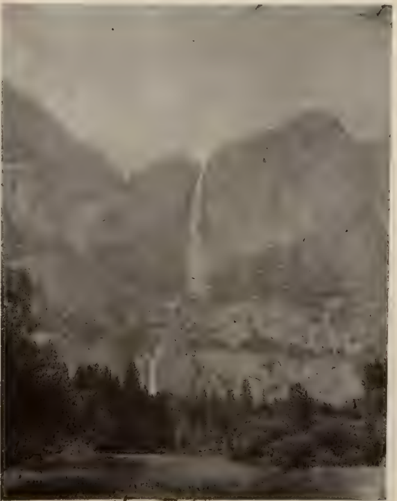
Mt. Shasta from Sisson.

Glacier Point Hotel

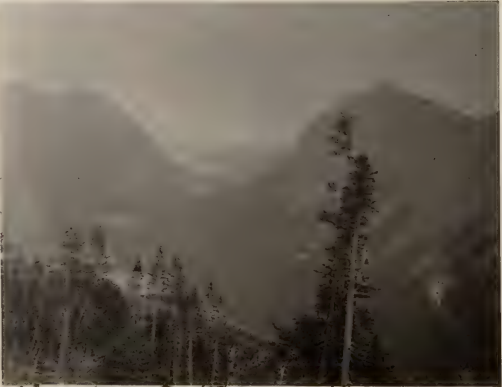
Walls of the upper Yosemite from top of Nevada Fall.



Nevada Fall Upper part



Yosemite Fall

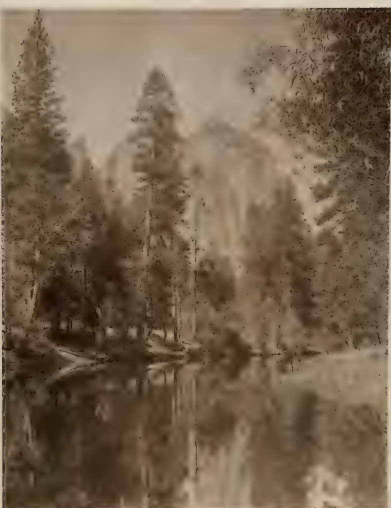


View from Swift Current Pass - Glacier Park

Iceberg Lake. Glacier Park.

View from the wall back of Camp Curry.

The fall in the distance is Nevada



Cathedral Rock - about a mile away.

recd July 2/26

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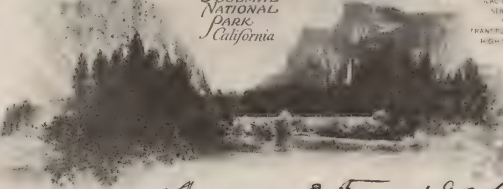
YOSEMITE PARK
AND
CURRY CO.

YOSEMITE LODGE

YOSEMITE
NATIONAL
PARK
California

ALSO OPERATING
CAMP CURRY
GLACIER POINT HOTEL
SENTINEL HOTEL
YOSEMITE
TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM
HIGH SIERRA LODGES



June 25 1926.

Dear W. L.,

I stayed a little over a week at Zion Canyon in Southern Utah.

Met some people that I knew there last year and liked - The two oldest Perry Bros. -

The three brothers run the Utah Transportion Co. and are great people - they are mormons like almost everybody around Cedar City and they are generally a fine lott.

They are very strictly brought up and are very quiet and friendly as a rule.

Then I found Col. and Mrs. Evans at Zion Lodge. He is an army engineer detailed by the government to develop and look after the up keep of Zion Canyon Reservation

I knew them and liked them last year.

We had a movie troop putting on a picture at Rockville about a half mile below the lodge and they all lived at the lodge – about forty five to fifty men – the leading lady came when she was sent for and Jack Holt, who is very much liked by the movie fans in general, was there two nights but didn't stay except for his own scenes.

I got quite a lot of information about the screening of a picture. Mrs. Evans wanted me to go down and see them make a scene but I was rather anxious to be out with my work so I didn't go –

I met one of the leading men a Mr. Gerard. He was the ranch owner in the picture and an old time legitimate stage actor He used to play in Boston away back in Robson & Crane's time.

A mighty fine fellow, very quiet, and retiring and uncommonly friendly.

He is a finely built fellow, with a great carriage and very fine speaking voice.

He (and one other member of the company) speak their parts as they act – all the rest do it in pantomime without the voice.

I have never seen a more quiet, normal lot of people.

The scenes are put on in pieces, very likely the last bit of the final scene will be done first.

I think economy plays a great part and the people are only sent for

3 when they are needed.
Mr. Gerard sat around the lodge a great part of the time and then would suddenly be rushed down to the filming whenever he was needed.
I climbed Lady Mountain, the stunt climb of the Canyon and got a pin saying that I am a member of the Zion Mountain climbers' association which is all those who have registered at the top.
It surely is trick climbing – one of those (rather vertical red sandstone walls – the government made a trail about three years ago with over 1400 steps cut in the wall and over one half mile of steel cables set into the rocks to pull yourself up and hang onto coming down).
There is one stretch, I should say, at least a quarter of a mile long that is practically nothing but these long flights of steps sometimes not over two feet wide and I should say averaging 60° angle – always on the ragged edge and with a wall on the other side – in lots of cases

& there would be a drop of, perhaps, a thousand feet.
I soon got so used to looking over the edge that I didn't mind it. I couldn't have done this once - I believe the total altitude of the climb is about 2800 ft. and when you get on the main ridge you look suddenly over into a canyon directly in front of you - Then you cross a sort of knife edge about three or four feet wide and crawl around the edge of the back canyon on to the peak.
Coming down is much worse as you are continually having to go out the very edge before you can see whether there is anything under you.
I am very much excited over this Canyon - by all means the finest of those Utah ones. Such a bowl of color you never saw and very narrow - It makes a double letter 'S' up near the top with cliffs over 2000 ft high at the sides and at the very top the river comes through "the narrows" about 22 ft wide with cliffs about 2500 ft high on sides.
All my negatives came out poorly. The sun is semi-tropical ~~ly~~ and I didn't allow for the brilliant light and very much over exposed.
I took a mean shot at the large white sign on top the mountain which says "You are now a member of the Zion Mountain climbers association, please register and also at the lodge at bottom."

YOSEMITE LODGE

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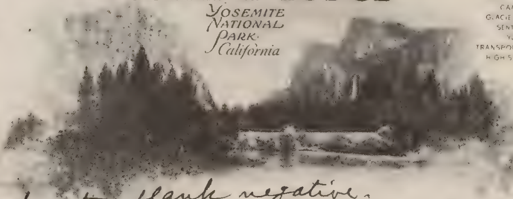


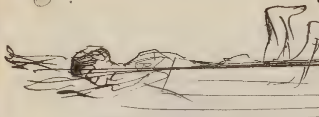
and got a blank negative.

5. I felt a little homesick when I got over here to the Yosemite, to get back to Zion again where the people were all so fine and I never enjoyed any place quite so much — they surely make a home place of that canyon.

I wrote a week ahead for my reservation at Camp Curry but they hadn't made any reservations for two weeks and Mr. Tresidder (Mrs. Curry's son in law) saved me a tent cabin over here (Yosemite Lodge). He was very good about it and got me a very quiet one away off from the main office and almost on the bank of the river — I like it much better than Camp Curry, which has rather fallen into the hands of the "Flaming Youth" of Los Angeles, and that is about the worst I can say of it.

I go over there occasionally to see if I have any mail.

I forgot to say that I had a swim in Salt Lake on my way out —



this is what happens and you must be careful not to get any water into your eyes or mouth—

I shouldn't care to go often as it isn't very comfortable trying to keep your feet down— You know it is true you absolutely can't sink.

Please tell Gus I am looking forward to Shelburne this autumn.

Now I must go to bed

Yours truly

A. C. Sprague

S

A. B. BANK NOTE CO.

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK CO.
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

PARADISE INN

SUN
IS SHINING
TODAY - WEATHER
COOL AND DELIGHTFUL

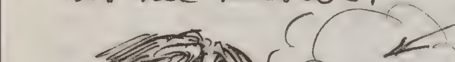
ELEVATION
5557 FEET

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK
WHERE THE FLOWERS AND THE GLACIERS MEET

PARADISE VALLEY July 26 1926

Dear W. D.,

I just came in here yesterday and everything is buried in a nasty cloud which may last half an hour or a week, no one knows.



this is what I have in front of me at the next table. It has thrown away the feminine gender for which it was born and advanced toward the masculine but must now remain mongrel neither masculine nor feminine. All it can ever acquire is an atmosphere of toughness. Note the charming method of tearing the hair to pieces which is really carefully ~~[illegible]~~ studied - It has evidently cultivated the careless air of holding the cigarette.

2 *It* wears a masculine Mackinaw- with *affected* ease and talks in a loud hoarse voice.

If *it* keeps up the study of the *advanced woman* a few years it may become a hag.

Splendid ambition!!

When I leave here I shall head East. I shall stop at Glacier Park, then a day with my old school friend in Milwaukee whom I hunted up on my way out.

I am in a hurry to get home -

I stopped at Mt. Shasta on my trip up and got just as near the top as last year - "thumb Rock" on the main ridge and 12000 ft altitude.

The climbing is so slow that I can't seem to get beyond there - all loose sliding rock and pumice on the cone and some icy snow at about 45° pitch.

If you ever saw a caged squirrel run on his wheel you can appreciate about how fast I can get ahead on this stuff.

I laid my hand on one big boulder to steady myself and not only the boulder but everything I was standing on slid out from under me and the boulder went down easily 1000 ft. on the snow bed.

these snow streaks at the bottom look like a grave yard with rocks of all sizes

3.

all over them like plums in a pudding - some bed themselves into the snow and leave simply a hole. When the sun gets hot the frost thaws out of the upper crags and stone pop out with a crackling noise that isn't at all reassuring. The Sierra club stone hut, very much like Madison hut, is eight miles up from Sisson (now officially called Mt. Shasta City.) And this climb with two heavy army blankets and a pack on your back plus the *cool* California sun (absolutely withering) and six inches of *fertile* Cal. soil under your feet to wade in doesn't leave you in very good shape for the final climb. then you have the eight miles back after you get off the Cone. the keeper said it would take 3½ hours but I hustled and made it in 2 hours 35 minutes, thereby getting a much needed bath and *square* meal before going to bed.

the keeper Mc somebody is a most interesting fellow and quite a local character.

He came as a boy from the Tennessee mountain country and has wandered everywhere all his life - In physique he looks like Abraham Lincoln and has a real drawl when he talks, but he really is a great fellow -

He wanted me to promise that I would come back and try the mountain again and stay around a little longer to get rested up.

I came down on a long ridge at the center of the two snow streams and got a look over into one of the lower crags on the left hand side - there was a large pond of muddy water and a bowl shaped top with the sides about the color of badly burned brown bread.

Evidently this must have, at some time been a minor crater.

The keeper thought so but wasn't sure.

He says the "mud volcano" on the back side is a myth. The mud river is simply water which comes down through a muddy ravine.

The Sacramento river which is as clear as glass comes down through Sisson and this muddy McCloud river comes down the back side. They come together in the Sacramento Canyon at an old Copper mine place called Pitt and for an half mile run side by side without mixing.

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK CO.
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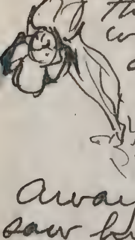
5557 FEET

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK
WHERE THE FLOWERS AND THE GLACIERS MEET

PARADISE VALLEY ____ ____ 19__

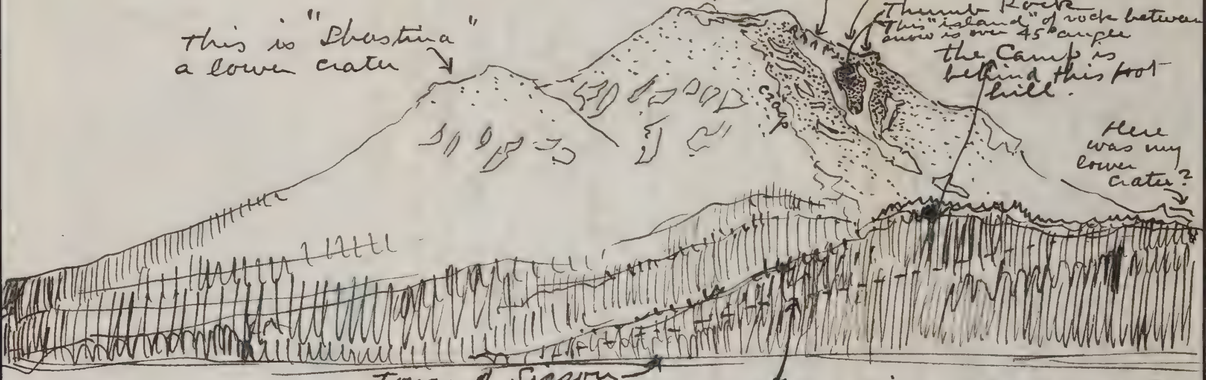
5

On the lower slopes of the bare cone I saw some wonderful flowers growing directly out of the loose rock and usually covered all over with blooms and very scant foliage.
One, I know, was a saxifrage flowers blood red before opening but white on top. One very handsome was a magenta color something like a petunia, turning a sort of blue as it wilts. I have seen the same family in yellow and vermillion at Yosemite and we have it here at Rainier in a deep pink and the yellow



this is the shape of the flower - with two petals at top and three at bottom - I think our Cardinal Lobelia has a little of this form.
Also there was a bunch of very thick yellow flowers.
Away up on the upper snow I saw hundreds of a handsome butterfly, I think it must have belonged to the "Vanessa" family. They seemed to like the snow and alighted on it all around me.

(over)



the snow pocket and glacier is directly back of here on back side.

These are the red banks a curious pumice with little flumes up through -

alt. 14450 ft. Top ↓

Thumb Rock "This "island" of rock between snow is over 45° angle

the Camp is behind this foot hill.

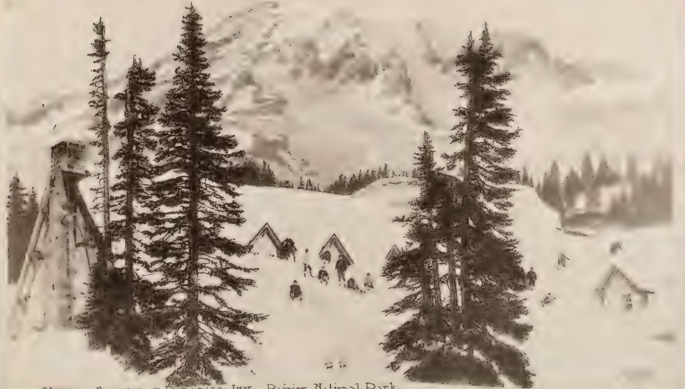
This is "Shastina" a lower crater

Here was my lower crater?

Town of Sisson is 3500 ft. altitude

the McCloud River Railroad to the lumbering town of McCloud over behind - the mud river comes down through this town on the back side.

This is the Sisson (south west) side of the mountain -



WINTER SPORTS AT PARADISE INN, Rainier National Park

POST CARD

[illegible]

3. that miserable city could be kept respectable.

Every day that I sat out sketching a number of autos would come sailing over to where I sat and generally they started in by saying "are painting?" "We are from Los Angeles" or else "you're from L. A. of course?" then the next thing to say is "Isn't it the most beautiful city in the world?"

My answer always is, "what other cities have you seen?"

In quite a good many cases they have to admit they haven't seen any other cities but this question is a part of the formula that all children are taught there to "boom" the city.

Now about my trip.

I stayed a week and part at Zion Canyon "the most weird and wonderful place in U.S" that is I think so.

Meet all sorts of fine people there. The Parry brothers, (Utah transportation company) they are mormons as in fact almost everybody in that country is.

Wollaston Aug 29. 1926

Dear W. D.,

I have been back now two and a half weeks but have waited until I could get some negatives developed and printed before writing.

I think I got most of my mail before leaving Yosemite - A letter from you the morning I left saying that your nephew was at Camp Curry - too bad it was too late for me to hunt him up, as my bus left at 10.30.

I didn't know when I left home how long I should stay anywhere, then to make matters worse I found when I got to Camp Curry that everything was full away ahead and Mr. Tressidor had had them reserve a very quiet tent for me at Yosemite Lodge about a mile farther down the valley.

Everything in the Yosemite is now under "Curry" management - that is Mrs. Curry, Mr. Tressider and Mr. Williams (sons in law). They are a great lot of people - I have met Mr. and Mrs. Williams and I know Mr. Tressider quite well. They are really a fine lot all of them.

but the Yosemite is about 85% full of scruff from that dirty illiterate hole, Los Angeles and there is probably no where in the U.S. that you could meet such a shabby lot of illiterates, bootleggers and even worse.

I found Yosemite Lodge much better than Camp Curry and thanked Mr. Tressider when I met him one night, for turning me down there – Even there there is a gang that comes from that dirty city daily that reminds you of the descriptions of the Klondike at it worst period.

this ~~[illegible]~~ entire crowd comes rolling up from L. A. simply for the Jazz at night and sleep and bridge gambling by day. Most of them talk about as the illiterates of Berlin N. H. would, and I doubt if some of them ever really bathe. A lot of them would disgrace the most shabby stage burlesque show.

A Scotchman said last year "the boys of L. A. are all trying to be girls and the girls are all trying to be boys": and he guessed about right.

A young fellow that they put to share his tent "never put any real water on himself" His method of bathing was "to press a damp sponge all over his skin and then put on from six to eight powders and perfumes": this was the boy's preparation for the evening "mashing" and Jazz.

This boy got in at about 3 a.m. and got up at noon. this is the way a large part of the "tourists" "see Yosemite"!

My own observation is that some of them forgot their marriage certificates.

Col. and Mrs. Evans, who are put at Zion Canyon to develop and run it, and who are splendid people, asked me in a rather guarded way if I liked the Yosemite –

I said that I liked the walls and trees but not the unwashed gang of L. A. thugs. then they said that in Government circles it was considered spoiled beyond repair as an unannexed L. A. playground.

Nothing that is within a days auto ride of to the summit and have my certificate signed by Heine the famous Swiss guide who has now gone up to Mt. Robson in Jasper Park Canada. but this year we struck a terrific wind and I backed out at the foot of Gibraltar (11,500 ft. altitude) (no 4)

I have a horror of violent wind and this was so strong that one of the two climbers who got to the top was knocked flat on his back by a sudden swat. the one lady in the party dropped out somewhat back of this point.

At Gibralta the guide ropes the whole party under the arm [illegible]. Recently one man slipped off the narrow ledge around Gibraltar (no 10) but as he was roped to the rest they pulled him back.. also one of the guides stepped on a snow bridge across a big crevasse near the top. and went down, snow arch and all, with his ice pick in his hand. He cut his way up the ice wall of the crevass and they pulled him out with a long rope.

two years ago we had to cross a big crevass near the top on a wood ladder and then crawl up an ice wall on top. the guide cut foot steps in the wall. But now the ladder has been destroyed and they go a long way up the crevass and cross on a snow arch.

This year I sat down as I said above at (no 4). the wind had shot my nerves to pieces and the ridge behind (no. 14) is very narrow in places and you look

I have a very warm spot for all these mormons. they are quiet unassuming people and very friendly.

Then I found Col. and Mrs. Evans whom I met last year and they are fine people and, as I wrote you, a troup of movie people. I never had a nicer send off than when I left and I really hated to go. Mrs Evans came out to the car at the very last and said good bye. Mr. Gerard of the movie troup gave me a fine personal send off and the oldest Berry boy shook my hand for two minutes and tried to make me promise to come back next year and the next brother rode up with me to Cedar City.

at Zion Lodge I had one waitress all the time, a very fine girl. probably a school student and when I got up to the hotel at Cedar City the same waitress that I had the morning I went down came around and she remembered waiting on me so came again. Also the people at the R.R station remembered me from last year and my bus boy of last year came over to shake hands as soon as he spied me.

5.. I guess I wrote you that I climbed
"Lady Mountain": which is the worst I have
ever tried. about twenty eight hundred
feet from the valley floor to the pinnacle
I am sending some negatives that I took.
On the backs is a description
You won't be surprised that I read a
"Zane Grey story on the cars coming home.
after seeing this. He lives in Pasadena
but writes his stories mostly on Catalina Island
I am also enclosing a print of "North Dome"
in Yosemite. This dome stands directly
opposite "Half Dome" at the bottom of
Tenaya Canyon where it opens up
into the regular Yosemite valley - the
Canyon is the outlet of Tenaya Lake
which is just over the divide from the
Tuolumne River country where the
great Hetch Hetchy dam and reservoir
is located.
The Merced River (~~[illegible]~~ Yosemite valley)
The tuolumne and the San Joaquine all
have their sources on the back Sierra mount^ns
Mt. Lyell and Mt. Dana.
The Merced ~~runs west~~ and tuolumne
run West some where nearly parallel, with
a natural divide to keep them apart;
while the San Joachin runs off the
Nevada side and makes a big detour
around three sides of a square picking up
both of the others and then all the way
up the S.J. valley to the bay at San Francisco.
The Sacramento River starts up in the
Siskyou Mts in Oregon just North of
Mt. Shasta and runs South to meet the
San Joachin and these two great valleys
are the whole state of Cal. The Colorado
River runs across the lower line of Cal.
I have put in some prints of Mt. Rainier
and Paradise valley with notes on the backs.
(No 11) is the top of "Sluiskin Fall" where Stevens
and Van Trump camped for the first climb on
record. Sluiskin was their indian guide and he
waited for them here.
In climbing the mountain you go up at (13) the
"Nisqually Glacier" behind the ridge in the picture and
up the ice field (No 8.) to the watchman's hut on (No 7)
"Anvil Rock. ~~Three years~~ two years ago I climbed

9 as fine as you could get in any hotel in New York.
If you prefer they put you up a lunch in place of the noon meal and you never saw such a lunch anywhere else.
I tried the lunch two days but found that I felt better on the two meals so I dropped it.
The head waitress noticed that I didn't come in at noon so she advised me to take out a lunch but I told her I felt better without it.
Down at "Zion Lodge" they have a system by which you pay only when you eat. You go to the desk and buy a meal check when you want to eat, then you don't have to eat again until you want to.
By the way I saw a dead mountain lion or Cougar that a fellow shot hanging off the back of an auto down there.
When I went to the "Guide House" to sign up for the Rainier climb I found the name "Charles (?) Coggswell, Cambridge, Mass." just ahead of mine but I had to try three times before I went up. (they won't go up unless five sign up.) and evidently he didn't try a second time.
We had to make up the extra money of a fifth person between us. please send the letter to Gus and say that I hope to see him later.

Yours truly A. C. Spofford

7 over perhaps 1500 ft. on to the "Nisqually Glacier" bed and on the other side perhaps 1000 ft. to the "Cowlitz Glacier".
Then comes the crawl at (No 14) down through a small hole in the rock on a rope and rotten climb up a steep side of loose rock with nothing apparently under you down to the glacier.
The guide said that I was in fine physical condition and perfectly able to make the top but my nerve was gone and as I had been on top once I thought best to quit. this was at 5.30 A.M. one half hour before sun rise and I sat down behind the rocks and waited four hours for the other two men and guide to go to the top and back.
When we got down in the afternoon the guide said "you should have made the top as you showed no altitude trouble and were physically all right." but he didn't see my nerves.
Coming down he took ~~off~~ us diagonally across the ice fields

8. below Camp Muir (No 6 to No 8)
Here he roped us all together as a lot of new crevasses had recently developed.
We jumped fifteen (I think).
the widest was about two feet and some were quite narrow –
He fell into the first one up to his arm pits but pulled himself out all right.
The whole valley is full of flowers.
When I came away there were quantities of blue Gentian and Asters – Lupin and Indian paint brush were still common.
I found Lupin away up near (No 8.) only about 4 inches high but covered with stunted flowers.
Everywhere you saw the seed of Anemones green swabs on long stems that would make good bottle washers.
Parts of the valley are covered with blueberries, twice the ordinary size and very fine flavor.
The house, Paradise Inn, so well named the most comfortable, hospitable place to live I have found
I lived in one half of a large tent with a canvas partition to shut off the other compartment and a little triangular vestibule just inside the door and curtains into each side.
I had four fellows in the other side while I was there but I never saw two of them at all although I talked with them.
A cloud hangs over the valley a great deal of the time and then it is really cold. I slept under three great double wool blankets plus other bed clothes but I slept like a log.
It is a long time since I have done so much fine sleeping.
Inside the Inn everybody is fine.
The same head waiter as two years ago and I ate with the same waitress as then and she remembered me the first time I came in.
You pay for three meals a day and they are

note the tremendous scale of the wall

this is a great natural arch or spall hole in the wall well up the canyon. there is the remains of a cliff dwelling in this great arch.

Note that I snapped it just before the shadow of the wall behind me struck it.

I had to run to catch it ahead of this shadow which crept along at a most amazing pace. a pinnacle away down the canyon threw this shadow.

This arch is probably 30 ft. deep. Please take a good look at this wall and think of it as a gorgeous fleshy red color with a wonderful purple shadow and you will agree that this canyon is the ninth wonder.

"The pinnacle"

this is the back end of the Lady Mt pinnacle The canyon (as you can see on this print) wraps entirely around the end of the mountain but the back floor is away higher than the Zion side. They said that there were cliff dwellings in the back canyon but it is almost impossible to get in to it.

The Zion side is a fine red but the back canyon is all white, like a great bath tub with one gorgeous, vermillion cliff on the sky line.

The pinnacle, where the sign is, comes out toward you (as you look at the print) at the top on the left.

Safay mt wall

This point is about two thirds up the wall to the main bridge, looking up the valley, and shot from the trail -

A good deal of the climb is on rock steps cut into the wall in long flights with a steel cable on the wall side.

The folder says there are over 1400 steps and they added at the lodge over a half mile of cable also two wooden ladders and plenty of narrow ledge for an old duffer like me

This is a good sample of the wall!

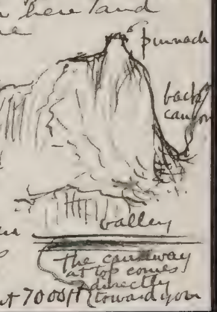
Lots of rose colored cactus flowers.

Note the auto road up the canyon down in the right hand corner of the picture

Lady mountain
about half way up the wall
and looking up the
Canyon.
Note the auto road
following the river on
the floor of the Canyon.
The great square
topped mesa at the
right is the "Great
White Throne"
The lower wall of this
is red but all the
upper part is white.
You will hear people
speak of this as it is
one of the most spectacular
things in the Canyon.
It is really most overpowering
as you stand directly in front
of it on the road, and as you go
around the bend beyond it
towers away above everything
No one has ever set foot on top and

probably no one ever will

This is the sign on the top
of the pinnacle over the
registry pad. It is not
on the highest point of the
Top, which you have to go
over but about 50 ft below
on a shelf that stands
directly out towards the Edge
You have to stretch your
neck to see this from below.
You will see the sign tell
you to register here and
below - You are
entitled to a
membership
pin which I got
The wall ~~to~~
back of sign is
the other side
of Zion Canyon
and a typical
Utah mesa.
note the fine
growth of evergreen
probably Douglas
Fir and perhaps
yellow pine
The altitude is about 7000 ft


pinnacle
back of canyon
valley
The causeway at top comes directly toward you

this is "the narrows". at the top of the canyon proper. above here the river comes from four streams and is from 50 ft. to 75 ft. wide in a cut 1500 ft deep.

at the narrows it is 22 ft. wide and cuts down in about 2000 ft.

The peak directly ahead of you is "The Mountain of Mystery".

It is very dangerous to go beyond "the narrows" and you must ride a horse or wade.

They have cloudbursts in that country above and I read that a tidal wave 100 ft. high has been known to come through here.

This is full of Maiden Hair Fern.

"Lady Mountain" or as
most) call it "Zion mt".
It is one of the most
beautiful walls I ever saw
The dotted line shows
approximately how the
trail goes up - above the
picture it goes on up on
the right until you reach
the main ridge and
look directly over into a
back canyon which wraps
around the whole pinnacle.
(See another negative).
This main ridge is a
"knife edge" not over
four feet wide and looking
directly over into a canyon
on either side
after crossing this (which
I did on my hands and
knees) you crawl around
the head of the back canyon
on to the pinnacle.

Yosemite –

This is North Dome from the bottom of the open rock of Half Dome. Tenaya Canyon (the cut between) is over beyond the trees in the foreground these trees are out on the edge of the wall and are large Yellow and Sugar pines with some Dougla. Fir and probably some Cedar. Also probably Pinyon Pine. Note the trees over on the dome beyond (like sugar plums on a cake). These are really large trees, much larger than we see here in the East. They grow directly out of the granite with apparently no soil. You see them all over the walls. There are some large streaks of stain (always supposed to be water marks) on North Dome but a botanist has recently discovered that they are a new kind of lychens

on Bottom

Mt. Shasta -

I think I have sent you this print before but it will be interesting to compare with the Rainier prints. This was taken last year and there was much less snow this year.

Up at the upper right hand corner of the picture is the start of the "Red Banks" or, as I call them, "Palisades" of red pumice.

They lie in a sort of double bank with little flumes cut up through them which lead through to the upper plateau of the mt.

Both years I got up to these but being alone didnt have the nerve to go through (my wop companions last year were 1/2 mile below). There is a fifty-fifty chance of breaking an ankle or leg on this sliding footing. I didnt have any trouble from altitude.

Mt. Ranier. (No 1)

Detail view of the Crater and rock rim at the top. taken two years ago this rim seems to be perpetually open rock with snow and ice on both inside and outside. If you will notice carefully you will see that the ice on the inside doesn't join really on to the rock- This is because steam comes up here quite often and I think this accounts for the thawing on the rim. apparently the process is the same here as with the geysers the water seeps down to the hot rock then turns to steam and is thrown out by expansion.

"Mt. Rainier
"Edith Glacier"-
(No 5

Mt. Rainier

"Edith Glacier"
Note the ice caves
where the water runs
out at the bottom.
(No 5)

Mt. Rainier
"Paradise Glacier".
Near view of the
lower ice arch
Same arch as the
other view.

Mt. Rainier

"Paradise Glacier"
Ice arch at the bottom.
You will notice that you are looking clear through the arch to an ice wall behind.

While I was sketching here the whole support of rock fell out from under the ice point under the arch, leaving it hanging in the air. Then a great chunk of ice fell out of the top of the arch and a crack in the abutment at the right gradually expanded until the whole arch sagged in the middle.

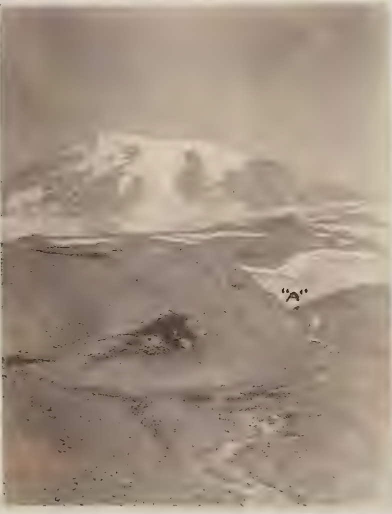
Then some men went up and dynamited the whole arch as it was unsafe and the river ran solid mud for several hours

Mt. Rainier
Paradise River
and Alaska Firs

Paradise Inn is built of these Firs left to turn silver grey.

Paradise River
and Alaska Firs

Mt. Rainier


"A"

Mt. Rainier
"Paradise Glacier"

this is the open rock below the glacier which has at some time been scraped over by the glacier. You can see the ice arch just under the letter "A" and the Paradise River as it comes out from under the arch. Just below the wall from which the photo was shot. this Paradise River makes a right angle turn and drops through a gorge and "Sluiskin Fall" into Paradise valley and vegetation. The black blotches are really a mass of small yellow flowers and also a pink flower like a petunia grows in quantity here and on Mt. Shasta.

Mt. Rainier

This is the "Nisqually Glacier". (No 13)
You can see how the ice is all crunched up into ribs from the pressure above.
These great creases are really crevasses of all sizes and a large part of the ice is so filled with the volcanic dust that it looks exactly like rock. In fact you can never tell where the dirt ends and the ice begins. They told us that some geologist had made a guess that the ice bed of this glacier was probably six hundred feet deep.
The whole mass is very gradually sliding down as new ice forms at the top.
There are twenty-eight glaciers on Mt. Rainier - more than twice as many, as any other mountain in the world.

Mt. Rainier

"Paradise valley"
this is "Sluiskin Fall"
as it comes into the
main valley from the
open rock.)
Sluiskin was the
Indian guide that lead
~~the~~ Col. Hazard Stevens and
Major Van Trump -
(The first people to climb
the mountain) to
a point just behind this
fall from which they
started their climb.
I think this was in
1870 or there abouts.

1
14408 ft. alt.
12000 ft alt.
11560 ft. alt.
3
2
10
4
14
10000 ft. alt.
7
8
6
13
5
9
15
12

View of Mt. Rainier looking across
the upper end of Paradise valley.
No 1 is the rock rim of the crater
highest point of the Mt.
(No. 2) is the Rocke of Gibraltar
This is the most dangerous part of
the climb as the whole ~~mass~~ is
a ragged loose mass and when
the sun strikes it the frost in the
cracks thaws and expands throwing
the rock out and it is really
necessary to get back across the
narrow ledge around the side
(at 10) before 10 o'clock A.M.
You go up just after lunch to
Camp Muir (two stone huts (No 6)
spend the night there, start at
2.30 A.M and climb as fast as you
can to the top and down again
reaching Camp Muir at about noon
and diagonally across the ice field
(No 8) getting down late in the
afternoon of the second day
(No 3) is "The Chutes" an ice wall
with a large rope to climb on
(No. 14) is a large rope where you drop
down through a hole in the rock to a
lower level (No 6 is "camp Muir").
(No. 7 is "Anvil Rock" where the fire
watchman's hut is perched on the top.
(No 9) Paradise Glacier. (No 12) Sluiskin
Falls where the Paradise River comes
through into the valley. (No 5) [illegible] Glacier

Abbot Academy
Andover, Mass.
Oct. 31, 1926.

Rec'd nov. 2 (
(Ans'd nov. 18)

Dear Mr. Deane -

The last day of lovely October - and it doesn't seem very long ago that I was enjoying your company in Shelburne N. H. But I suppose we all have to get back to hard work again sometime, or else we wouldn't half enjoy our good times.

Ever since my return to school I just haven't had hardly any time to write letters. You see, I do have to study hard. But on Sunday afternoon we have to stay in our room and of course we don't want to study then. Then we have a little quiet time in which to write, but that isn't enough time to write all we want.

It does seem nice to be back among the girls again, and I like it here much better even than I did last year. Even though we have to study hard we have good fun.

Just at present we are all interested in sports – of course my favorite is tennis. We have to take a sport twice a week. My class has won both inter-class games in hockey and basket-ball, so we feel quite proud. In the winter we will skate and enjoy the snow. No, we will never be lacking in means for outdoor fun, and I am sure we never want to.

Over our week-ends there is usually something taking place, a lecture or an entertainment by the girls. When school first opened we old girls gave the new girls a dance and everybody had a real good time. It is a lovely way in which to get acquainted. Two weeks ago we had a costume party and everybody had to wear some sort of a costume. Some of the costumes were really very funny and amusing.

Last Tuesday evening we had a very fine organ recital given in honor of our new organ which is a gift of a friend very interested in the welfare of Abbot. After the recital everybody went to a faculty reception. I guess the whole of Andover was here that night. I ushered in the receiving line and it took a long time to go a few feet. But I had a good time just as the rest of my class did.

Yesterday afternoon the President of Wellesley spoke to us. She was very interesting. This afternoon a lady is going to speak to us about World Friendship. She spoke to us last year and we are all eager to hear her again. Tonight a missionary will tell us about Japan. I know that will be very nice. I wish you and Miss Brown could be here to enjoy our speakers with us because they are lovely people and very active in social work among foreign people and nations.

I'm sorry that I was not able to see, you before I left home in September, but just as soon as I can I will. I do think of you both and also of the lovely Little House where you were so good to me and my family.

With love to you and Miss Brown
sincerely,
Sylvia Stautial

Dear Mr. Deane -

My lovely vacation is all over and again I am surrounded with books which must be studied. But it is nice to think of the wonderful time I did have during my few days at home, especially the delightful hours which were spent with you and Miss Brown.

I shall never forget

are all looking forward to that with great pleasure.

Every day brings me a day nearer home, and then I hope that I may see you again.

Thanking you again for all your kindness, and love to you both,

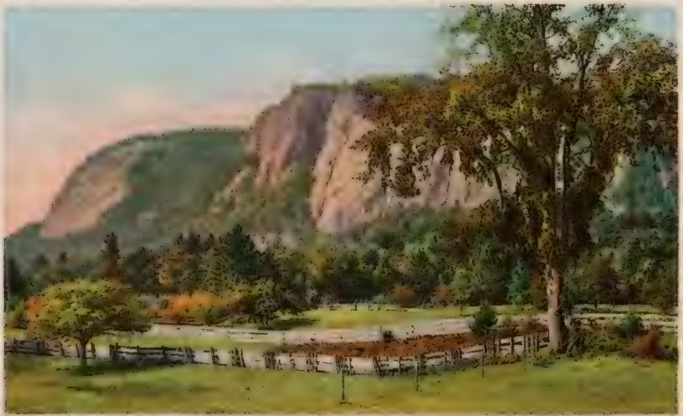
Sincerely,

Aylmer Stantial

Abbot Academy
Andover, Mass
Jan. 16, 1927
(and May 16. 1927.)

the lovely time you both gave me at your home and thank you ever so much for all you did for us. I appreciate it more than words can say.

Since school reopened there has been a lot going on besides studying. The winter sports are wonderful, and if the weather keeps the same we shall have our full share of fun in the snow. After our mid-year examinations my class is going to Intervale N. H. to enjoy the winter there for a few days. Of course we



[illegible] CATHEDRAL LEDGE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H., IN THE WHITE MTS. [illegible]

"PHOSTINT"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE ONLY BY DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP HERE

THIS SPACE MAY BE USED FOR MESSAGE

THIS SPACE FOR THE ADDRESS

N. Conway N.H. Feb. 1 '27

Dear Mr. Deane:

This country doesn't look so warm today but it does seem natural to be up among the mountains again. My class is spending a few days here in Intervale N.H. to enjoy the winter sports. We arrived yesterday afternoon about two o'clock and have been having great fun ever since.

The mountains look lovely all covered with snow. Last evening the stars twinkled and gleamed - just as if they were saying "how do you do". The sunrise this morning was wonderful - the sky was all pink and golden.

Breakfast will soon be ready and then I'm going skating. I do wish you could be here to enjoy the fun and winter weather.

With love,

Sylvia Stanton

4 Mr. Kane, the manager of the company, has given us the opportunity of using his piano whenever we wish to practice or have music. Mother helps his two daughters who are just starting piano lessons.

We have our meals here. One day we went to a tea room in Eustis for dinner, but did not consider it worthwhile to try to do it every day. Tuesday, we took a boat trip around Rangeley Lake. It was a beautiful trip and a perfect day, and we had an awfully good time. We are planning an all-day boat trip around Mooselookmeguntic for

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1

rec'd Aug. 15/26

Langtown Co.
Rangeley, Me.
Aug. 12, 1926

Dear Mr. Dean,

Time certainly does fly away up here in the woods! We are ten miles from Rangeley, and one from the main logging camp, our nearest neighbors. Our camp consists of three cottages; one where we cook and eat, one where we sleep and where there is a cozy little sitting-room, and one where we keep and do the odds and ends. The Dead River runs along just below the cottages, and is very pretty as it alluring. and there is no tennis court, either.

We drive to Rangeley about every other day for mail and provisions. The drive is very lovely, and the roads are in excellent condition. Sometimes one of us girls stays at the logging-camp and helps get the dinner for the men while the folks take Madeline, the daughter, with them to Rangeley. That makes a change for the people up here. Often Mother makes some tit-bit for the men's dinner, and they enjoy that since their regular menu is indeed very limited.

winds around and in and out among the trees. There are mountains on all sides of us, the Bigelow range being the most noticeable.

And the millions of things there are to do! During the first two weeks we were here, we were initiated into the haying crew, and they could not tire us out to save them! It was lots of fun, especially running the rake, a privilege that was allowed me but not Helen or Sylvia, since they were absent at the time.

There is a very small part of the river where we can swim, but it is so small and the bottom is so muddy, it isn't very

5

next week. Of course it will depend largely on the weather what day *we* go, but Thursday seems to fit in pretty nicely with our other plans.

None of us have recovered from our lazy, inertia feeling, yet. What with reading the dozen odd books that *Mother* brought up, doing the various pieces of fancy work, and sleeping, there is plenty of time to imagine that we feel lazy; once in a great while, if one of us doesn't feel too lazy, that *one* gets up real early (7: A.M.!!!) and walks with Father to the main camp for our milk. Usually, though, we hop into the car at the last moment.

We often speak of you all and of the wonderful times we have had at Philbrook Farm. And we haven't forgotten how thoughtful and kind you were to us, nor the dear little room in the dear "Little House".

All send their very best regards to you and to Miss Brown.

Very sincerely Yours,
Eileen Stantial

Twilight, Kennebago Lake *Copyright*
MAINE SCENIC VIEWS

From Eileen Stanton -
Am Fur Co
[illegible] Que
Aug 12/26
Rec'd " 18 "

POST CARD

BICKNELL MFG. CO. PUB., PORTLAND, ME

(rec'd Nov. 17, 26)
ansd " 18 "

University of Toronto

85 St. George St.,
Toronto, Ontario

My dear Mr. Deane,

Ever since I came back, I have intended sending you a word of greeting, but have been very busy keeping up with the yeast and with the freshmen! The yeast has been behaving itself fairly well, but I am not certain just how much influence I have had over the freshmen!

These pictures of the campus may interest you – the four sides –

to them !?

I hope that you and Miss Brown have been quite well all the fall. We did enjoy being with you this summer, and I was sorry not to see you again in Cambridge, but have thought of you very often, and of Shelburne and the mountains – and the humming bird. Christmas is not far away, and I look forward to seeing you then.

With all sincere wishes to you both, I am

Affectionately yours,

Helen Stantial

November 15th.

Convocation Hall to the south, Library on the east, University College on the north, and Knox College on the west - with the large green in the center which is especially attractive in the spring. Just now, it is the scene of much soccer-ball, a pretty game to watch. A walk around the campus is always inspiring - on clear sunny days, or when there is a lovely sunset glow in the west, or when the snow is falling and the lights twinkling. You will see that some of the buildings are quite old, and there are many more than these.

I wish that I had some really interesting news for you, but research and study do not lead to much letter-writing. There was a special Convocation this afternoon, and Lord Willingdon, the new Governor-General of Canada, was presented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. We all went to see him - and all our professors in their gowns and hoods! But you have seen many such occasions!

The Boston Symphony played here ten days ago, and so well that even the conservative Toronto audience "went wild". I felt quite at home listening summer cottage of one of my former pupils, who always likes to have my girls with his girls before they all go away to school and the winter's studies. His "camp" is in the woods on the shore of Cobbet's Pond, in Windham, N.H. only thirty five miles from Melrose — but it is a very quiet, secluded and beautiful spot.

Just this minute, Helen brought in the enclosed reminder of many happy moments in Shelburne. It came in a package of photographs, from the Shorey Studio, to which Helen sent all her negatives for re prints. — We all feel that this friendly group in the picture holds out a promise of happiness to come as well as a reminder of all that we have already had. — —

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ans'd Sept 23 /26.

Melrose — Mass.
146 Florence St. —
— Sept. 17, 1926.

My dear Mr. Deane:

It is a real disappointment to me to be sitting here writing when I hoped to be well on our way to Shelburne for the week end and, possibly, "a few additional days of quiet and rest with the good friends there. Our trip must be postponed because Mr. Stantial has been suffering almost constantly since our return from Portland, with an ulcerated tooth, which has prevented his driving the automobile to have some very necessary repairs made upon it before starting out again for any long trip. Are you to remain in Shelburne yet another week? I can not say "please, do", for I am *not* at all sure that the troubles of both the man and the automobile will be *cured* before next Friday. *If* they should be, and nothing else should prevent, we would love to carry out our Shelburne plan and then, with you and Miss Brown to keep us company we would return to Massachusetts by the beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee and Merrimac Valley route — making it a two-day trip. All this would be dependent upon the wind and weather, of course.

We all enjoyed our pleasant visit with the Portland friends, after which the Worcester-Briggs wedding claimed our attention. It was a very lovely wedding indeed, but there had been two days of very sultry weather and, at the last moment, Mr. Stantial felt quite unable to dress and take part in the evening's formal program, so he sat in *the automobile* while the girls and I enjoyed the bright lights and festivities, admired the bride, - and met many old friends.—

Last Sunday we spent at the

Your letter was very much appreciated, and we studied the excellent map with great interest. We too feel out of touch with much of the so-called "fun" of the crowds of thrill-seekers, and can realize fully how keen must be your own sense of "something lacking" in it. — It will be a joy to arrange quiet times of friendly getting together this winter, will it not? — — — I see, if on re-reading your letter, that you state September 20th as the definite date of your return home. Also, a cablegram announces the arrival of a friend from England on that date! — This is a very fair example of what may happen, in these days, between the beginning and ending of a letter! - Never mind, I have always believed in making "dreams come true", and I am very sure that we shall yet have our drive together, and that "patient waiter is no loser."

Mr. Stantial and the girls all join me in sending loving greetings to you and to Miss Brown.

Most sincerely,

Isabelle Stantial -

(Mrs. F. G. Stantial)

rec'd July 28.

"Marish Cottage -
Denham - Bucks - England.
July 17, 1927.

Dear Mr. Deane:

It seems still like a dream to find myself living in a little English cottage, set deep within a garden of roses, primroses, pinks, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, larkspur, sweet lavender, lemon-verbena, and many other quaint and fragrant lovely things. There is even a tiny lawn, sprinkled with English daisies; and, looking from the window of the small living-room where I now sit writing, I can see, beyond the lawn and rose-draped fence, a lane with a great hawthorne tree, then a broad field with lovely woods for its distant boundary. In those woods, where I walk almost every day, great beech-trees

cook serves us all - at any hour of the day or night, with most delicious meals, cooked on a "range" which looks exactly like a doll's stove. Never have I seen such a tiny cooking apparatus. I am sure that four of these sheets of paper would completely cover it — yet soups, and fish, and roasts, and meat-pies, and delicious cakes, and English fruit tarts, and "teas", - all appear in due season. I am sure Miss Brown will understand me when I confess my feelings of awe and humility whenever I meet the cook! - Now - you can picture my real present existence, though I shake off my sleepiness now and then and "go up" to London - or "down" to Oxford, for some sight-seeing and for the purpose of convincing myself that I am still alive. — It seems very, very strange to be away from my dear husband predominate, though thick masses of glossy holly fill many of the interspaces, and clumps of rhododendron seem to grow wild in the more open, moss-carpeted spaces. Everywhere foot-paths, or the broader lanes, lead one over the countryside, but in all my wanderings I have not yet found the village of Denham, though I am told there really is such a place, and its hideous railroad station, two miles from this cottage, stands out disagreeably on top of the railroad embankment along which run frequent trains between London and Oxford. There is *no noise* on these sequestered country estates. Birds sing all about one in the hedges - but drowsily; cattle and sheep browse in the fields with never a sound; far down the "lane" one may watch an English express train glide swiftly across the lovely landscape, and will know that even if one stood on the station platform, ready to enter one of its coaches, the whole operation of stopping, opening doors, and starting off again, will seem smooth and noiseless. - Once in a while the shot from a keeper's rifle breaks the stillness - and one's amazed questionings elicit the information that the man is merely keeping the birds away from some field where the grain has not yet been harvested. In one's walks, one nearly always meets a man with a rifle, and I have grown to believe that if he comes straight on and passes as though one's existence were unnoticed, he is a "keeper"; but if he just fades away before my bewildered eyes, and becomes merged with a thicket, into which I may peer in vain - then, he is a "poacher", and I *know* he is watching me quite close at hand, and I am sure the rabbits, which abound hereabouts, have ceased hopping because they know it too. - Our very English

and my twinnies. They wrote me at length of all the joys they experienced at the "Harvard Class Day" festivities. Though it may seem late I want you to add my own grateful appreciation to theirs, for all the pleasure you gave them. After exhausting her vocabulary in an attempt to express her enthusiasm, Eileen enclosed some of the confetti and streamers "which we helped to throw", and added — "It was
Superlondogicalalabigociacious!!"
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
and assures me that even this is not the longest word in the dictionary.

The girls' letters from Shelburne were also very happy ones, and I could picture you all on the drives and during the celebration of July 4th. Of course the memory of last year's celebration is a very pleasant one, and I was "thinking back" to it, when a dear little grey-haired, and

Please give my kindest remembrances to Mr. Philbrook, and tell him I too hope to have a little visit in lovely Shelburne before the autumn has passed.

J.S.

grey-gowned, and grey veiled, and grey-gloved lady appeared at the long French-door, through which one steps onto "the lawn". — It was the "Lady of the Manor" of this estate, — and she had come to show me that she was wearing a little jewelled United States flag on the lapel of her coat in "honor of the day". She explained to me that her father was connected in business with "the elder Mr. Hemenway" of Cambridge before the Civil War, and that she once accompanied her father to Boston to visit Charlotte Hemenway, a very dear childhood friend, over whose loss at a very early age she still grieves. A day or two after this call, she brought to me a most beautiful basket of choice roses, the "first she had cut this season" from her garden.

As I am quite human, and so must find some cause for complaint, I am now asking myself why I must have ten bowls of glorious roses all at once, and hundreds of buds ready for picking in the garden" when I can not share them with my dear home friends! — Please know that they are yours "in thought", at least. — How you would delight in the myriads of wild-flowers of all colors which grow here "in every hedge and field". I have tried to press for you a number which are unknown to me, and I am sending them along although I see that those which are heavenly blue when growing in the green grass — like little orchids — have turned to a dull brown under pressure.

"Helen joins me in sending much love — to you and to Miss Brown with whom you will share this letter, I know.

Sincerely, as always, Isabelle Stantial
(Mrs. F.G. Stantial)

ELMER STEARNS
Botanista
Escuela de Agricultura
C. Juarez, Chih. Mexico

ESCUELA PARTICULAR DE AGRICULTURA.
ESTACION AGRICOLA EXPERIMENTAL.
"EL AGRICULTOR MEXICANO"
FUNDADO EN 1896.
"EL HOGAR"
FUNDADO EN 1899.

Ciudad Juarez, Chih. Mexico. Jany 10th 1911

Sec. N.E. Botanical Club.
Boston. State of Mass.

My Dear Sec.

I do not know whether you would recognize or associate with a descendant of Stoughton and Watertown ancestors, who has drifted into the land of "MANANA" eating Chile peppers, Mex. Beans and sniffing revolution, and incidently giving Botanical instruction in this Mexican Agrl. College, where we are trying to keep them from turing the plow share into swords or machetes, or any old thing that will go with the grito" Muerto "

I thought possibly you might sort of consider me and possibly put me on probation for awhile, until I sort of worked the war humor out of my blood.

Again a letter once in awhile from a region of culture often sort of smooths out the savage breast, and I always did like to have my breast smoothed down, but mother never smoothed on that side the body.

I would like very much to know something of your society and see copy of you bulletin or whatever you publish etc.

We have had almost 4 inches of rain here in the past year, and about 8 inches the year before, so that you can see it does not take much to start a revolutionary flame.

Kindly also let me know number of members or circulation of your Bulletin and cost of advertising , as I have to collect and identify this season some 300 or 400 plants of the local flora for our College herbarium I wish to sell all I can, to help me out in buying books, etc, etc.

I have been here now 5 years, so if it is any easier for you to write Spanish, French or German, just go ahead, because we use and Eng, text book, have French maps and charts, and German Microscopes so you see we go to it quite extended in languages, the Spanish being the ~~a~~ language we use in the class.

I have read quite a bit about Boston, and my Brother who died in 1889 graduated from Tuffts College, but I do not know as I ever heard him mention Boston, so probably you got your mail at College Hill at that time.

What books or book do you know that has a complete anylitical key to families, genera and species that would cover the Mex flora?

We have nothing good along this line down here.

Dr. J.N. Rose and Dr. Palmer have made me pleasant calls as they have passed through into Mex. Dr Rose spent one visit here and I took my class and we went to the mountains together and got him pretty nearly all the local cacti. some 16 or 18 species.

Thanking you in anticipation I am,

afmo. atto y Amigo.

U.S. Address Box 1012
El Paso, Texas.

Elmer Stearns

May - 20 - 1913

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

My dear Mr Deane,

Robt & I were in East Greenwich spending Sunday with some friends & there was a very beautiful tree wh. I wanted to know about & no one knew what it was - so I picked off the enclosed sample & brought it up home thinking Rebecca might know what it was - She thinks it may be a foreign tree & at her suggestion I am sending the sample to you and I trust I will not impose upon you by asking if you will tell us what it is. both Mr Waterman the owner & Bob are anxious to know. Mr W. says it turns a beautiful purple color in the Autumn - How are you and Mrs Deane? Well, I hope and are you able to make any plans for the summer flitting? We have been having some delightful weather and I rejoice over every cool day - I dread the heat of summer so much - Rebecca was off for a few days holiday last week in South Manchester & is very enthusiastic over the beautiful country & wonderful flowers she saw - Will you give our love to Mrs Deane please & do not take too much trouble over the little enclosed branch

very sincerely yours
Jane N. Steere

May 22-1913

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

My dear Mr. Deane,

How good you were to write me so soon— I thank you very much for your letter & the Record slip it contained for me— I have written both boys telling them what the tree is— Now Rebecca wants me to ask you if you will be good enough to tell her whether the rhododendron forest in Fitz William is in blossom? Do you remember the afternoon so many years ago when we all drove over from Jaffrey to see it? Rebecca was visiting at Mrs Cheney's in So. Manchester last week & they were talking of the forest in Kingston & R. told of the one in Fitz William and Mrs Cheney said she was born & brought up in that part of New Hampshire & she never heard of the Rhododendrons & she was sure they were planted there & so now Mrs Cheney is waiting to hear from Rebecca, what verdict you give - You see dear Mr Deane what an important person you are in the Steere family.

I am glad to hear Mr Deane is well, but sorry to know of Mrs Coolidge's long illness - Give much love to Mrs D. from us both & again thanking you I am

very sincerely yours Jane G. Steere

14. January 1913

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

My dear Mr. Deane,-

I am delighted to think you had a good day, for we all enjoyed so very much having you and are hoping you will give us another day before very long. Mr. Preston spent this afternoon listing the JCBL books on plants and asked me to tell you how much he regretted not knowing you were here. He wishes we would let him know next time so that he can come up to see you -

As to the book plate; there is none. The original books have the John Carter Brown or the John Nicholas Brown or the Harold Brown plates; And the recent accessions have the plates which may be bought in them but the Library has no plate to add - I think the old plate belongs to young John Nicholas and also Mr. Winship feels that one will always know now which books the family owned and handed and which ones belong to the Library as an Institution - The Brown Family plates are of course not the Library's to give away - I'm sorry we can't add to Mr. Tuttle's list. It would be such a good one to add, wouldn't it?

I wish you were coming again this week. If only we had a spare room where we could make you and Mrs. Deane comfortable we'd have you down for many more than one - There are so many things we have still to talk over.

My love to you and Mrs. Deane; The candy is delicious. I haven't had any so good for a long time. I hope Mrs. Deane is getting rested -

As always Rebecca P. Steere

February 11. 1913

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

Dear Mr. Deane,—

The "Odd Volumes Visit" arrived safely. I hope you kept it as long as you really wanted it. I should have liked to have given it to you but was not sure that I was free to do so. I am glad it arrived so opportunely at your end. I am enclosing the data you wished, and a dedication which, if not satisfactory may be replaced by another Tom says. As to the Frampton. Dr. Kennedy probably knew the Library owned the Ternaux copy as well as another. He is fortunate to own a copy.

I should like to have heard your address. I think nothing would ever be as nice as our evenings and other times in your corner room at Jaffrey where we learned such stories as have lasted us all our lives.

The Dorrances and Mrs. A. are all at home I think. Herbert Dorrance's small son born Dec. 24th has been through quite a serious operation but is I understand doing well now.

We think the subway will disturb us only temporarily at most.

The Library is to have a party on February 28, at which Mr. Winship is to read a paper on Prayer Books. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown is coming from Newport to receive the guests. I will send you a cutting of the account as it will be of much interest I feel sure. We are very busy just now with several other matters so the days are all too short.

With my love to both you and Mrs. Deane and thanks for your very good letter

Very sincerely yours
Rebecca P. Steere

February 2d, 1915

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

Dear Mr. Deane -

I was glad to get your letter to-day and am writing at once because I meant to have written you before. The Harvard men rather got ahead of us for the understanding was that the news of the appointment was not to be told at once, but it seems they could not wait.

Harvard is to be congratulated and I think she appreciates that from what

I hope the household is free from colds and all quite well. Mother has had a cold which has lasted for over three weeks quite unlike her as a rule. I am glad to say she seems almost free from it now.

I must not write more to-night. Love to all -

Sincerely yours
Rebecca P. Steere

I hear. As for The John Carter Brown, I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of that altogether. The Library is so entirely Mr. Winship's personality that it can never be the same again. I do not know who will take his place and I think no one knows who will be asked to come. I am glad for Mr. Winship for after he has lived through the next few weeks and has made the break it will be better for him. Providence is a narrow provincial place and he will rejoice in the men with whom he will come in contact in Cambridge. What happens to me is problematical, for the next librarian may not want me and may not understand my eccentricities as Mr. Winship has. I fear he will have to put up with me for awhile whether he likes it or not, though he may prefer to hunt until he finds things. We are just at present trying to enjoy the days that are left and all I can do is to hope for something better than seems possible or even probable just now.

Do give much love to Mrs. Deane

May 11, 1915

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

Dear Mr. Deane—

When I wrote you last I was thinking about your birthday but my impression was that the date was the 28th.

I was glad to hear you had been to Washington and hope you had a very good visit.

I am able to go over to the Library only once a day as yet, but I am really much better and hope by next week to be equal to almost a day's work. I am to have charge

We are feeling very badly over Mrs. Fernald's father's death. He was a great friend of ours and will be a very great loss to the community.

Please excuse pencil and this hand but I am writing out of doors where I am expected to stay all I can.

My love to you and Mrs. Deane.

Sincerely
Rebecca P. Stone

of the Library until Mr. Burrage comes (He is not expected for three or four months and of course conditions on the seas would prevent his coming now.

Did I tell you that I had quite a brisk correspondence with Mr. L. H. Bailey with regard to the earliest American book on Horticulture? I was especially interested in hunting up data for him as I remembered your writing him in Jaffrey days –

The Winthrops have taken 21 Buckingham Street and move there the middle of next week – I can't believe yet that they are really going from there for good. We shall miss them so dreadfully. And I can't imagine not asking Mr. W. what he would do for the Library –

Are you going into the same house in Shelburne? I hope so, now that I know just how you live there and your telescope view and the woody walk to the big house. I have no plans as I do not know when I can have my vacation I should like to get in a trip to Shelburne to see you and Mrs. [illegible]

March 4th 1926

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE

Dear Mr. Deane,-

I have to write you our very sad news. Since Christmas Mother has lived through suffering, many weeks of unconsciousness and finally the End came for her very quietly and peacefully a week ago - The night after Christmas she was taken sick with a very bad heart attack, a few days later paralysis followed, and she soon became unconscious. She had such great strength that it seemed that her body lived on long after her spirit had gone from us. We can only be thankful that the doctors think that her suffering was less than we felt it to be.

Bob was here almost constantly, and Tom three and four times a day, and Gladys has been most devoted, so that I was able to help the nurse take all the care of Mother. You will forgive me for not writing you sooner, I know.

With much love from us all

Your old friend
Rebecca Steere

May 2d 1928.
ansd 6th,

REBECCA P. STEERE
84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Mr. Deane,-

Every day I have been meaning to write you to tell you how thankful I am that I went to see you, and how grateful to you and Miss Brown I am for all you did for me. Please thank her most heartily for me and tell her I am truly grateful.

I haven't done anything that has given me the real happiness that seeing and being with you that day did, and it will be a lasting joy to think of it.

Tom was most interested

and happy to hear about you.
Last Saturday morning being a rainy day, Thomas spent at his work bench and made a wren house which he took to the country and put in a right place. He worked for three hours and a half without stopping and completed it as nicely as possible. Don't you think that speaks well for ten year old?
I do hope you had the nicest kind of a birthday and enjoyed all that was done for you.
Thomas was keenly interested in hearing about the Finlay photographs of the birds. Thanks to you I found my way very easily into the Subway and had a very comfortable trip home. In the evening

84 WATERMAN STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Tom came over to hear all
I had to tell him about you!
He has offered to drive us
all down to Cambridge to see
you some day before you
go to Shelburne—

With kindest regards to
Miss Brown, and dear
love to you as always from
Your old friend
Rebecca Steere

16 Cabot Street,
Providence. R. I.
March 31st, 19[illegible].
Ans'd Apr. 3 "

Dear Mr. Deane

I am writing you to send you Rebecca's love and to tell you that she has gone ahead to join mother and Bob.

The operation she had

last summer was helpful to her but could not cure her.

Maybe with her characteristic unselfishness she never even told you she had been ill. Her first thought always was to help others.

Rebecca and I had talked of bringing Thomas and John to call on you some day this Spring, and I hope I may still do so.

Sincerely yours,
Thos. C. Steere

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
JOHN LEE COULTER, PRESIDENT

PURE SEED LABORATORY
H. L. BOLLEY
STATE SEED COMMISSIONER
(O. A. STEVENS
DEPUTY SEED COMMISSIONER)

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION
P. F. TROWBRIDGE, DIRECTOR

FREIGHT, EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH ADDRESS
FARGO, N. D.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NORTH DAKOTA

March 27, 1924.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:-

Your letter of March 12th regarding specimen of Erucastrum was duly received.

We have a number of duplicate specimens on hand amongst our material from which I could send you one but am wondering whether you might wish to have me secure a specimen of it this spring in order to get a better one than I might find amongst the exchange material which has suffered more or less from storage. My own time is much taken up with other work during this part of the year, but if you would care to exchange other specimens I will be glad to send you later a check list of the material which we have on hand, which we would be glad to exchange for material especially that which is characteristic of your region as we have at present very little from the New England States.

Yours truly,
O A Stevens

OAS-B

replied May 10 that I would lay out a parcel of plants from my duplicates for him, & asked him to get Erucastrum and any other good Dakota plants.

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
JOHN LEE COULTER, PRESIDENT

PURE SEED LABORATORY
H. L. BOLLEY
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O. A. STEVENS
DEPUTY SEED COMMISSIONER

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION
P. F. TROWBRIDGE, DIRECTOR

FREIGHT, EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH
ADDRESS
FARGO, N. D.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NORTH DAKOTA

June 6, 1925.

Mr. Walter Deane,
C/o A.E. Philbrook,
Shelburne, Coos County,
New Hampshire.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I have been a long time in getting out the exchange specimens which I was going to send you in return for the package which you so kindly sent some time ago. Recently, in getting out some other sets I laid aside such as I thought would be of special interest to you; that is, those species which reach their eastern limits in this region. In counting them over I find there are only about 37 specimens or half as many as you sent. I am somewhat in doubt now as to what I could include which would be of the most interest to you. I notice also that it has come to the time of the year when you probably will be leaving Cambridge, so I am writing for further instructions from you before sending the specimens.

Yours truly,
O A Stevens

OAS/B

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION
STATE COLLEGE STATION, FARGO

PURE SEED LABORATORY

May 12, 1927.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I find that it is already two years ago since I had a package of plants made up for you but did not send them at the time as you had just left for the summer.

I am writing now to inquire whether I have the address correct and then I will send them. My time is quite largely occupied with routine work in the seed testing so that pure botanizing gets rather scant attention, but a few interesting plants turn up practically every year.

Yours truly,

OAS/B

O. A. Stevens,
Deputy Seed Commissioner.

replied May 16
Sent the pck.

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION
STATE COLLEGE STATION, FARGO

PURE SEED LABORATORY

May 19, 1927.

rec'd about May 21
Ans'd May 25

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I have your letter of May 16th and am forwarding the package of plants today. I hope you will find them interesting but that you will not feel obliged to return the postage since you have already sent us a larger package in exchange.

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Fernald at Ithaca last summer and was very much interested to see Dr. Robertson although I did not speak with him. I was very much disappointed that the weather prevented us from getting into the field much as it must be a wonderful locality to botanize.

Yours truly,

OAS/B

Plants other cover.

In sending specimens of diseased plants or species for determination, it is essential to send sufficient quantities for a thorough examination. In selecting diseased specimens of plants to be sent, care should be taken to choose as far as possible such as show different stages of the disease including all of the affected parts. These should be carefully wrapped in moist paper or sphagnum moss and packed in a tight box. A full description of the trouble and conditions pertaining to them should also be given.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
AMHERST, MASS.
DEPARTMENT OF VEGETABLE PATHOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.
G. E. STONE. G. H. CHAPMAN.

In sending plants for determination, it is desirable not only to have the blossoms or fruit, but as much as possible of the whole plant. Specimens of trees should include at least a small branch with several leaves.

Postage on specimens of plants is at present one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

October 17, 1907.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Shelburne, N. H.

Dear Sir:-

Your letter of the 13th is received. The pine trees are looking this way throughout all New England and have been for some time and I will refer your specimens to our entomologist, who will report to you in regard to the insects. The insects, however, have nothing to do with the browning of the pines.

I have been familiar with this trouble for many years, but it happens to have been much more common this season. I do not consider it anything to be alarmed over. I have been observing this trouble for some time, particularly during the past four years, and so far as Massachusetts is concerned it is nothing more or less than sun scorch, which occurs on maples and other trees every season. No fungi are associated with it at first, altho later on saprophites appear. There is absolutely no evidence of contagion and with us a large number of affected trees are recovering already. When a similar burning took place four years ago I estimated that about 50% of the trees recovered from the trouble, but when the burning is very severe a number of the limbs on a tree died.

Yours truly,
G. E. Stone
C.

C--

On Oct 13 I sent to Amherst Agric. College specimens of White Pine that had brown dead needles and short stunted live needles, this condition prevailing widely throughout this section of the country. On many of the needles were the remains of insects. Mr. Philbrook says that the portions of the needles between the insect & the end of the needle die. The insects were very abundant ~~f~~ on the pines that season here. In June I saw one tree infested with them to a great extent. If they kill the needles, they had not begun to do it then.

Oct. 18. '07.

W. Deane.

ans'd Dec 8/18

Lakeview House,
Sparta, N. J.
Oct. 9, 1918.

Good afternoon, dear Mr. Drane!

This time, you see, I'm not making "a long wait between drinks," but answering your pleasant letter—received last week in Port Henry—very promptly. You are probably back in Cambridge, & as I know it is beautiful there it isn't cruel to tell you how wonderfully beautiful Autumn has made this mountain side. Here I am at an altitude of 1000 feet & revelling in outdoor

---

life. After the first frostiness of the early morning the sun makes it gloriously warm, & when I am not prowling about in the woods or by the lake I am sitting on the veranda or resting in a hammock. In two years I had forgotten just how lovely it was, & having got here after dusk, a week ago, I was not prepared for the scene I looked out on when I got up at 7.40 next morning. I wish I could make you see it as I looked out of my window & fairly gasped with rapture. Directly below the road lay the pasture which separates us from the lake. The grass was shining silver with hoar frost, & studded with low shrubs of scarlet or pinky crimson; two or three full-fruited apple-trees were in the foreground, & tall white birches with yellow leaves — one huge one encircled by a vivid crimson woodbine that climbed nearly to its crown — were at one side; several foliage trees were dressed in various shades of red, & a great oak had hardly lost any of its full summer foliage; many red-cedars completed the list of trees. Over the lake stood the vapor cloud that showed how much warmer the water was than the air above it, & reflected color made the vapor a soft violet tint. Mountains, not gorgeously colored but in soft warm tints of bronze & crimson & russet, rose beyond; & brilliant sunshine played over it all, & the sky arched above in vivid blue. O, it was heavenly! & the changes from day to day are slight. I walked between five & six miles that morning, over beautiful roads.

ed in soup-plates. I have listed 34 kinds of flowers still in blossom, & have seen 17 kinds of birds — I only hope the black-throated blue warblers & the northern yellow-throat are not staying too late for their own good. And it is so warm today that I had to take off my sweater when walking. I do hope all this month will remain as long. There has been so much cold this year that I think perhaps the average will have to be lost off. Now about the plants that puzzled me in Grand Isle — I think I have located the mint under the popular name of

roads & thro' fields starred by the fringed gentian in its perfect blue; & I came home laden down with spoils — branches of full, orange-berried, bittersweet, with dark green of laurel leaves to combine with it; asters — white, lavender, & deep violet, — to be combined with goldenrod & the crimson leaves of the cornel shrub; gentians — both fringed & the "fairy" — with ferns to set them off; — my room is a bower of bliss with its many bouquets & the three little ferneries I have plant

"False (Physostegia [illegible] (L.) [illegible]) ~~dragons~~ head", tho I didn't the botanical one. The vine with the rose-like blossom has a leaf like that of the bind-weed, but the flower doesn't suggest the morning-glory in the least. And that star-like flower, much like "false Spikenard", that I found in "Glens Falls", in Spring, was Smilacina stellata - not Stellaria. I have found several tufts here of the Aspidium cristatum this fall - faded of course - & I have never before found much of it. No, you hadn't told me of the "70th birthday", but what of that? in these days that is almost juvenile. I have got by my 60th one & I don't see that I feel much older - tho' the uninformed may think I am. Age is so much a matter of conditions - think of all Longfellow tells us in "Morituri Salutamus" (I hope I've got that name correct?) I'm hoping to get South this winter but don't want to be in a flat sandy region like Florida. I am about to write to Thomasville, Ga., to make inquiries. Do you know of any warm, real country, section down there anywhere, where one can live out-o'-doors & study Nature? Isn't the war news too glorious! May "unconditional surrender" be the next step & may it come soon! I hope you don't mind my business-like envelope. It's the best I can get here.

Very sincerely
Jean H. A. Stone.

Yule Tide 1924.

MISS J. H. D. STONE
SHADWELL
VIRGINIA
(Dec 21)

Dear Mr. Deane -

Thank you very much for remembering me & for the pretty card, forwarded from Bklyn, that came this morning.

I have tho't of you very often during this uneventful quiet year in the South, & I had intended sending you a line of greeting earlier. Unfortunately I picked up a germ of the detested "flu" the last time I went up to Charlottesville, a fortnight since, & tho' mine was a light case it prostrated me utterly & put me into quarantine. Now the doctor gives me a "clean bill of health"; & this is my first entire day up — if I hold out until bedtime — with freedom to take my meals down-stairs with the others. I celebrate it by writing you.

It has been an exceedingly quiet year & I have not been away from Shadwell except for errands or church in C-ville during it. My family urged a summer visit from me while they were in Montclair for two months, but I dreaded packing & traveling in the hot weather & worry.

My plan now is to go North on Dec. 30 to spend January with my brother's family at 1621 Putnam Av., Brooklyn, and I shall be very glad to hear from you there or after my return.

Very sincerely,
Jane H. D. Stone

as begged a postponement. I did want to round out an entire year here & list the Virginia birds & flowers; & I have done it altho' not wholly satisfied with the results. I have no book that pays much attention to the flora south of Mason & Dixon's line, & tho' I have enquired I can find none to send for. Finally I wrote the Dep't. of Agriculture at Washington for advice, enclosing addressed stamped envelope for reply, but I had no answer. Do you know of any book — popular rather than scientific, for I'm not botanist enough to settle readily on the "family" of a flower & so get at it by Gray?? And my old Gray's Botany is in the North & I don't know where. I listed 272 wild flowers & 101 birds, & want to do much better next year, D. V. "Better luck next time" is the sentiment.

And now I want to know of you. I fancied you & Miss Brown happy up at Shelburne in the dear little hill cottage, & I hope you were there & had a good summer — a busy one I feel certain.

I cannot tell you what a pleasure it was to me to find in a copy of "Bird Lore" the beautiful picture of you with that hummingbird, on your little veranda, — a photo you sent me on a post-card that I keep among my treasures. I do not subscribe for either "Bird Lore" or the newer magazine, "Nature", which I read thro' a friend's kindness. But I do take — & love — "The Geographic." This last number is such a good one.

And this is enough for the second letter of a has-been-quite-ill convalescent, — I stop, with hearty & sincere wishes that both you & Miss Brown may have a delightful Christmas & a well & happy year to round out the first quarter of the Twentieth Cenevenings enjoys the best things that her radio set can bring to her.

Like myself she is not superior to the fascination of the cross-word-puzzle but solves them with pleasure & quickness. I suppose you would scorn such frivolity. Yes, indeed, I know & love Susan Sheppard — another truly fine woman. One is lucky to find such for friends.

I am going to enclose the whole or part of Miss Susan's last letter so that you may read her description of what she has been doing with the new home they built in Skyland, N.C., two years ago last summer. I know you will love to read, as I have loved it, her account of her wild garden. I have unearthed the letter & reread it some

times, so you may destroy it when you have read it. She is a wonder, & the most cheerfully devoted daughter & sister that ever a family was blest with. I greatly love & admire her.

Are you a little puzzled by the varieties & different colors of my writing today? Please excuse all the faults — I am breaking in two fountain-pens at the same time, because I have been able at last to get some good ink, & I am really doing the very best I can, poor as it is when judged from the results.

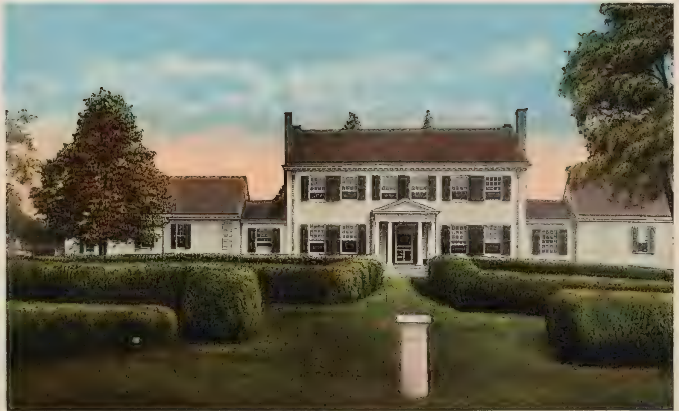
At any rate you will admit that I have covered considerable paper whether the matter communicated justifies it or not, & you'll have Miss Susan's for a greater interest.

I have not yet positively decided as to what I shall do in the coming summer, but shall probably remain just where I am & potter happily about the woods & fields within easy radius — perhaps, with the aid of the buses that ply between here & Charlottesville or Richmond, do some pic-nicking. The summers here are no hotter than in the North, I think, tho' they are undoubtedly longer; & that is an advantage to me, who do not love the winter & always dread the shortening of the days.

I read with awe of all you accomplished, with Miss Brown's competent assistance, last summer. But here, where blackberries grow in too close profusion & are a menace both by their thorns & by their "chigger" visitors, I give them a wide berth in my exploring trips.

It is time for me to prepare for our home dinner, dear Mr. Deane, so I'll bring this over-long screed to an end & do my duty. With kindest regards to both yourself & his wife,

Always most friendly,
Jean H. A. Stone.



1014. HOME OF PATRICK HENRY, RED HILL, VA.

The birthday of my friend & Shakspere.

Very many happy returns of the day, dear Mr. Dean, with most cordial greetings & congratulations on this [illegible] Anniversary!

I am just in from a walk by the Riviera line, being hurried out immediately after breakfast so as to get in a stroll before the [illegible] should begin to [illegible]. It is so high winds & still dry, & our poor roads are so parched & dusty! Poor [illegible] [illegible] get under way under these conditions!

I do hope you are very well & enjoying the holiday. Sincerely,

[illegible]

J. H. D. STONE
SHADWELL
VIRGINIA

Shadwell, Va.
Thursday, April 21, '27.

Dear Mr. Deans-

Just a line to wish you every happiness on this birthday. May bright skies be over you, cheer in your home, health in your person, & happiness in your heart, to usher in this new year - & to prevail thro'-out it. And that should pretty well cover the ground, I think.

I saw in today's paper that you had an even warmer day yesterday than we here in Virginia, & it was uncomfortable here until a brisk thunder shower cooled us at twilight & blew off almost all our pretty apple-blossoms. But today is cooler & the country is bewilderingly beautiful — trees in soft green foliage & shrubs & flowers in full bloom.

I did not get home at all this winter, my back not getting quite back to normal even yet. But I am wearing a surgical belt that helps matters greatly, so that I have had several not-too-long country walks & brought in hosts of the dear familiar wild flowers. I really believe that by fall I shall be perfectly well again, & my shocked nerves have quite recovered their poise — strychnine can be a great ally for these.

I mustn't write more now — quite time to dress for supper.

I suppose it will be Sheldon again this summer — I mean Shelburne of course — & I wish you & Miss Brown a very happy season.

Very sincerely, Jean H. D. Stone

Brookvale Farm
Shelburne Mass
June 28. 1922.

Dear Mr. Deane,-

I am more than pleased with your letter just received, and with the interest you have taken in my feeble attempts to study up the wild flowers. and for the great honors accorded me in having a place given me in your herbarium for the specimen sent you last-year and also this year. I

also had thunder, high wind and hail. Perhaps you know that your Cousin Grace is on a visit at the home of Earnest Ritter and wife, He is a fine fellow, and married a very nice girl. I am also glad to call Miss Williams my friend, and that she urged me to send my unknown flower to her "Cousin Walter". and I thank you for your great kindness. I think your summer home must be fine judging from the heading of your letter.

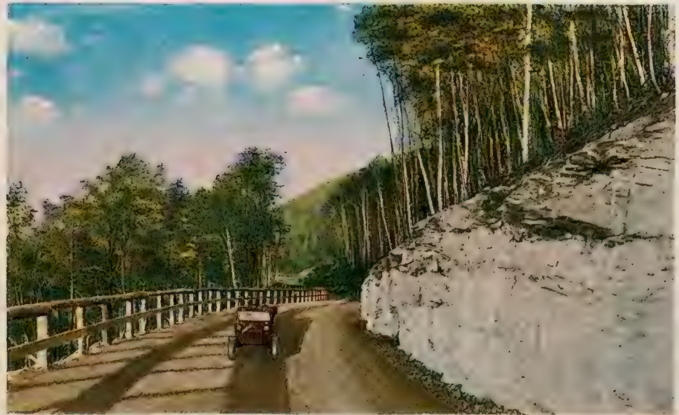
My Address, is Phebe J. Stone
Shelburne Falls
Route 2, Mass.

The P.O. at Bardwells Ferry has been discontinued, and the station closed.

Cordially & Gratefully
P.J.S.

sent some on the 19th of this month to Mr. Mathews. He wrote me ~~a~~ very nice letter, saying he would forward them to "his dear friend Mr. Deane", and "if your analysis of them differed from his he would let me know. he said they were all quite uncommon". Somehow I feel that he has such a diversity of gifts and so many ways of using his wonderful talents that I ought not to take any of his valuable time in looking up the names of weeds for me. He says his memory is not good; and that many of the mint family members he's not sure of, but that "you, can tell any old thing at a glance." I felt sure you would agree with him

so I didn't expect to hear from him again and you may imagine my glad surprise in hearing from you. Locality of Dracocephalum parviflorum was Shelburne Centre, Mass, on the "Mohawk Trail" Date June 18. 1922. — Collector Phebe J. Stone. Habitat. Growing in the midst of a most beautiful patch of clover in sandy loam with an eastern slope below a rocky ledge. I also found there five other plant blossoms I had never seen before. two of them were the mustards I sent to Mr Mathews. perhaps the seed may have come in grain as it was quite near a group of hen houses. Surely we are having some weather here as well as in N. H. we have had rain on 16 days this month, perhaps more ~~perhaps more~~, is rainy to-day, have



MOHAWK TRAIL THROUGH THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP HERE
UNITED STATES AND CANADA
ONE CENT
FOREIGN
TWO CENTS

THE MOHAWK TRAIL,
THROUGH THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Built at a cost of $368,000 and was formally opened Oct. 27, 1914. The road forms the connecting link of the State highway from Boston to New York and the West and opens to automobilists a section of the beautiful parts of Berkshire Hills, which were up to this time, inaccessible on account of the heavy grades.

Our "Brookvale Farm" is on "The Mohawk Trail" 6 miles west of Greenfield and 3 east of Shelburne Falls. We expect the State Road to be completed in Oct. and opened up.

THIS SPACE FOR THE ADDRESS

Melissa Officinalis

Date Aug. 1st 1922
Locality - Conway Mass.
Collector - Marion A. Chamberlain
Habitat - moist soil
around an old apple tree stump

How I would enjoy seeing your Herbarium
It would be a long continued
happiness. and require a good many
resting spells to go through it. I wonder
when you began to mount the specimens.

Most Cordially
Phebe J. Stone
Brookvale Farm
Shelburne Falls
Mass.

Route 2,

I must not tire you longer or take your precious time, I have not seen Miss Grace since I last wrote you, as we can't get out much on account of the road for a mile east and three west, by October we expect the "Trail" will be complete. and we shall be out of bondage.

Cordially
Phebe J. Stone
Shelburne Falls
Route 2. Mass

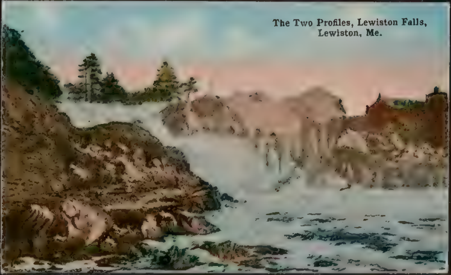
recd
Aug 5

Brookvale Farm, Shelburne Centre
August 4th 1922.

Dear Mr. Deane, -

I received your most welcome letter with postcard enclosed, I thank you very much for your kindness and help, and feel quite honored to have my specimen placed in your herbarium, I would like to send you a flower or weed, that looks as though it belongs to the nettle family although the leaves are larger then the stinging nettle, and the blossoms are nearly white, I am more than sorry not to have acknowledged your favors sooner, but think you will pardon me when you know that I have been very badly ivy poisoned and have also had neuritis in my right arm. I enclose a little miniature post card, the two profiles are just above the bridge over the Androscoggin River which separates the cities of Auburn and Lewiston, The faces are quite distinct and clearly seen from the bridge. I have a sister in Auburn whom I have visited several times, and have always when crossing the bridge looked for the faces of stone. I wish the card was larger I thought I had one regular postcard size, but can't seem to find it.

I think Philbrook Farm must be a lovely place. How fortunate you were when you first became interested in botany, to have friends to whom you could go when in trouble. I have wished so many times to meet some one who could help to name the plants that have puzzled me so much, you don't begin to know how much I appreciate the kindness of yourself and Mr. Mathews. It surely is a thrill to come across a new flower, I am watching now a milkweed I have never seen before, it surely must be the quadifolia but a week or less will decide it. When I was in Michigan on a visit to my brother I saw two varieties I never saw before one was pure yellow and the other bright-orange.


The Two Profiles, Lewiston Falls,
Lewiston, Me.

[illegible]

POST CARD

The two profiles are
"Indian's Head" + "Old Man Of The Falls"
Isn't water a wonderful
artist?

I have never seen the Sand Cherry. I once saw a little shrub about 10 inches high that had blossoms like a cherry it was in a pasture at the edge of a swampy place. I thought I would watch it and perhaps might find out what sort of fruit it might bear, but the cattle destroyed it. I have never seen anything like since. so I still remain in ignorance of what it might be. I am most grateful for the help you and Mr. Mathews have been to me. you certainly have both been very kind, and I am sure I appreciate your patience and forbearance.

Gratefully and Sincerely
Phebe J. Stone
Shelburne Falls
Route 2, Mass.

Brookvale Farm
Shelburne Mass
Aug 16. 1922

My Dear Mr. Deane. -

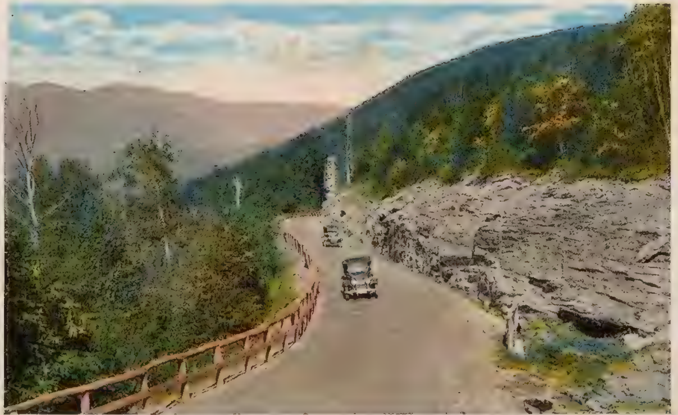
I have just received your postals and letter, of the 11th and 13th inst. I am glad you and Mr. Mathews agree on the Basil although I was surprised, not because I knew Basil at all but somehow I had thought of it as being one of the common herbs. much used in cooking but

but had never once imagined it
to be the plant of the mint family
that has puzzled me these past
years. Well I am thankful to know
after this long time what Basil is.
I too think it is pretty difficult to
so describe a plant so that one
can name it without seeing it. I
dont think I am very expert at
pressing flowers, last year in May
my niece from Michigan was here
on a visit, I found one day, some
Showy Orchis in bloom and brought
one home, she had never seen
one before, thought it was beautiful,
and was very anxious to take it
home, she wanted me to try and
press it for her, I did so. The flower
would have looked very good as far as
the pressing was concerned. But Oh! the
color there really was no beauty in it.
One would never get any idea of the
loveliness of the flower as it is when fresh.
I think I can get another specimen of
Melissa, that I sent you had been in
water several days before it was sent.
My niece brought it to me, I had
asked her several times if she saw any
flowers that were not common. here and
if so I told her I wished she would bring
me what she thought might be new to me.
It grew in Conway Mass, brought to me
the day it was picked Aug. 1st 1922, It grew
around an old apple tree stump, near a
dwelling where it was somewhat damp and shady,

11 o'clock a.m. Aug. 16. 1922.

My dear Mr. Deane, - Your postal just received. You say you're got sort of mixed up, and I don't wonder at it, I guess I was mixed up some yesterday, when I wrote you for it seems to me that I dated my letter, Aug 16 when it should have been Aug. 15. The specimens of the Mint Family that I sent to Mr. Mathews and that he sent to you were all the same, I sent more than one hoping that one at least would reach him in good condition Satureja vulgaris. I saw first on the 4th of July it blossoms here all summer

Satureja vulgaris Date Aug. 1st 1922
Locality Shelburne Mass.
Collector Phebe J. Stone
Habitat Everywhere



71. DOWN THE SLOPE AND APPROACHING HAIR PIN TURN, MOHAWK TRAIL, MASS.

Brookvale Farm, Sept. 6. 1912
Dear Mr. Deane, - I take the liberty of sending you to-day some specimens, are they all the same or are they different varieties of the family. They are crowded into a pretty small space. but it is the best I could do. I am sorry I couldn't get you another Melissa. Do you require the whole plant for pressing or only the flowers I could what I sent to-day will be nothing you will care to preserve, Hearty thanks for the many favors.
P. J. S.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Philbrook Farm,
Shelburne,
New Hampshire

vd Sept. 8.

U.S. POSTAGE

Brookvale Farm Saturday Oct 13. 1928
Shelburne Centre. Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Deane.—
I have been trying to write you every day since I got your letter and those wonderful photos and the description of their being tamed I don't see how you could ever have done it, I love birds and flowers especially wild flowers. but my eyesight is so poor I cannot get near enough to birds to see them very plainly. I was a bit disappointed when the three pictures came that neither of them was what you described in that letter asking me if I would like a photo of you holding a tumbler of sweetened water with a humming bird drinking from it with the wings brushing your cheek.

I was greatly surprised and pleased too, to receive three instead of one, but you cannot begin to imagine my delight when the larger photo came nor can you know how much I prize them all as I look at the dear little bird in the different stages of its training, I look at them over and over again, and it has been a great pleasure in my days of sadness since the death of my dear brother, and I thank you much for your words of sympathy, I show those photos to all my friends and to tourists who stop with us, and say to them this is the botanist who has been so kind to me in naming for me flowers I have found that were new to me, everyone thinks the pictures are wonderfully interesting. We are having beautiful weather now and tourists seem to be making the most of it. The trees were never more brilliant.

It is a little too late in the season for the most of the verse I am quoting, but I love it.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinate tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields
And the wild geese flying high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod, –
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God,

I am sending you a bit of a vine, I wonder if you can tell what it is from so small a piece.

Didn't you feel pleased to see your picture and bird in Mr. Mathews' book? He's truly a bird lover as well as a flower lover.

Adieu for this time
Cordially and Gratefully
Phebe J. Stone
(Route 2). Brookvale Farm
Shelburn Falls
Mass.

Mr Dean
Mr Deane

Ans'd
Nov. 28

MISS PHEBE J. STONE
BROOKVALE FARM, ROUTE 2
SHELBURNE FALLS
MASSACHUSETTS

Brookvale Farm Shelburne Ms
November 27th 1928, 7:00 morning.

Dear Mr. Deane, I received your good letter of November 15th. It was too bad to trouble so soon after your return to your city home, when there was so much to occupy your time, and the season of wild-flowers supposed to be past. I had kept that rare specimen for two or three years, hoping at sometime I might see someone who could tell me what it was. I got from "the [illegible] [illegible]" but it is in my Gray's Manual

over

and studied over it for a long time and at last decided to call it Polygonum cilinode but thought probably I had not named it right after all my study, I had never before seen anything like it; nor have I since, just before I sent it to you, I noticed the largest leaf was broken off, so I thought I'll send it to Mr. Deane before it is entirely ruined. Imagine if you can my surprise and joy, when your letter told me I had named it right, Many, many thanks to you, now I'll not be troubling you any more this year, with specimens of wild flowers. You certainly you have been very helpful and patient with me and I appreciate your kindness more than I can express. You asked about our household. We are five in number, (now that the season of boarders and tourists is past,) my niece and her husband, and 2 boys, Robinson & Winthrop

my great great
grand-nephew
on the porch

Sent. Nov 27/1923.

Miss Phoebe J. Stone
Brookvale Farm,
Route 2, Shelburne Falls, Mass

MISS PHEBE J. STONE
BROOKVALE FARM, ROUTE 2
SHELBURNE FALLS
MASSACHUSETTS

12 & 13 years old 16 months difference in their ages. Robin as we call him is nearly as tall as his father, while Winnie looks about nine years old. Now about the tourists, who seem to have money enough to enable them to enjoy a summer vacation. Very nice people too and we have enjoyed meeting them very much indeed. The most of those we had accommodated have asked for suppers, rooms and breakfast, nearly 300 of them this past summer, although some have been boarders, a banker from New York City & wife & daughter were with us a month, and a nice family man, wife and 2 little boys, also another man & wife and 2 little girls. The two last were here two weeks each. We were kept very busy all summer sometimes we have had 18 or 20 at times. Surely we have had a wonderful autumn. Of course the trees are now all bare but

They never were more gorgeous than they were this fall. Perhaps I may have written you that we have a farm of 75 acres directly on the State road almost too close we thought when they took some of the lawn to widen the "Trail". We are 3 miles east of Shelburne Falls and 7 west of Greenfield and 1 mile from the Centre of the town, where our church, Town Hall, school, library and 15 or 20 homes are. I am wondering whether the Flora of Coos Co. N. H. has been published and how the plants would compare with that of Franklin Co. Mass, Of course you are greatly interested in the book and perhaps can tell me its size and price.

Cordially and gratefully

Phebe J. Stone

DELAWARE VALLEY ORNITHOLOGICAL CLUB,
ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES
LOGAN SQUARE.

WM. B. EVANS, SECRETARY,
56 N. FRONT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 23/03

My dear Mr Deane

Of course you are coming to Philadelphia next month & equally of course we expect you & any others of your party who desire to join Mr Morris & myself on an excursion on Friday to our Cabin in the New Jersey pines. It will be most too late to botanise but you can gather Persimmons & we can show you Holly & Misttletoe & the acorns of *Quercus phellos* & *digitata*! — as well as some interesting country.

Sincerely Yours

Witmer Stone

THE
Academy of Natural Sciences
OF
PHILADELPHIA
LOGAN SQUARE

Philadelphia, Jan. 14 1904

My dear Mr Deane

Since sending you the violets I have been confined to the house with a very severe cold & am only just on my feet again. I feared it was going to develope into something worse but think I am now clear of all complications

I am very glad that you find the violets of interest.

I have not very many sets, but intended to send one to the Gray Herbarium, though it will not be quite as full as yours. However I may be able to supply some deficiencies next year.

A copy of the paper will go along. The fact is my sickness prevented sending out any ~~p~~ copies except yours.

The writing of the labels has delayed the distribution of the "sets" but I shall try to get one off to Dr Robinson next week.

As you surmised all the specimens were collected by me except the few otherwise credited.

I am much obliged for the suggestion as to Pres Brainerd. & shall probably write him.

I fear however that I shall have to drop the violets in self defence. I took the thing up merely as a study in variation & distribution — a matter to which I have given a good deal of attention, but by climbing over the fence into the systematic fold I ~~have~~ bid fair to be swamped!

With kind regards

Sincerely Yours

Witmer Stone

R. K. S.

My dear Mr. Deane,-

Your greeting from the "Deanery" under date of September 20th is before me. It was pleasant to receive it, and to learn something of the doings of yourself and family. Many happy days — and nights — are brought to mind by your message from the hills.

I wonder how our good friend

misrepresented — my employer not even owning the school — so I resigned as soon as I reached Winnetka (or rather the following day) but agreed to stay until a successor could be appointed, provided bona fide efforts were made by Mr. Cooke to find my successor as soon as possible. A successor was found to take my place immediately after the Christmas holidays.

Very fortunately, I found a "substitute position" for the-

Cabot fares this wintry weather. I suspect he is covered with snow — except, perhaps, that little spot on his crown. The winds must whistle around him merrily now — that is, if the East is at all like the Middle West this January.

You do not know, maybe, how acrobatic your thermometer would have to be if it were out here. The other day (last week) we dropped fifty-nine degrees in twenty-four hours. Water standing in the streets and low places in the sidewalks in the late afternoon — and seventeen degrees below zero on our front piazza the next morning when I went out to breakfast. We have been playing hide-and-seek with zero ever since but to-night we are seven degrees above.

But I have not yet told you where I am. The school at Winnetka proved to have been very much

Winnetka in September.

I should say good-night to you all. Will you give kindest messages, please, to Mrs. Deane and to Miss Brown and best of greeting for the new year? It would be a pleasure to hear from you again.

Faithfully yours,

Ruth K. Schmitt.

January 19, 1916.

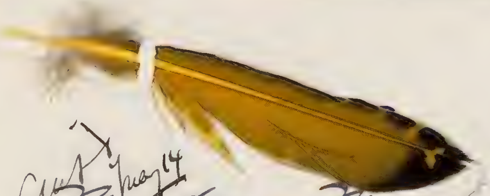
325 Augusta Avenue
DeKalb, Illinois.

R.K.S.

remainder of this year in the Northern Illinois State Normal School at DeKalb, Illinois, and came here during the Christmas vacation. I am substituting in English and Latin for Miss Mary R. Whitm- who is on a leave of absence till June and who is writing a text-book in the meantime. I enjoy the work tremendously. My successor at Winnetka has resigned and Girton School is now without a principal — and here I am in De Kalb. It is real country within five minutes' walk, and I love it. There is more outdoors here than I have ever experienced before — more even than in Shelburne for it stretches out in every direction without interruption. And the winds are no apprentices. They set right to work in a very businesslike fashion until they have satisfied their sense of duty, then they lay down their flails and rest. But I like it all. Still I look forward to the little ledge on the mountain side for the summer. Nothing can be the equivalent of Shelburne.

I have often thought of you and Mrs. Deane and Miss Brown and of your kind neighborliness — especially during thundershowers. I think I like Shelburne thundershowers better than the kind they had in great regret, the [illegible] position is, perforce, given up. But the position of house-holder on the fringe of Sunset Rock is a joyful one indeed.

If you wait until June to come you will miss the budding trees, the birds' spring songs, the sweet little woods flowers, the early plowing and planting, the waking up of everything. Can you do it? It does not seem too cold to me



Ans May 14

My dear Mr. Deane,-

Best of greetings to you and Mrs. Deane and to Miss Brown from the Ledge. It is now 7:30 A.M. so this is really a "good-morning" to you all. I hope it will not be long before the good-morning can be given you in person.

Thank you for your good

letters and for the little house on the hill that brought an Easter message from you and Mrs. Deane. The pictured house now helps adorn my rest house. I appreciate very much your remembering me in so pleasant a way.

Being here is as much of a surprise to me as to anyone else. I enjoyed my work at DeKalb tremendously and hoped to continue teaching there through the summer session. But at the Easter vacation the last of March I arrived at my brother's house in New York — my doctor brother — with bronchitis and pleurisy, with the result that I soon found myself transferred to the leisure class and en route for dear Sherburne. My brother and another doctor added "overworked and underfed" to the list of my misdemeanors or the remedy may not have been so delightfully here to my

R. K. S.

here. I sleep out of doors now most comfortably. In the morning, a few sticks of clean white-birch wood in the grate make the room cozy until time to go to breakfast. It is pleasant, I think, to have the weather cool enough to warrant the cheering fire. You will have to come soon or there will be so many questions piled up to ask you that you

will now finish answering this.
At night all the stars come out
and I say "When Mr. Deane comes I
will ask him their names." In the
morning all the birds sing. I say
the same thing. During the day
a million little growing green things
put their heads up out of the ground.
And I say the same thing.
Tell Mrs. Deane, please, that I
have a garden which may sometime
rival hers though now it is not
large. It consists of a two-inch
sprig of larkspur that escaped from
the bungalow bed.

You should all have been here
last evening to see the rose and
yellow glow on our mountains and
a perfect rainbow spanning the
valley.

With a cordial welcome to all
waiting for you, and kind messages
enclosed in this letter, I am,

May 7, '10.
Philbrook Farm.

Faithfully yours
Ruth K. [illegible]

The Ledge, 5/9/'10.

Dear Mr. Deane,-

Your cards just received. It will give me pleasure to press the Dutchman's Breeches. But the pressing will be more efficiently done if I can some instruction; have never used a press. Please send pretty detailed instructions as to manner of preparing plant (do we want plant, leaves only, or roots and all?) and using the machine. I shall enjoy the experience. Cordially R.A. [illegible]

MAY

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Massachusetts.

ans'd

R. K. S.

May 23, 1910.

My dear Mr. Deane,-

Many thanks for your clear and prompt directions! But I fear I must disappoint you about the Dicentra. Necessarily - that is to say.

We had a prolonged rain just after your first letter came, then I was not in walking trim and so there was a much-regretted delay in getting to those ridges - the Dicentra's home. Finally both Mr. Philbrook and I searched there after the storm — Mr. Philbrook a couple of days before me — with the result that only one plant with any suggestion of blossoms remaining was to be found. The blossoms were very dilapidated and partly fallen but such as it is, it is now in press. It was a very stylish root at any rate.

R. K. S.

II.

There were a good many Dicentra plants on the ridge but eventually ~~lost~~ the vermin I first picked one over three inches old. Had I only known their value! Miss Frances Harris kindly lent her moral support to my first botanical efforts.

We shall all be glad when your family is once again in the little house. Miss Ruth Lowell Laighton, who was here a few years ago, is occupying the Shack with her friend Miss Pickard. Miss Laighton asks me to say to you that if you do not come until June 7th she shall have only one day in which to talk birds with you as she leaves Sunderland, the eighth.

All kind regards to Mrs. Deane and Miss Brown, please, as well as to yourself. Is there something else I may miss?

Cordially, Ruth E. Howell.

Hilbro & Barrow.

a desire for taking part in
some order and the loftier ob-
servance of the great event
as I had not felt inclined to
take part in the rejoicing.
So I attended a Community
Patriotic Service in one of the
nearby churches. There was
rejoicing but not of a blatant
kind. There was also a welcome
concern for the future and
the recognition of the gravity
of the problems that lie ahead.
But how glorious it is to see
people here, there, and everywhere
striving to clarify their minds

Nov 17/18

recd Nov 19/18

R. K. S.

My dear Mr. Deane,-

We are having a pelting rain — just the kind to make one long for Shelburne, an old waterproof and floppy white hat, rubber boots and (in case of coming home through the pasture after dark) a lantern. Doubtless by now the leaves have fallen from all the maples and birches so that their trunks are gleaming in this rain — if it extends!-

New Hampshire — and all the pines and fir trees are glistening in ice.

Your two good letters of the summer, such prompt replies to my letter to you, were received with much pleasure. I would have replied sooner had I not known how many letters you have to answer — so many that they are burdensome — and also had I not found the weeks slipping by with apparently few leisure hours for writing. Your accounts of the Sherbourne service interested me very much. Of course, I would like to hear more.

I am glad you were interested in The Community News. Accompanying this ~~letter~~ is another copy. My work is now even more interesting than at first. I am in the "Corporate Cage" keeping a set of the Cornell Trust ledgers.

How are you celebrating the signing of the armistice? Here, there was a wild carnival as you know from the papers. After it all on Thursday, last

probably have two weeks and
may spend them in Quebec.

Please give kindest regards
to those of my acquaintances
whom you may happen to see,
not forgetting Mr. Sheffield
and the Emerson family.

With all kind messages
to yourself and Miss Brown,
I am,

Cordially,

Robt. K. Salomon.

5 Garden Place
Brooklyn, New York.
November 17, 1918.

R. K. S.

and unify their minds in
preparation for the great work
and the great privileges that
lie ahead. Don't forget
to tell me, please, about the
boys who were in the service. Did
they all come out unscathed?

Of our own boys, my brother's
two sons, who are now in
camp — one having been enlisted
early in the war but, rejected
because of his health, the other
one, a very lucky man, waiting

years old, now at an aviation training camp in the south. The third by whom you may have heard me mention as at Harvard has set up a little home and was working in the submarine defence organization. His dear little wife, a Wellesley girl whose home was just outside of Boston, "slipped away" in October after 2 weeks' illness from pneumonia. So the [illegible] boy has come home to my mother's and will have to readjust his whole scheme of living just as so many people are having to do now — though for most, the gaps in the family circle have been made by the cruel war.

What do you think? There is still a little sprig of green in the flower-pot in my window. It is part of what Miss Kirk so kindly sent me in the summer. Thank Miss Burn, too, for her kind message written along the edge of your letter. Indeed, I would have enjoyed seeing you all this summer. Only one week's vacation I spent right here at my brother's. Next year I not make a very chatty letter.

I hope you and Miss Brown are well.

With best messages to you both as well as to the members of the Philbrook household and with many thanks,

Yours most cordially,

June 20, 1921. Ruth K. Stowell.

Address reply, please, to me at

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
140 Broadway
New York City
International Trade Department.

---

ans'd June 22

R. K. S. June 20/21

My dear Mr. Deane, -

You have so kindly helped me before that I am taking for granted that you will be willing to do so again.

The editor of our "Guaranty News" asked me to spin a couple of thousand words about the company's new country house. I have done the best I could, but have put into the article a few things I don't know. For example, about stars and birds. But I could not leave the stars and birds out of a nature article. The editor wanted the story to-day for the July "News." I typed it last night and have passed it in. There will still be time to make corrections when the proof comes back.

Do you mind checking up the stars (see page 4) and see if I have the right ones for summer, say July? If I have mentioned some that are not visible then, will you be good enough to tell me some others — those, if possible, with pleasing names?

On page 3 I mentioned various birds supposed to sing at daybreak. It occurs to me that maybe not all do so. Will it trouble you too much to cross out any that should not be mentioned in the morning chorus?

You are very kind indeed to do this. I know you do not mind.

I am writing in business hours so will

enjoying to the full all the wonders of sky and pasture and swamp. I can imagine you explaining to groups of trail wanderers the habits of the woods creatures and the formation of the woods flowers and the personal characteristics of the meadow grasses.

Again with thanks and with best messages to Miss Brown as well as to yourself

Cordially yours,

Ruth K. Stout.

June 25/1921

Guaranty Trust Company
140 Broadway
New York City.

R. K. S.

My dear Mr. Deane,-

You were very kind indeed to write so carefully and so promptly in answer to my call for help.

Your suggestions are most helpful and I have sent them to the Guaranty News editor for correction of my manuscript. My brother thought it too bad for me to dismiss the bobolink with a faint whistle — so I have changed that part, too, making the "whistle" a "jubilant song." The editor may cut the little paper all to pieces but, at any rate, you have helped me to make it correct as submitted. Thank you very much.

Yes, I was in Shelburne two weeks — a lovely vacation. I was sorry not to see you and Miss Brown but you came, I imagine, soon after I left. I took an early vacation this year partly because the country is most attractive early in the season and, partly, to avoid travel in hot weather.

Business is as ever — that is, as far as my own work is concerned. In general, the business world is quiet, as you know. I keep busy because, though less business per country is being done now, my territory has been doubled. So my days are full. I now have Asia, Africa and Oceania (including, of course, Australia and New Zealand). Quite, isn't it?

I hope you and Miss Brown are

Under the direction of The National Board
of the Young Womens Christien Association

GRACE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 19, 1922.

My dear Mr. Deane,-

Your kind letter of January 14th was much appreciated. Yes, Miss Brown had written me of the sad passing of Dr. and Mrs. Channing. They were rare gentlefolk and I prize greatly my slight association with them. You remember how dear Mrs. Channing took me into her home on my way to New York from Shelburne only a few summers ago? And she scarcely knew me. That was a very gracious thing to do. She and the doctor made me feel at home in Brookline, [illegible]

Shelburne. To you who were so close to Dr. and Mrs. Channing, their loss must be great indeed.

I am glad you continue your manifold occupations and have time to listen to Tolstoy and to join in honor to Fitch and Diaz. Soon you will be unpacking your nets, your high boots, your swamping tackle, spider outfit, plant driers and all the et cetera of a Shelburne summer — then away to the mountain trails, the yellow and the blue, and to the sunny pastures where the cheerful cows dwell. One of them, over-cheerful it seemed to me, chased me out of the pasture last spring to my surprise and dismay.

To flit from Shelburne to Washington — I must tell you of my having attended a thrilling session of the Conference. Mr. Hughes gave his masterly analysis of the new treaty, Mr. Balfour in graceful phrases announced that Great Britain would return Wei-Hai-wei to China, Mr. Sarraut gave a vigorous speech, Baron Shidehara a polished one as did Mr. Sze, Mr. Schanzer a serious speech and Mr. Root one that crystalized the accomplishment of the Conference. But I will attempt no description. I had not had great faith in the Conference but surely it has accomplished great things if it was done nothing more than create a great body of enlightened public opinion.

Our wonderful Guaranty Trust Company had hard sledding last year and dropped many of its employes. To avoid being "fired," I resigned in August and left in September. Fortunately, I found employment as research worker for the Department of State and had charge of a small unit of workers who prepared statistical data for the Conference. At the close of that work, I was appointed Special Agent in the Department of Commerce, my immediate duties including the writing of Far Eastern material for the weekly *Commerce Reports*, the official publication of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The work follows [illegible] that done in the Guaranty. I have been exceedingly busy with it and the Conference work. I would have written you long before.

Best regards, Very cordially, Ruth K. Sto

GUARANTY COUNTRY HOUSE

"The real joy of leisure is known only to the people who have contracted the habit of work without becoming enslaved to the vice of overwork."

Henry Van Dyke.

Guaranty Country House is completed and ready for visitors.

It has been months in the refitting and furnishing. Now its hospitable doors are open.

The house and sixty acres of land -- part of an estate which had been owned by a single family since 1803 -- were bought last year by the Guaranty Trust Company to serve, primarily, as a place of recuperation for convalescent employees. Entertainment during such recuperation is at the company's expense.

Happily, illness is not a prerequisite for a visit at the country house. If you are sufficiently weary of office tasks to crave a few days' rest, you have but to ask the company's chief clerk for permission to go to Patterson. If the Guaranty's house, which at present can care for fifteen or twenty people, is not filled with those who both wish and need the benefits of an outing, your request for admission probably will be granted. Those who go merely for pleasure pay their own expenses. The charge for room and board is nominal and may be learned at the chief clerk's office. The railroad fare, round trip, from the Grand Central Station, New York City, to Patterson, New York, is, at present, less than five dollars. The country house is within easy walking distance of the Patterson station.

When you arrive at the Grand Central Station you feel very much like your accustomed self, the business self now to be sloughed off for ten days, two weeks or even a month. All the paraphernalia of your accustomed surroundings begin to fade away as the train door closes and the station is left behind, — fade away like drifting smoke.

When at White Plains the electric locomotive is exchanged for a real locomotive, begins that subtle change within you and about you which at the end of another hour (or another week) will have metamorphosed you into a new being — one whose pleasures are cut in large, tranquil patterns. For you have come into the country and are becoming, in a measure, of the country.

After a two hours' ride, the brakeman calls a name suggestive of "Patterson" and you leave the 4:22 to carry its city burdens whither it will. For yourself, you have arrived and 140 Broadway — except for its beneficent house of entertainment — drops to the other side of the universe.

If the Guaranty's sleek, brown depot wagon meets you, you will approach the country house by the main entrance and have your first glimpse of the dignified building with its broad piazzas as the car leaves the State road and the stone wall and swings into the private driveway which ascends the knoll.

The three-minute walking route is even pleasanter. It means only a block and a half through the village, then a grassy lane leading up toward an apparent meetingplace of meadowgrass and sky, and there you are on our own driveway just where the screen of spruces begins. Robins accompany you and observe you half shyly.

You approach the open door. You have no need to knock. There is someone waiting to receive you.

Probably you will wish to go first to your own room. The broad stairs are newly carpeted for your pleasure. The sleeping rooms are capacious. Their furnishings are such as you find in a well-appointed home. Their windows open, every one of them, to the fair prospect of meadow or orchard, a winding road, a friendly hollow fringed with trees, an undulating valley edged with gentle hills -- foothills of the Berkshires -- behind which the round sun comes up in the morning and slips away at dusk.

You should request the room above the diningroom if you are of the stuff that rejoices in a sunrise. The sun (I am told) rides over the eastern hills in that still hour that follows the passing of night, turns the windows of our sunparlor to gold, turns the Croton streams to silver, floods the orchard with dancing lights and provokes the songs of orioles, thrushes, songsparrows, wrens, bluebirds, cedar waxwings and all the rest.

If you select a room at the opposite corner of the house, you will have the less stern joy of watching the sunset. You will look beyond the knoll, the oatfield, the fork of the roads where the little churches stand, and up the valley now drawing to itself evening shadows. You will see the sun hastening into the golden light that deepens along the ridge of purple hills. Perhaps you will see high-piled nimbus clouds, black below, silver-edged, bringing up nature's artillery soon to be heard booming through the valleys. More often you will see fleecy cumuli slowly changing their places and bowing silently to their partners as in an aerial minuet. Perhaps you will see only thin films of cloud flung carelessly across the sky as if forgotten. They are like fragments of rainbow, as the sun falls, and give out prismatic colors, then fade to rose-pink and dull gray as the shadows darken.

When you have made ready for supper -- in a comfortable, informal fashion -- your hostess will lead you to your place at the table. The ceilings of the lower rooms are twelve feet high. The windows, freshly curtained, are high in proportion. If it is midsummer, you need no other light than that which comes, mellowed by tall maples and spruces, through the windows of the room itself and of the sunparlor adjoining it. If your stay is in early spring or late fall, the large chandelier and the wall lights will lend brightness to a room already bright with the Guaranty's new table ware. Now come the hot dishes of good things. You discover that you are hungry. Your hostess suspects it. She gives you generous portions again and again. Maggie turns the plate so that the biggest and brownest biscuit is toward you. She brings you more of this and more of that and more of all your heart can wish for in the culinary line, -- unless your heart wishes unwisely.

After supper, you stroll through the livingrooms. There are two, a large room and a smaller one. Both are fitted with wide-armed chairs, and with deep-seated, broad-backed couches inviting to half slumber and entire contentment. The light drifts dreamily from the little electric bulbs behind their silk masks and more ambitiously from the candelabra and reading lamps. On the table are flowers. Books and magazines are at hand. But you care little for books this first night of your arrival. A few Victrola records are more to your purpose, then a stroll about the grounds to see if the stars have yet come out. In July, you will espy the Sickle near the western horizon. If you are patient, you will find Arcturus shedding its orange red light. Castor and Pollux, Aquila and the Northern Cross should be visible. You can see Cassiopeia, no doubt, but it is of no use to look for Orion except in the small hours of the morning. When all the sounds of the farm are hushed and the members of the Guaranty's household are all still, perhaps Electra and Alcyone and their sisters will appear:

> "Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the
> mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a
> silver braid."
>
> Tennyson.

As you saunter through the driveway and look up at the stars, you see silhouetted against the dark sky the darker cedars and spruces that lift their shapely heads high above the level of the cupola. The night vapors bring to you the scent of freshly-plowed land, if it is early spring, and of lilies of the valley growing in profusion in the shade of the evergreens. If summer, the vapors are laden with the fragrance of rose petals and of the more distant clover and cornsilk.

So ends your first day.

In the morning it will be to your advantage if you are somewhat ill. Then you may have breakfast in bed. Maggie will bring a tray daintily prepared — but not too daintily — with fresh napery, of course, and with various covered dishes from which rises a goodly steam. You kind and gracious hostess will prop you up with extra pillows, will put her own warm scarf around your shoulders and will lift the shade so that you can see the orchard trees resplendent with blossoms or heavy with fruit according to the season. She will stay with you a few minutes and rock gently in your rockingchair, — the only time in the day that she has been known to sit down to rest. If there were a speck of dust in your room, she would remove it. But there is no dust.

There are advantages, also, in being well. If well, you may wander all around the grounds, take long walks over the hills or follow the trout streams a-fishing. When you come home, tired and hungry, you may go into the spacious kitchen — first asking permission. Once safely across the magic threshold, you may feast upon sugared crullers in uncounted numbers, crullers such as the gods provide. Cora will give them to you. She will also give you glasses of milk containing visible cream. She will give you chocolate cake and lemon pie and, if you remain hungry, specially made sandwiches and bread and butter with apple jelly. She will lift one corner of the big, white cloth and show you the loaves of home made bread just out of the oven. She will open the oven door itself. Savory fumes rush out as she bastes the roast with pan gravy.

Beyond the kitchen, the pantries and the laundry is the new pump operated by electricity. The knoll upon which the house stands is formed -- save for topsoil sufficient to provide foothold for the grass and trees -- of solid marble. Well diggers, in equipping the country house with its new water supply, drilled through 400 feet of marble, -- white, almost, as that which forms the minars and domes of the Taj Mahal. Marble halls, yet uncut, are beneath you. For the present your destinies rest on firm foundations.

You begin a tour of the premises. The knoll slopes away from the front of the house and meets the State road. Wild strawberries grow in the front yard, beyond the croquet ground. The evergreens and maples, back of them the orchard, farther still the green and brown fields, are on the side nearest the village. The village is hardly to be discerned, except the portion that straggles along the State road. On the west side of the house is an oatfield now putting forth its full strength and beauty. The field is not on the Guaranty's property. In the spring, those oats were sown broadcast, flung in rhythmical showers from the hand of a single sower. South of the field of oats and separated from it by a stone wall is the Guaranty's rolling, open field that tilts comfortably towards the stream at the base of the slope. Willows and maples fringe the stream that gleams by day much as the sky gleams by night.

To reach the prettiest part of the stream you should follow the road that leads past the barns and garage. You will hardly get by the bowling alley without trying your luck. There are eighty feet of smooth alleys for the balls to skim over. The Guaranty has not yet appointed a professional setter-up. You had best be wary if, untrained, you attempt to set up pins. Your own may be knocked from beneath you.

Your progress to the stream will be slow for, naturally, you will want to stop in the garage, the new automobile shed, the horse barn occupied now by two handsome black horses in box stalls, the cow barn as yet without occupants, the chicken houses where dwell beautiful white Wyandottes that ~~sing~~ croon to themselves in the sun, the old corn crib — a picturesque relic and the only unpainted bit of architecture about. All buildings but the corn crib are painted white.

You reach the brook at last — it is only a short walk. If you have approached quietly you may see a heron wading lazily in the marshy part of the stream. He will probably rise when he sees you and fly with wide, slow wings to the deeper part of the marsh. Near the stream stands idly an old factory, the successive home of various manufacturing enterprises that died natural deaths. It is no place for factories, this spot where herons feed.

A second and very green knoll rises to the southeast of the factory. Once it was the feeding ground for seven hundred fine sheep. Their ghosts walk the grassy slopes at night and fraternize with brown woodchucks that come cautiously from the winding galleries of their homes. You see the entrance halls of their homes each with its neat facade betokening thrift and an eye for proportion. You sigh to think of the havoc which will be brought upon these subterranean houses when the Guaranty Trust Company of New York decides to convert the knoll into golf links.

The sheep knoll is the best place of all for a nap on bright, cool days. You lie flat on the soft, short grass and look up into the deep sky or out upon the trim hills across the marsh. White barns and houses, like children's toys, are perched on the green hillsides. Distant cattle, ants in size, graze in the open spaces. Silent clouds trail shadowy outlines as they pass. Little winds from the Berkshires stir the branches of the willows and maples and rustle the leaves of the old oak. Redwinged blackbirds sing in the thicket, meadowlarks nearer at hand. You faintly hear the whistle of the bobolink in the oatfield and the call of the songsparrow from the fencepost. Robins and orioles leave their treetops to drink from the ~~little~~ stream at the foot of the knoll.

[illegible]

Long years ago, Grandfather Tarrant Merriam said there were more robins to the acre on the home farm in Massachusetts than anywhere else in God's world. But Grandfather Merriam had never visited Guaranty Country House, Patterson, Putnam County, New York.

R. K. S.
June 19, 1921.

This need not be returned — unless it will be easier to indicate corrections there than to indicate them in a letter.

Thank you very much,

R. K. S.

rec'd June 11/26

9 Sneath Ave.
Golders Green
London, N.W. 11

30-V-1926.

Dear Prof. Deane

Your very interesting letter reached me in London as I left Belgrade before it got there after its long journey. I was very delighted to hear from our new member, for you become the member of the "Wind of the Wing" club ~~after~~ I left America. How I wish you joined us when I have been there and so we could have some walks together and you could tell me more about your interesting work on birds and plants. I have been always very much interested in nature study. My way was always, tearing me away from going deeper into it. I remember when [illegible] Churchill was showing to me his herbarium and I enjoyed it so much.

I am in England already for two months, and I think I shall stay here a month longer. My husband came for his Ph.D. which we expect he will get ~~in~~ next month, I mean in June. He works pretty hard this days getting ready for his examinations. As he has to study I go and look London. Until now I saw a great deal of London and I am acquainted very well with London as it is pretty hard to find one own's way through it, as it is one of the very old ~~cits~~ places. Here are many very interesting things to see and big collections in galleries and museums. I know pretty well the history of England and as I am quite well acquainted with her policy I must tell you that I do not care much about her and here are many places that I think I feel still the smell of blood. I will confess myself to you as to the good friend of my dear friend Anna, that I do not like English people at all.

They are not like Americans. I see so many of their negative characteristics and those are just the ones I expect every good man to have. I cannot stop comparing them with Americans. Some of English people do not care to hear that I love America. They are very much jelous of Americans and I told to few of them that they should be and if Americans are not so much ahead gone they would not be jelous at all.

I have been already many times to Westminster Abbey and enjoy to see over and over again. There are so many most interesting things. You can see Queen Elizabeth lying in the same chapel with Queen Mary of Scotland and if you do not know that the one cut off the head from the other one, you would thing they are two the most amiable friends.

Or you will see the wonderful Chapels built by the most horrible Kings. they were killing the most inocent people and building the Chapels in God's name.
Have you ever been in London? Or did you read about the tower of London? I wish that the walls of this horrid tower can tell the stories for they should know them better then the books we read.

But I instead to tell you about the birds I am feeling to you about me in England. this is what I am occupied now with and I hope you donot mind me telling you all what I think now and feel about the country and people where I am at present.

Next time I shall tell you about the birds, I hope you will excuse me now. When I started to write to you I had in my mind the birds but they all flew away.

Thank you very much for your nice letter and I hope to hear again from you.

Sincerely yours
Dr. Ivan Stoyanovitch

Recd. May 8/92

1429 Astor Street
Chicago

Dear Walter —

How good it was of you to write me about my boy's marriage — It was a real pleasure to hear from you and to have the assurance of your interest — Charles & I are devoted to our new daughter and we feel that our boy is very much to be

I shall try to reach you — Charles joins me in warmest regards & with many thanks for your dear letter & your loving remembrance of Rollin —

Always most sincerely yours

Rosalind L. Street —

Congratulated - And
now my younger boy
Edward is about to be
married - and we are
realizing that we are go-
ing to be a bit lonely
with all our children
settled in life -

Hearing from you
brought back to me
so many memories
of the happy times
I have had with

Margie & you - I never can think
of you without ~~that~~ her loving
cheerful presence close beside
you - I am not enthusiastic
about growing old - and it makes
me sad to think of the many
changes that the years have
brought to those I care for -
I wish we could see you again -
If we stop in Boston in the fall

- Submarine -

see

Fuller, Douglas -

White Salmon, Wash. Dec. 15th 188

Dear Mr. Dame.

Your pleasant letter and the Money order were duly received. Accept my thanks. I am always glad to hear news from Cambridge. Have heard very little more than what you wrote me occasionally. I shall remember your wishes in regard to carices. I hope you noticed the two little black caps accompanying the specimens of Equisetum. They were on top of the younger stems. For many years I did not understand why the teeth of the sheaths disappeared

as seen. It always seemed as if
they had been cut away. When
young the teeth stick together
and as the stem grows one
after another is torn loose.
I read your very interesting
paper on the Bladder [illegible]
flowers.

yours truly
[illegible]

Bingen Wa. 22 Dec. 1919.

My dear Mr. Deane:

Your letter of Oct. 16th was duly received. It was kind of you to send me that memorial to Dr. Farlow. I wrote to Mrs. Farlow from whom the copy of the memorial came.

According to your letter you had a very pleasant time in the mountains, I believe. Dr. Goodale once sent me to the White Mountains, and I had a very pleasant time too, while collecting there. I was at Gorham, however, and once made a trip to the top of Mt. Washington. I collected many plants while among the mountains and I have often wished since, for a set of those plants. But I have none of them, did not even learn the names of many of them.

Being late with my work of collecting roots and bulbs this season, I had a good deal of unpleasant work on account of bad weather, and so I did not collect as many as I wanted. The winter drove me away from the high mountain before I had my work done. Then I worked at a lower altitude, and snow and rain interfered there very soon. Then I worked still farther, nearly at sea level; that is to say, right here near the Columbia River.

Just when I had my work done here, winter started in in good shape, much earlier than usual. Snow fell to the depth of 2 feet or more, and the thermometer was below 0 for almost a week, on one day 17° below.

During the season when bulbs and roots have to be collected and shipped there is very little time to study the plants. Expenses are high and so I can not speak of a successful season.

I wish You a Merry Christmas! and a Happy New Year! But Christmas is so near, that I am afraid my letter will not reach You before the holidays do.

Kind regards to Dr. and Mrs. Goodale.

Yours sincerely

W. N. Suksdorf.

Pullman Wn. 15. Feb. 1926.
(rec'd 20 " ")

My dear Mr. Deane:

Your letter of Jan'y 27. duly received. I was very glad to hear from You, glad to hear of the things that are going on at the Gray Herbarium, and of the persons that are working there.

I am having a pleasant time here at the State College of Washington. In about two weeks I return to Bingen. A year ago I was here 2½ months, this time it will be 3 months. I am doing a little botanical work in the Herbarium and at the same time ~~am~~ studying some of my own plant specimens. Dr. Pickett, Head of the Botany Department here, is a good friend of mine and so is Dr. St John. They wanted me to do some work here and I was glad to come. I am satisfied with what the college pays me, while I am here. I am working most of the time in St John's office.

Pullman is not a very large

town - not so large as Cambridge. Two railroads cross here. The business part of the town occupies the floor of a little valley surrounded by hills on all sides and part of the town is on these hills. The college buildings are on a broad hill also. I have a room here in the lower part of the town and have quite a walk to reach the college.

This winter has been strangely mild so far; there has not been a very cold day yet. Some very early flowers can be seen now: Lomatium Gormani and also Ranunculus glaberrimus; and there may be others.

I am glad to know that You are well, and that You ar still working.

Sincerely Yours

W.N. Suksdorf.

Klickitat Co.
Wash.

Bingen, Wn. 14. Aug. 1926.

Rec Aug 17

S

My dear Mr. Dean:

Your postal card of June 13 was of course received long ago. I was very glad to hear from You again. So You are in N. H. again. No doubt You are having a very pleasant time. I remember hearing about Shelburne when I was at Gorham many, many years ago. You say: "We came here"..., so I believe You are not alone there.

I have not been away much this season, but expect to get away for a week or so. I believe I can't make many collecting trips this season; there being so much other work, and it seems to me I can't do as much as formerly. To make a collecting trip on horseback seems to be out of date, and most collectors have an automobile, I believe. It seems everything has to move fast in this century. If I had an air-ship I might take a notion to visit You for a day or two, but I have no such a thing.

Dr. St. John went east for the summer. He was at the Gray Herbarium a short time ago. He is going to be at the botanical conference at Cornell Univ. this month. I wonder what the outcome will be of this meeting. I am afraid there will be no improvement.

Write again soon. I am always glad to hear from You.

Very sincerely Yours

W. N. Suksdorf.

Bingen, Wn. 5. July 1927.
{Klickitat Co,
Washington}

.Rec'd July 12-

My dear Mr. Deane:

It is possible that You are not at Cambridge at this time. If that is the case, this letter will probably find You, no matter where You are. I suppose You have gone to the mountains again. If so, I hope You will enjoy it there, and I hope You are well.

The other day I came near the alpine region of Mt. Hood. The Oregon people have made a highway from Portland and from Hood River (town) to Mt. Hood which runs over the south and east slopes of Mt. Hood. It connects with the Columbia Highway, thus forming what is called the Loop. My niece has a car and she wanted to make this Loop in company with her mother and sister, and since there was room for one more, I went along. We made the tripe in about 10 hours, a distance of 160 miles. We crossed the bridge that spans the Columbia here, then south to Mt. Hood, then west to Portland, and from there up on the bank of the Columbia River to Hood River and Bingen. There is only one place where one has a good near view of the steep, treeless upper part of the mountain, most of the time the road goes through the forest. There were of course many plants in bloom along the road; the most conspicuous were the *Yie* (Xerophyllum tenax) and further down westward *Rhododendron californicum*, which is very showy, very abundant.

Some time ago, I had a little pamphlet printed. It was written in German, so that probably You can not read it. I did not send You a copy, because I feared You might feel somewhat insulted if I sent You something written in German. However, should You care to have a copy, I would send You one.

I hope You will write to me soon.

Very cordially Yours
W. N. Suksdorf.

June 4/15

My dear Walter –

Perhaps you did not know that for purposes of Class correspondence I am Thomas B. Pickman. Even so. And I want to ask you if you know anything about Dodge. Nothing was heard from him 5 years ago. His name is not in the Boston directory, but letters marked "Return in 5 days" never come back. Dodge and Peele seem to have disappeared. Greene who was among the missing some years ago has come to the surface again. I am sorry that you will perhaps not be at the dinner, but hope you will be heard from, as you suggest –

Yours truly

Chas. F. [illegible]

HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1870

As stated in the notice issued March 25, the Class will dine at the University Club, 270 Beacon Street, Boston, Wednesday evening, June 23. Dinner will be served at 7 o'clock.

Thayer 45 will be open for the Class on Commencement Day (Thursday) and lunch will be served at noon. The Secretary will probably have tickets for all who care to attend the exercises in the afternoon.

Will you upon receipt of this notice write whether you will come to the dinner or not. Come if you can, and if you cannot come, send us what news you can about yourself or any other member of the Class.

THOMAS B. TICKNOR, *Class Secretary.*

1145 Old South Building,
Boston, May 24, 1915.

5 Storey Place
Jamaica Plain

June 18 -

Dear Walter - I have your card and am rejoiced at the thought of your coming next Thursday. Certainly Tempora mutantur. Some old fellows like you and me may wonder if they always Change for the better. In my exalted position as Class Secretary I get Complementary copies of the reports issued by other Classes. The latest is the report of 1903 — 1145 pages, and Cost $14,000. Mostly money wasted, in my humble opinion — C. H. S.

3 Storey Place
Jamaica Plain

June 22/28

Dear Walter — I very much enjoyed having you at my party yesterday, and I hope you had a good time. I think, on the whole it was the most satisfactory gathering since 1920. A few years ago ~~at~~ we had ten present, (our largest number) and yesterday we had eight, but this was a more congenial meeting than the other. I think it was very nice to all sit around the table as we did.

Yours very truly

Chas. J. H. Swan

C. H. Swan

3 Storey Place
Jamaica Plain
Mass.

ans'd Jan 29/29

Sunday, 1/27/29-

Dear Walter-

The present list is: Alexander, Curtis, Curtis, Deane, Dixon, DIxwell, Drew, Frothingham, Fuller, Hosea, Lincoln, McMichael, Monroe, Parrish, Pendleton, Perrin, Scudder, Swan, Vaughan, Viaux, Willis. 21- What the secretary of a recent Class does I have little idea; but many of their reports seem to me ridiculous. It is now the custom for most secretaries to send copies of their reports to all other secretaries. On the whole a foolish custom, in my old-fashioed opinion. The Class of 1903 sent me a volume of some 1500 pages. I think a member of the Class gave the paper, and the printing cost $14,000! Much of what I read seemed to me to be in very bad taste. One man said he was divorced from his wife, and "it hurt like Hell".

I shall miss Wilby very much. It must be more than two years since I have seen him, because the last times he went through Boston in summer, on his way to Biddeford Pool, he had to go to bed in a hotel between trains, and could not see anybody. But for several years we have kept up a correspondence, and his last letter to me he dictated to a nurse. When he got time to sleep I do not know. If he wrote me after a couple of weeks, he would send Mrs. Swan the names of five or six books he had just read. I called most of them "stuff" but she likes to read an occasional novel, so he sent them to her. And he was always writing to everybody- for example: not long ago he sent me copies of a correspondence he had had with some athletic official at Cambridge. I didn't read it very carefully, but as I remember the matter, the third-base man of the Harvard nine had been guilty of some rowdyism in an important game, and had been severely penalized; I think the game was forfeited. (I should never have heard of it except for Wilby's letter.) He was the best player on the nine, and it was proposed to make him captain the next season. Wilby wrote to Cambridge to know if a man who had been guilty of such behavior was to be encouraged by promotion. The Cambridge man was civil enough, but I got the idea that he thought he did not need Wilby's assistance. How the affair ended I do not know, but I mention the matter as a sample of the kind of thing in which he would get up an interest. But he was a "mixer" which I have never been, and he probably knew half a dozen people to my one. He used to go to meetings of Harvard Clubs all over the country, and he would ~~ha~~ meet lots of acquaintances, and make a lot of new ones. Our tastes in many things were very different, but I shall miss him greatly.

Monroe went through Boston in the fall. He was detained here several weeks by his wife's illness, and finally took a trained nurse with them to California. I saw a good deal of him while he was here.

Do you know what Horace E. Scudder, who used to edit many of Houghton, Mifflin's publications, was to our Scudder?

Yours very truly

C.H.S.